

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LI. — MARCH, 1883. — No. CCCV.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

PART THIRD.

I.

MONOLOGUE: MACELLO DE' CORVI.

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO's house. MICHAEL ANGELO, standing before a model of St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

BETTER than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,
And less than thou I will not! If the thought
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones,
And swing them to their places; if a breath
Could blow this rounded dome into the air,
As if it were a bubble, and these statues
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,
Then were my task completed. Now, alas!
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding
Upon his hand the model of a church,
As German artists paint him; and what years,
What weary years, must drag themselves along,
Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances
Must block the way; what idle interferences
Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's,
Who nothing know of art beyond the color
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building
Save that of their own fortunes! And what then?
I must then the short-coming of my means
Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan
Was told to add a step to his short sword.

[*A pause.*]

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light
Gone out, that sunshine darkened; all that music
And merriment, that used to make our lives

Copyright, 1883, by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence,
 Like madrigals sung in the street at night
 By passing revellers? It is strange indeed
 That he should die before me. 'Tis against
 The law of nature that the young should die,
 And the old live; unless it be that some
 Have long been dead who think themselves alive,
 Because not buried. Well, what matters it,
 Since now that greater light, that was my sun,
 Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness!
 Death's lightnings strike to right and left of me,
 And, like a ruined wall, the world around me
 Crumbles away, and I am left alone.
 I have no friends, and want none. My own thoughts
 Are now my sole companions, — thoughts of her,
 That like a benediction from the skies
 Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.
 When men are old, the incessant thought of Death
 Follows them like their shadow; sits with them
 At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep;
 And when they wake already is awake,
 And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly
 It is in us to make an enemy
 Of this importunate follower, not a friend!
 To me a friend, and not an enemy,
 Has he become since all my friends are dead.

 II.

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO.

POPE JULIUS III. *seated by the Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by Cardinals.*

JULIUS.

Tell me, why is it ye are discontent,
 You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
 With Michael Angelo? What has he done,
 Or left undone, that ye are set against him?
 When one Pope dies, another is soon made;
 And I can make a dozen Cardinals,
 But cannot make one Michael Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

Your Holiness, we are not set against him;
 We but deplore his incapacity.
 He is too old.

JULIUS.

You, Cardinal Salviati,

Are an old man. Are you incapable?
'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Your Holiness remembers he was charged
With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge;
Made cofferdams, and heaped up load on load
Of timber and travertine; and yet for years
The bridge remained unfinished, till we gave it
To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS.

Always Baccio Bigio!
Is there no other architect on earth?
Was it not he that sometime had in charge
The harbor of Ancona?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Ay, the same.

JULIUS.

Then let me tell you that your Baccio Bigio
Did greater damage in a single day
To that fair harbor than the sea had done
Or would do in ten years. And him you think
To put in place of Michael Angelo,
In building the Basilica of St. Peter!
The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers
His error when he comes to leap the ditch.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

He does not build; he but demolishes
The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.

JULIUS.

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

But time passes:
Year after year goes by, and yet the work
Is not completed. Michael Angelo
Is a great sculptor, but no architect.
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.

I have seen his model,
And have approved it. But here comes the artist.
Beware of him. He may make Persians of you,
To carry burdens on your backs forever.

The same: MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIUS.

Come forward, dear Maestro! In these gardens
All ceremonies of our court are banished.
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *sitting down.*

How graciously
Your Holiness commiserates old age
And its infirmities!

JULIUS.

Say its privileges.
Art I respect. The building of this palace
And laying out these pleasant garden walks
Are my delight, and if I have not asked
Your aid in this, it is that I forbear
To lay new burdens on you at an age
When you need rest. Here I escape from Rome
To be at peace. The tumult of the city
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How beautiful it is,
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS.

We live as hermits here; and from these heights
O'erlook all Rome, and see the yellow Tiber
Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword,
As far below there as St. Mary's bridge.
What think you of that bridge?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I would advise
Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often;
It is not safe.

JULIUS.

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some morning you will look for it in vain;
It will be gone. The current of the river
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I strengthened all its piers, and paved its road
 With travertine. He who came after me
 Removed the stone, and sold it, and filled in
 The space with gravel.

JULIUS.

Cardinal Salviati
 And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen?
 This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *aside*.

There is some mystery here. These Cardinals
 Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS.

Now let us come to what concerns us more
 Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints are made
 Concerning the Three Chapels in St. Peter's;
 Certain supposed defects or imperfections,
 You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This is no longer
 The golden age of art. Men have become
 Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not
 In what an artist does, but set themselves
 To censure what they do not comprehend.
 You will not see them bearing a Madonna
 Of Cimabue to the church in triumph,
 But tearing down the statue of a Pope
 To cast it into cannon. Who are they
 That bring complaints against me?

JULIUS.

Deputies
 Of the commissioners; and they complain
 Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Your Holiness, the insufficient light
 Is somewhere else, and not in the Three Chapels.
 Who are the deputies that make complaint?

JULIUS.

The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
 Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *rising*.

With permission, Monsignori,
 What is it ye complain of?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

We regret
You have departed from Bramante's plan,
And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Since the ancient time
No greater architect has lived on earth
Than Lazzari Bramante. His design,
Without confusion, simple, clear, well-lighted,
Merits all praise, and to depart from it
Would be departing from the truth. San Gallo,
Building about with columns, took all light
Out of this plan; left in the choir dark corners
For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places
For rogues and robbers; so that when the church
Was shut at night, not five and twenty men
Could find them out. It was San Gallo, then,
That left the church in darkness, and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Excuse me; but in each of the Three Chapels
Is but a single window.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Monsignore,
Perhaps you do not know that in the vaulting
Above there are to go three other windows.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

How should we know? You never told us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,
To tell your Eminence or any other
What I intend or ought to do. Your office
Is to provide the means, and see that thieves
Do not lay hands upon them. The designs
Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Sir architect,
You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely
In presence of his Holiness, and to us
Who are his cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *putting on his hat.*

I do not forget
I am descended from the Counts Canossa,
Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,

Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.
 I, too, am proud to give unto the Church
 The labor of these hands, and what of life
 Remains to me. My father Buonarotti
 Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese.
 I am not used to have men speak to me
 As if I were a mason, hired to build
 A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays
 So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, *aside*.

No wonder that Pope Clement
 Never sat down in presence of this man,
 Lest he should do the same; and always bade him
 Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any one could die of grief and shame,
 I should. This labor was imposed upon me;
 I did not seek it; and if I assumed it,
 'Twas not for love of fame or love of gain,
 But for the love of God. Perhaps old age
 Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;
 I may be doing harm instead of good.
 Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release me;
 Take off from me the burden of this work;
 Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

Never, never,
 While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness
 Remember what the Holy Scriptures say
 Of the inevitable time, when those
 Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,
 And the almond-tree shall flourish?

JULIUS.

That is in
 Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the grasshopper
 Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,
 Because man goeth unto his long home.
 Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all
 Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing
 As easy as to dream of doing it,
 We should not want for artists. But the men
 Who carry out in act their great designs
 Are few in number; ay, they may be counted
 Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place
 Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,
 And cannot carry out my great conception,
 And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it?
 You would but leave it to some Baccio Bigio
 To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,
 I will still bear the burden on my shoulders
 A little longer. If your Holiness
 Will keep the world in order, and will leave
 The building of the church to me, the work
 Will go on better for it. Holy Father,
 If all the labors that I have endured,
 And shall endure, advantage not my soul,
 I am but losing time.

JULIUS, *laying his hands on MICHAEL ANGELO's shoulders.*

You will be gainer
 Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events
 Exasperate me, but the purest conclusions
 I draw from these events; the sure decline
 Of art, and all the meaning of that word;
 All that embellishes and sweetens life,
 And lifts it from the level of low cares
 Into the purer atmosphere of beauty;
 The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration
 That made the canons of the church of Seville
 Say, "Let us build, so that all men hereafter
 Will say that we were madmen." Holy Father,
 I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS.

Go; and my benediction be upon you.

[Michael Angelo goes out.]

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo
 Must not be dealt with as a common mason.
 He comes of noble blood, and for his crest
 Bears two bull's horns; and he has given us proof
 That he can toss with them. From this day forth
 Unto the end of time, let no man utter
 The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.
 All great achievements are the natural fruits
 Of a great character. As trees bear not
 Their fruits of the same size and quality,
 But each one in its kind with equal ease,
 So are great deeds as natural to great men
 As mean things are to small ones. By his work
 We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

III.

BINDO ALTOVITI.

*A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, standing at the door of his house.
 MICHAEL ANGELO, passing.*

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti!

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason
 That keeps you standing sentinel at your door, —
 The air of this delicious summer morning.
 What news have you from Florence?

BINDO.

Nothing new;
 The same old tale of violence and wrong.
 Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,
 When in procession, through San Gallo's gate,
 Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds,
 Filippo Strozzi and the good Valori
 Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence,
 Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people,
 Hope is no more, and liberty no more.
 Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead: her houses are but tombs;
Silence and solitude are in her streets.

BINDO.

Ah yes; and often I repeat the words
You wrote upon your statue of the Night,
There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo:
"Grateful to me is sleep; to be of stone
More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure;
To see not, feel not, is a benediction;
Therefore awake me not; oh, speak in whispers."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,
The fallen fortunes, and the desolation
Of Florence are to me a tragedy
Deeper than words, and darker than despair.
I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle,
Have loved her with the passion of a lover,
And clothed her with all lovely attributes
That the imagination can conceive,
Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,
And trodden in the dust beneath the feet
Of an adventurer! It is a grief
Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO.

I say no news from Florence: I am wrong,
For Benvenuto writes that he is coming
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.
He hath been many years away from us.

BINDO.

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,
And yet I will. I see from here your house
Is filled with works of art. That bust in bronze
Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master
That works in such an admirable way,
And with such power and feeling?

BINDO.

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a masterpiece!
 It pleases me as much, and even more,
 Than the antiques about it; and yet they
 Are of the best one sees. But you have placed it
 By far too high. The light comes from below,
 And injures the expression. Were these windows
 Above and not beneath it, then indeed
 It would maintain its own among these works
 Of the old masters, noble as they are.
 I will go in and study it more closely.
 I always prophesied that Benvenuto,
 With all his follies and fantastic ways,
 Would show his genius in some work of art
 That would amaze the world, and be a challenge
 Unto all other artists of his time.

[*They go in.*]

IV.

IN THE COLISEUM.

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.

What have you here alone, Messer Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,
 And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing;
 Not even my own ignorance, as some
 Philosopher hath said. I am a school-boy
 Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands
 Ashamed and silent in the awful presence
 Of the great master of antiquity
 Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius

His name was, I remember. His reward
 Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts
 Here where we now are standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI.

But you are greater than Gaudentius was,
And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thousand men
Were toiling for ten years incessantly
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold

How wonderful it is! The queen of flowers,
The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn
By wind and rain of thrice five hundred years;
Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold
To ornament our palaces and churches,
Or to be trodden under feet of man
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what remains
Still opening its fair bosom to the sun,
And to the constellations that at night
Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise;
Not the white rose our Tuscan poet saw,
With saints for petals. When this rose was perfect
Its hundred thousand petals were not saints,
But senators in their Thessalian caps,
And all the roaring populace of Rome;
And even an Empress and the Vestal Virgins,
Who came to see the gladiators die,
Could not give sweetness to a rose like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

CAVALIERI.

The sand beneath our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these rifted stones
Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,

You should have been a preacher, not a painter !
 Think you that I approve such cruelties,
 Because I marvel at the architects
 Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches ?
 Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider
 How mean our work is, when compared with theirs !
 Look at these walls about us and above us !
 They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made
 A fortress, and been battered by long sieges ;
 The iron clamps, that held the stones together,
 Have been wrenched from them ; but they stand erect
 And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed
 Out of the solid rock, and were a part
 Of the foundations of the world itself.

CAVALIERI.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,
 In so far as its end and aim are nobler ;
 And this is but a ruin, like the rest.
 Its vaulted passages are made the caverns
 Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts
 Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom
 From every chink, and the birds build their nests
 Among the ruined arches, and suggest
 New thoughts of beauty to the architect.
 Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead
 Into the corridors above, and study
 The marvel and the mystery of that art
 In which I am a pupil, not a master.
 All things must have an end ; the world itself
 Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.
 There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched
 The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas
 Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss ;
 The forests and the fields slid off, and floated
 Like wooded islands in the air. The dead
 Were hurled forth from their sepulchres ; the living
 Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead, —
 All being dead ; and the fair, shining cities
 Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.
 Naught but the core of the great globe remained,
 A skeleton of stone. And over it
 The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,
 And then recoiled upon itself, and fell
 Back on the empty world, that with the weight
 Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged
 Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck

By a great sea, throws off the waves at first
On either side, then settles and goes down
Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

CAVALIERI.

But the earth does not move.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows? who knows?

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.
A certain man, Copernicus by name,
Sometime professor here in Rome, has whispered
It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.
What I beheld was only in a dream,
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,
Being unsubstantial images of things
As yet unseen.

V.

BENVENUTO AGAIN: MACELLO DE' CORVI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So, Benvenuto, you return once more
To the Eternal City. 'Tis the centre
To which all gravitates. One finds no rest
Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities
That please us for a while, but Rome alone
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all
A second native land by predilection,
And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now lodging
With Bindo Altoviti. I have been
To kiss the feet of our most Holy Father,
And now am come in haste to kiss the hands
Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And to find him

Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,
And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

It were too long a tale
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say
The King received me well, and loved me well;
Gave me the annual pension that before me
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,
And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,
Upon the river-side.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters not,
For there are other things, of greater moment,
I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter
You wrote me, not long since, about my bust
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said,
"My Benvenuto, I for many years
Have known you as the greatest of all goldsmiths,
And now I know you as no less a sculptor."
Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you
For such kind language?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By believing it.
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,
And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much;
And I should stand abashed here in your presence,
Had I done nothing worthier of your praise
Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What have you done that's better?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you remember

I promised you that if I went a goldsmith
I would return a sculptor. I have kept
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Dear Benvenuto,
I recognized the latent genius in you,
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,
That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me
Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,
As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft
In his left hand the head of the Medusa,
And in his right the sword that severed it;
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes
Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO.

As it will be
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,
Half-way between your David and the Judith
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rival of them both!

BENVENUTO.

But ah, what infinite trouble have I had
With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,
Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent
Gorini, who came crawling round about me
Like a black spider, with his whining voice
That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito!
Oh, I have wept in utter desperation,
And wished a thousand times I had not left
My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,
Or thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods
They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,
And make me desperate!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock ;
We see it fly ; while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO.

My obstinacy
Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome
The hindrances that envy and ill-will
Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When anything is done,
People see not the patient doing of it,
Nor think how great would be the loss to man
If it had not been done. As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregone event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO.

Even Bandinello,
Who never yet spake well of anything,
Speaks well of this ; and yet he told the Duke
That, though I cast small figures well enough,
I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But you have done it,
And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet.
That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO.

And ah, that casting !
What a wild scene it was, as late at night,
A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace
With pine of Serristori, till the flames
Caught in the rafters over us, and threatened
To send the burning roof upon our heads ;
And from the garden side the wind and rain
Poured in upon us, and half quenched our fires
I was beside myself with desperation.
A shudder came upon me, then a fever ;
I thought that I was dying, and was forced
To leave the work-shop, and to throw myself

Upon my bed, as one who has no hope.
 And as I lay there, a deformed old man
 Appeared before me, and with dismal voice,
 Like one who doth exhort a criminal.
 Led forth to death, exclaimed, "Poor Benvenuto,
 Thy work is spoiled! There is no remedy!"
 Then, with a cry so loud it might have reached
 The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet,
 And rushed back to my workmen. They all stood
 Bewildered and desponding; and I looked
 Into the furnace, and beheld the mass
 Half molten only, and in my despair
 I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat
 Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle.
 Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion,
 As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us.
 The covering of the furnace had been rent
 Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over;
 So that I straightway opened all the sluices
 To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava,
 Sluggish and heavy; and I sent my workmen
 To ransack the whole house, and bring together
 My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,
 And cast them one by one into the furnace
 To liquefy the mass, and in a moment
 The mould was filled! I fell upon my knees
 And thanked the Lord; and then we ate and drank
 And went to bed, all hearty and contented.
 It was two hours before the break of day.
 My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange adventure,
 That could have happened to no man alive
 But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

As my workmen said
 To major-domo Ricci afterward,
 When he inquired of them: "'T was not a man,
 But an express great devil."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the statue?

BENVENUTO.

Perfect in every part, save the right foot
 Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.
 There was just bronze enough to fill the mould;
 Not a drop over, not a drop too little.

I looked upon it as a miracle
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I see
How you have turned your vices into virtues.

BENVENUTO.

But wherefore do I prate of this? I came
To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo
Through me invites you to return to Florence,
And offers you great honors, even to make you
One of the Forty Eight, his Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His Senators! That is enough. Since Florence
Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic
Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish
To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.
The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme;
All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!
I hoped to see my country rise to heights
Of happiness and freedom yet unreached
By other nations, but the climbing wave
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again
Back to the common level, with a hoarse
Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old
To hope for better days. I will stay here
And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow
Among the broken fragments of her ruins,
Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers
Of other cities; and the desolate ring
Of the Campagna round about her walls
Fairer than all the villas that encircle
The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO.

But your old friends!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All dead by violence. Baccio Valori
Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned;
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.
Is Florence then a place for honest men
To flourish in? What is there to prevent
My sharing the same fate?

BENVENUTO.

Why, this: if all
Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Is Aretino dead?

BENVENUTO.

He lives in Venice,
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is the same to me.
This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers
Call the Divine, as if to make the word
Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it
And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me
A letter written for the public eye,
And with such subtle and infernal malice,
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is he
Is the express great devil, and not you.
Some years ago he told me how to paint
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO.

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,
He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO.

Hypocrite!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He says I show mankind that I am wanting
In piety and religion, in proportion
As I profess perfection in my art.
Profess perfection? Why, 't is only men
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied
With what they do. I never am content,
But always see the labors of my hand
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO.

I perceive
The malice of this creature. He would taint you
With heresy, and in a time like this!
'T is infamous!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I represent the angels
Without their heavenly glory, and the saints
Without a trace of earthly modesty.

BENVENUTO.

Incredible audacity !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The heathen

Veiled their Diana with some drapery,
 And when they represented Venus naked
 They made her, by her modest attitude,
 Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,
 Do so subordinate belief to art
 That I have made the very violation
 Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins
 A spectacle at which all men would gaze
 With half-averted eyes, even in a brothel.

BENVENUTO.

He is at home there, and he ought to know
 What men avert their eyes from in such places ;
 From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But divine Providence will never leave
 The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished ;
 And the more marvellous it is, the more
 'Tis sure to prove the ruin of my fame !
 And finally, if in this composition
 I had pursued the instructions that he gave me
 Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,
 In that same letter, known to all the world,
 Nature would not be forced, as she is now,
 To feel ashamed that she invested me
 With such great talent ; that I stand myself
 A very idol in the world of art.
 He taunts me also with the Mausoleum
 Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason
 That men persuaded the inane old man
 It was of evil augury to build
 His tomb while he was living ; and he speaks
 Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me,
 And calls it robbery ; — that is what he says.
 What prompted such a letter ?

BENVENUTO.

Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he likes
 To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face
 Of every honest man, as swordsmen do
 Their rapiers on occasion, but to show
 How skilfully they do it. Had you followed
 The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,

You would have seen another style of fence.
 'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish
 To see his name in print. So give it not
 A moment's thought; it soon will be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I will not think of it, but let it pass.
 For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,
 As boys threw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO.

And what answer
 Shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo?
 He does not ask your labor or your service;
 Only your presence in the city of Florence,
 With such advice upon his work in hand
 As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have my answer. Nothing he can offer
 Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,
 And only here, the building of St. Peter's.
 What other things I hitherto have done
 Have fallen from me, are no longer mine;
 I have passed on beyond them, and have left them
 As milestones on the way. What lies before me,
 That is still mine, and while it is unfinished
 No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,
 By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor,
 Till I behold the finished dome uprise
 Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

BENVENUTO.

And will you paint no more?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No more.

BENVENUTO.

'T is well.
 Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
 That fashions all her works in high relief,
 And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,
 Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire;
 Men, women, and all animals that breathe
 Are statues, and not paintings. Even the plants,
 The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured,
 And colored later. Painting is a lie,
 A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Truly, as you say,
Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to create
Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic
Of the three sister arts is that which builds;
The eldest of them all, to whom the others
Are but the hand-maids and the servitors,
Being but imitation, not creation.
Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO.

And no more from the marble hew those forms
That fill us all with wonder?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Many statues
Will there be room for in my work. Their station
Already is assigned them in my mind.
But things move slowly. There are hindrances,
Want of material, want of means, delays
And interruptions, endless interference
Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes
And jealousies of artists, that annoy me.
But I will persevere until the work
Is wholly finished, or till I sink down
Surprised by death, that unexpected guest,
Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in,
Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop
To all our occupations and designs.
And then perhaps I may go back to Florence;
This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI.

URBINO'S FORTUNE.

MICHAEL ANGELO's *Studio*. MICHAEL ANGELO and URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *pausing in his work*.

Urbino, thou and I are both old men.
My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
That is impossible. Do I not see you
Attack the marble blocks with the same fury
As twenty years ago?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an old habit.
I must have learned it early from my nurse
At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife;
For the first sounds I heard were of the chisel
Chipping away the stone.

URBINO.

At every stroke
You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, because
The marble is too hard.

URBINO.

It is a block
That Topolino sent you from Carrara.
He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I remember.
With it he sent me something of his making, —
A Mercury, with long body and short legs,
As if by any possibility
A messenger of the gods could have short legs.
It was no more like Mercury than you are,
But rather like those little plaster figures
That peddlers hawk about the villages.
As images of saints. But luckily
For Topolino, there are many people
Who see no difference between what is best
And what is only good, or not even good;
So that poor artists stand in their esteem
On the same level with the best, or higher.

URBINO.

How Eccellenza laughed!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Poor Topolino!
All men are not born artists, nor will labor
E'er make them artists.

URBINO.

No, no more
Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.
One must be chosen for it. I have been
Your color-grinder six and twenty years,
And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some have eyes
That see not ; but in every block of marble
I see a statue, — see it as distinctly
As if it stood before me shaped and perfect
In attitude and action. I have only
To hew away the stone walls that imprison
The lovely apparition, and reveal it
To other eyes as mine already see it.
But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do
When I am dead, Urbino ?

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Never !
Bitter is servitude at best. Already
So many years hast thou been serving me ;
But rather as a friend than as a servant.
We have grown old together. Dost thou think
So meanly of this Michael Angelo
As to imagine he would let thee serve,
When he is free from service ? Take this purse,
Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO.

Two thousand crowns !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die
A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO.

Oh, Master !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I cannot have them with me on the journey
That I am undertaking. The last garment
That men will make for me will have no pockets.

URBINO, *kissing the hand of* MICHAEL ANGELO.

My generous master !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Hush !

URBINO.

My Providence !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.
 Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,
 Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

 VII.

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the woods.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How still it is among these ancient oaks!
 Surges and undulations of the air
 Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall
 With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes
 Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,
 That may have heard in infancy the trumpets
 Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride
 Man's brief existence, that with all his strength
 He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.
 This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,
 Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak
 Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast
 The fierce wild boar, and tossing in its arms
 The cradled nests of birds, when all the men
 That now inhabit this vast universe,
 They and their children, and their children's children,
 Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.
 Through openings in the trees I see below me
 The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms
 And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade
 Of the tall poplars on the river's brink.
 O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!
 I, who have never loved thee as I ought,
 But wasted all my years immured in cities,
 And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,
 Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.
 Yonder I see the little hermitages
 Dotting the mountain side with points of light,
 And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest
 Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.
 Beyond the broad, illimitable plain
 Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit,
 That, by the envious zephyr blown aside,
 Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth
 With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.
 And now, instead of these fair deities,

Dread demons haunt the earth ; hermits inhabit
The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads ;
And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund,
Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks,
Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,
A brother of the monastery sits,
Lost in his meditations. What may be
The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer him ?
Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.

God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt
Your meditations.

MONK.

It was but a dream, —
The old, old dream, that never will come true ;
The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,
And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All men have dreams.
I have had mine ; but none of them came true ;
They were but vanity. Sometimes I think
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,
Not in possessing ; for the things possessed
Lose half their value. Tell me of your dream.

MONK.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,
While all the others bend and bow to it ;
The passion that torments me, and that breathes
New meaning into the dead forms of prayer,
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold
The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome ?

MONK.

There is but one ;
The rest are merely names. I think of it
As the Celestial City, paved with gold,
And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were.
I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered
By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK.

But still for me 'tis the Celestial City,
And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK.

Were it a cross
That had been laid upon me, I could bear it,
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;
I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome?

MONK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa?
You would but see a man of fourscore years,
With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,
Who sits at table with his friends for hours,
Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews
And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery
Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MONK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them;
And yet in fact these bright angelic legions
Are only German Lutherans.

MONK, *crossing himself.*

Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see?

MONK.

The Cardinals,
Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and the churches;
The ceremonies of the Holy Week
In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany,
The Feast of the Santissima Bambino
At Ara Cœli. But I shall not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the Church
Are but an empty show to him who knows
The actors in them. Stay here in your convent,
For he who goes to Rome may see too much.
What would you further?

MONK.

I would see the painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar candles
Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me!
Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere,
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge!
I am an old, old man, and I have lived
In Rome for thirty years and more, and know
The jarring of the wheels of that great world,
Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife.
Therefore I say to you remain content
Here in your convent, here among your woods,
Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome.
There was of old a monk of Wittenberg
Who went to Rome; you may have heard of him;
His name was Luther; and you know what followed.

[The convent bell rings.]

MONK, rising.

It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers.
Let us go in; we both will pray for peace.

VIII.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S studio. MICHAEL ANGELO, *with a light, working upon the Dead Christ.*
Midnight.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot portray
 Thy form and features? Do I stand too near thee?
 Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back,
 As being thy disciple, not thy master?
 Let him who knows not what old age is like
 Have patience till it comes, and he will know.
 I once had skill to fashion Life and Death
 And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of Death;
 And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi
 Wrote underneath my statue of the Night
 In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!

Grateful to me is sleep! More grateful now
 Than it was then; for all my friends are dead;
 And she is dead, the noblest of them all.
 I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death,
 Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow
 Stricken her into marble; and I kissed
 Her cold white hand. What was it held me back
 From kissing her fair forehead, and those lips,
 Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful to me is sleep!

Enter GIORGIO VASARI.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know not
 Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in?

GIORGIO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ascanio

Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Probably.

Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,
 That I could slip through bolted door or window?

As I was passing down the street, I saw
A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink
Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,
To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *coming forward with the lamp.*

You have been revelling with your boon companions,
Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me
At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me.
His Holiness desires to see again
The drawing you once showed him of the dome
Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that glimmers there
Behind you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything, —
As one may take it. It is my own tomb,
That I am building.

GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me.
By our long friendship and the love I bear you,
Refuse me not!

MICHAEL ANGELO, *letting fall the lamp.*

Life hath become to me
An empty theatre, — its lights extinguished,
The music silent, and the actors gone;
And I alone sit musing on the scenes
That once have been. I am so old that Death
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him;
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,
And my last spark of life will be extinguished.
Ah me! ah me! what darkness of despair!
So near to death, and yet so far from God!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IN CARLYLE'S COUNTRY.

THERE was no road in Scotland or England which I should have been so glad to have walked over as that from Edinburgh to Ecclefechan, — a distance covered many times by the feet of him whose birth and burial place I was about to visit. Carlyle as a young man had walked it with Edward Irving (the Scotch say "travel" when they mean going afoot), and he had walked it alone, and as a lad with an elder boy, on his way to Edinburgh college. He says in his *Reminiscences* he nowhere else had such affectionate, sad, thoughtful, and in fact interesting and salutary journeys. "No company to you but the rustle of the grass under foot, the tinkling of the brook, or the voices of innocent, primeval things." "I have had days as clear as Italy (as in this Irving case); days moist and dripping, overhung with the infinite of silent gray, — and perhaps the latter were the preferable, in certain moods. You had the world and its waste imbroglions of joy and woe, of light and darkness, to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot, if it suited better; carry shoes and socks over shoulder, hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto*. You lodged with shepherds, who had clean, solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oatmeal porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness."

But how can one walk a hundred miles in cool blood without a companion, especially when the trains run every hour, and he has a surplus sovereign in his pocket? One saves time and consults his ease by riding, but he thereby misses the real savor of the land. And the roads of this compact little kingdom are so inviting, like a hard, smooth surface covered with sand-paper! How easy

the foot puts them behind it! And the summer weather, — what a fresh understratum the air has even on the warmest days! Every breath one draws has a cool, invigorating core to it, as if there might be some unmelted, or just melted, frost not far off.

But as we did not walk, there was satisfaction in knowing that the engine which took our train down from Edinburgh was named Thomas Carlyle. The cognomen looked well on the toiling, fiery-hearted, iron-browed monster. I think its original owner would have contemplated it with grim pleasure, especially since he confesses to having spent some time, once, in trying to look up a ship-master who had named his vessel for him. Here was a hero after his own sort, a leader by the divine right of the expansive power of steam.

The human faculties of observation have not yet adjusted themselves to the flying train. Steam has clapped wings to our shoulders without the power to soar; we get bird's-eye views without the bird's eyes or the bird's elevation, distance without breadth, detail without mass. If such speed only gave us a proportionate extent of view, if this leisure of the eye were only mated to an equal leisure in the glance! Indeed, when one thinks of it, how near railway traveling, as a means of seeing a country, comes, except in the discomforts of it, to being no traveling at all! It is like being tied to your chair, and being jolted and shoved about at home. The landscape is turned topsy-turvy. The eye sustains unnatural relations to all but the most distant objects. We move in an arbitrary plane, and seldom is anything seen from the proper point, or with the proper sympathy of coordinate position. We shall have to wait for the air ship to give us the triumph over

space in which the eye can share. Of this flight south from Edinburgh on that bright summer day, I keep only the most general impression. I recall how clean and naked the country looked, lifted up in broad hill slopes, naked of forests and trees and weedy, bushy growths, and of everything that would hide or obscure its unbroken verdancy, — the one impression that of a universe of grass, as in the arctic regions it might be one of snow; the mountains, pastoral solitudes; the vales, emerald vistas.

Not to be entirely cheated out of my walk, I left the train at Lockerby, a small Scotch market town, and accomplished the remainder of the journey to Ecclefechan on foot, a brief six-mile pull. It was the first day of June; the afternoon sun was shining brightly. It was still the honeymoon of travel with me, not yet two weeks in the bonnie land; the road was smooth and clean as the floor of a sea beach, and firmer, and my feet devoured the distance with right good will. The first red clover had just bloomed, as I probably would have found it that day had I taken a walk at home; but, like the people I met, it had a ruddier cheek than at home. I observed it on other occasions, and later in the season, and noted that it had more color than in this country, and held its bloom longer. All grains and grasses ripen slower there than here, the season is so much longer and cooler. The pink and ruddy tints are more common in the flowers also. The bloom of the blackberry is often of a decided pink, and certain white, umbelliferous plants, like yarrow, have now and then a rosy tinge. The little white daisy ("gowan," the Scotch call it) is tipped with crimson, foretelling the scarlet poppies, with which the grain fields will by and by be splashed. Prunella (self-heal); also, is of a deeper purple than with us, and a species of crane's-bill, like our wild geranium, is of a much deeper and stronger

color. On the other hand, their ripened fruits and foliage of autumn pale their ineffectual colors beside our own.

Among the farm occupations, that which most took my eye, on this and on other occasions, was the furrowing of the land for turnips and potatoes; it is done with such absolute precision. It recalled Emerson's statement that the fields in this island look as if finished with a pencil instead of a plow, — a pencil and a ruler in this case, the lines were so straight and so uniform. I asked a farmer at work by the roadside how he managed it. "Ah," said he, "a Scotchman's head is level." Both here and in England, plowing is studied like a fine art; they have plowing matches, and offer prizes for the best furrow. In planting both potatoes and turnips the ground is treated alike, grubbed, plowed, cross-plowed, crushed, harrowed, chain-harrowed, and rolled. Every sod and tuft of uprooted grass are carefully picked up by women and boys, and burnt or carted away; leaving the surface of the ground like a clean sheet of paper, upon which the plowman is now to inscribe his perfect lines. The plow is drawn by two horses, instead of by one, as with us; it is a long, heavy tool, with double mould boards, and throws the earth each way. In opening the first furrow the plowman is guided by stakes; having got this one perfect, it is used as the model for every subsequent one, and the land is thrown into ridges as uniform and faultless as if it had been stamped at one stroke with a die, or cast in a mould. It is so from one end of the island to the other.

Four miles from Lockerby I came to Mainhill, the name of a farm where the Carlyle family lived many years, and where Carlyle first read Goethe, "in a dry ditch," Froude says, and translated Wilhelm Meister. The land drops gently away to the south and east, opening up broad views in these directions, but it does not seem to be the bleak and

windy place Froude describes it. The crops looked good, and the fields smooth and fertile. The soil is rather a stubborn clay, nearly the same as one sees everywhere. A sloping field adjoining the highway was being got ready for turnips. The ridges had been cast; the farmer, a courteous but serious and reserved man, was sprinkling some commercial fertilizer in the furrows from a bag slung across his shoulders, while a boy, with a horse and cart, was depositing stable manure in the same furrows, which a lassie, in clogs and short skirts, was evenly distributing with a fork. Certain work in Scotch fields always seems to be done by women and girls, — spreading manure, pulling weeds, and picking up sods, — while they take an equal hand with the men in the hay and harvest fields.

The Carlyles were living on this farm while their son was teaching school at Annan, and later at Kircaldy with Irving, and they supplied him with cheese, butter, ham, oatmeal, etc., from their scanty stores. A new farm-house has been built since then, though the old one is still standing; doubtless the same Carlyle's father refers to in a letter to his son, in 1817, as being under way. The parish minister was expected at Mainhill. "Your mother was very anxious to have the house done before he came, or else she said she would run over the hill and hide herself."

From Mainhill the highway descends slowly to the village of Ecclefechan, the site of which is marked to the eye, a mile or more away, by the spire of the church rising up against a background of Scotch firs, which clothe a hill beyond. I soon enter the main street of the village, which in Carlyle's youth had an open burn or creek flowing through the centre of it. This has been covered over by some enterprising citizen, and instead of a loitering little burn, crossed by numerous bridges, the eye is now greeted by a broad expanse

of small cobble-stone. The cottages are for the most part very humble, and rise from the outer edges of the pavement, as if the latter had been turned up and shaped to make their walls. The church is a handsome brown stone structure, of recent date, and is more in keeping with the fine fertile country about than with the little village in its front. In the cemetery back of it, Carlyle lies buried. As I approached, a girl sat by the roadside, near the gate, combing her black locks and arranging her toilet; waiting, as it proved, for her mother and brother, who lingered in the village. A couple of boys were cutting nettles against the hedge; for the pigs, they said, after the sting had been taken out of them by boiling. Across the street from the cemetery the cows of the villagers were grazing.

I must have thought it would be as easy to distinguish Carlyle's grave from the rest as it was to distinguish the man while living, or his fame when dead; for it never occurred to me to ask in what part of the inclosure it was placed. Hence, when I found myself inside the gate, which opens from the Annan road through a high stone wall, I followed the most worn path toward a new and imposing-looking monument on the far side of the cemetery; and the edge of my fine emotion was a good deal dulled against the marble when I found it bore a strange name. I tried others, and still others, but was disappointed. I found a long row of Carlyles, but he whom I sought was not among them. My pilgrim enthusiasm felt itself needlessly hindered and chilled. How many rebuffs could one stand? Carlyle dead, then, was the same as Carlyle living; sure to take you down a peg or two when you came to lay your homage at his feet.

Presently I saw "Thomas Carlyle" on a big marble slab that stood in a family inclosure. But he turned out to be a nephew of the great Thomas.

However, I had struck the right plat at last; here were the Carlyles I was looking for, within a space probably of eight by sixteen feet, surrounded by a high iron fence. The latest made grave was higher and fuller than the rest, but it had no stone or mark of any kind to distinguish it. Since my visit, I believe, a stone or monument of some kind has been put up. A few daisies and the pretty blue-eyed speedwell were growing amid the grass upon it. The great man lies with his head toward the south or south-west, with his mother, sister, and father to the right of him, and his brother John to the left. I was glad to learn that the high iron fence was not his own suggestion. His father had put it around the family plat in his life-time. Carlyle would liked to have had it cut down about half-way. The whole look of this cemetery, except in the extraordinary size of the head-stones, was quite American, it being back of the church, and separated from it, a kind of mortuary garden, instead of surrounding it and running under it, as is the case with the older churches. I noted here, as I did elsewhere, that the custom prevails of putting the trade or occupation of the deceased upon his stone: So-and-So, mason, or tailor, or carpenter, or farmer, etc.

A young man and his wife were working in a nursery of young trees, a few paces from the graves, and I conversed with them through a thin place in the hedge. They said they had seen Carlyle many times, and seemed to hold him in proper esteem and reverence. The young man had seen him come in summer and stand, with uncovered head, beside the graves of his father and mother. "And long and reverently did he remain there, too," said the young gardener. I learned this was Carlyle's invariable custom: every summer did he make a pilgrimage to this spot, and with bared head linger beside these graves. The last time he came, which was a

couple of years before he died, he was so feeble that two persons sustained him while he walked into the cemetery. This observance recalls a passage from his *Past and Present*. Speaking of the religious custom of the Emperor of China, he says, "He and his three hundred millions (it is their chief punctuality) visit yearly the Tombs of their Fathers; each man the Tomb of his Father and his Mother; alone there in silence with what of 'worship' or of other thought there may be, pauses solemnly each man; the divine Skies all silent over him; the divine Graves, and this divinest Grave, all silent under him; the pulsings of his own soul, if he have any soul, alone audible. Truly it may be a kind of worship! Truly, if a man cannot get some glimpse into the Eternities, looking through this portal, — through what other need he try it?"

Carlyle's reverence and affection for his kindred were among his most beautiful traits, and make up in some measure for the contempt he felt toward the rest of mankind. The family stamp was never more strongly set upon a man, and no family ever had a more original, deeply cut pattern than that of the Carlyles. Generally, in great men who emerge from obscure peasant homes, the genius of the family takes an enormous leap, or is completely metamorphosed; but Carlyle keeps all the paternal lineaments unfaded; he is his father and his mother, touched to finer issues. That wonderful speech of his sire, which all who knew him feared, has lost nothing in the son, but is tremendously augmented, and cuts like a Damascus sword, or crushes like a sledge-hammer. The strongest and finest paternal traits have survived in him. Indeed, a little congenital rill seems to have come all the way down from the old vikings. Carlyle is not merely Scotch; he is Norselandic. There is a marked Scandinavian flavor in him; a touch, or more than a touch, of the rude, brawling,

bullying, hard-hitting, wrestling viking times. The hammer of Thor antedates the hammer of his stone-mason sire in him. He is Scotland, past and present, moral and physical. John Knox and the Covenanters survive in him: witness his religious zeal, his depth and solemnity of conviction, his strugglings and agonizings, his "conversion." Ossian survives in him: behold that melancholy retrospect, that gloom, that melodious wail. And especially, as I have said, do his immediate ancestors survive in him, — his sturdy, toiling, fiery-tongued, clanish yeoman progenitors: all are summed up here; this is the net result available for literature in the nineteenth century.

Carlyle's heart was always here in Scotland. A vague, yearning homesickness seemed ever to possess him. "The Hill I first saw the Sun rise over," he says in *Past and Present*, "when the Sun and I and all things were yet in their auroral hour, who can divorce me from it? Mystic, deep as the world's centre, are the roots I have struck into my Native Soil; no tree that grows is rooted so." How that mournful retrospective glance haunts his pages! His race, generation upon generation, had toiled and wrought here amid the lonely moors, had wrestled with poverty and privation, had wrung the earth for a scanty subsistence, till they had become identified with the soil, kindred with it. How strong the family ties had grown in the struggle; how the sentiment of home was fostered! Then they were men who lavished their heart and conscience upon their work; they builded themselves, their days, their thoughts and sorrows, into their houses; they leavened the soil with the sweat of their rugged brows. When his father, after a lapse of fifty years, saw Auldgarth bridge, upon which he had worked as a lad, he was deeply moved. When Carlyle in his turn saw it, and remembered his father and all he had told him, he also was deeply moved. "It was as if half a

century of past time had fatefully for moments turned back." Whatever the Carlyles touched with their hands in honest toil became sacred to them, a page out of their own lives. A silent, inarticulate kind of religion they put into their work. All this bore fruit in their distinguished descendant. It gave him that reverted, half-mournful gaze; the ground was hallowed behind him; his dead called to him from their graves. Nothing deepens and intensifies family traits like poverty and toil and suffering. It is the furnace heat that brings out the characters, the pressure that makes the strata perfect. One recalls Carlyle's grandmother getting her children up late at night, his father one of them, to break their long fast with oaten cakes from the meal that had but just arrived; making the fire from straw taken from their beds. Surely, such things reach the springs of being.

It seemed eminently fit that Carlyle's dust should rest here in his native soil, with that of his kindred, he was so thoroughly one of them, and that his place should be next his mother's, between whom and himself there existed such strong affection. I recall a little glimpse he gives of his mother in a letter to his brother John, while the latter was studying in Germany. His mother had visited him in Edinburgh. "I had her," he writes, "at the pier of Leith, and showed her where your ship vanished; and she looked over the blue waters eastward with wettish eyes, and asked the dumb waves 'when he would be back again.' Good mother."

To see more of Ecclefechan and its people, and to browse more at my leisure about the country, I brought my wife and youngster down from Lockerby; and we spent several days there, putting up at the quiet and cleanly little Bush Inn. I tramped much about the neighborhood, noting the birds, the wild flowers, the people, the farm occupations, etc.: going one afternoon to Scotsbrig,

where the Carlyles lived after they left Mainhill, and where James Carlyle died; one day to Annan, another to Repentance Hill, another over the hill toward Kirtlebridge, tasting the land, and finding it good. It is an evidence of how permanent and unchanging things are here that the house where Carlyle was born, eighty-seven years ago, and which his father built, stands just as it did then, and looks good for several hundred years more. In going up to the little room where he first saw the light, one ascends the much-worn but original stone stairs, and treads upon the original stone floors. I suspect that even the window panes in the little window remain the same. The village is a very quiet and humble one, paved with small cobble-stone, over which one hears the clatter of the wooden clogs, the same as in Carlyle's early days. The pavement comes quite up to the low, modest, stone-floored houses, and one steps from the street directly into most of them. When an Englishman or a Scotchman builds a house in the country, he turns its back upon the highway, or places it several rods distant, with sheds or stables between; or else he surrounds it with a high, massive fence, shutting out your view entirely. In the village he crowds it to the front, continues the street pavement into his hall, if he can, allows no fence or screen between it and the street, but makes the communication between the two as easy and open as possible. Hence village houses and cottages are far less private and secluded than ours, and country houses far less public. The only feature of Ecclefechan, besides the church, that distinguishes it from the humblest peasant village of an hundred years ago is the large, fine stone structure used for the public school. It confers a sort of distinction upon the place, as if it were in some way connected with the memory of its famous son. I think I was informed that he had some hand in founding it. The building in which

he first attended school is a low, humble dwelling, that now stands behind the church, and forms part of the boundary between the cemetery and the Annan road.

From our window I used to watch the laborers on their way to their work, the children going to school, or to the pump for water, and night and morning the women bringing in their cows from the pasture to be milked. In the long June gloaming the evening milking was not done till about nine o'clock. On two occasions, the first in a brisk rain, a bedraggled, forlorn, deeply-hooded, youngish woman, came slowly through the street, pausing here and there, and singing in wild, melancholy, and not unpleasing strains. Her voice had a strange piercing plaintiveness and wildness. Now and then a penny would drop at her feet. The pretty Edinburgh lass, her hair redder than Scotch gold, that waited upon us at the inn, went out in the rain and put a penny in her hand. After a few pennies had been collected the music would stop, and the singer disappear,—to drink up her gains, I half suspect, but do not know. I noticed that she was never treated with rudeness or disrespect. The boys would pause and regard her occasionally, but made no remark, or gesture, or grimace. One afternoon a traveling show pitched its tent in the broader part of the street, and by diligent grinding of a hand-organ summoned all the children of the place to see the wonders. The admission was one penny, and I went in with the rest, and saw the little man, the big dog, the happy family, and the gaping, dirty-faced, but orderly crowd of boys and girls. The Ecclefechan boys, with some of whom I tried, not very successfully, to scrape an acquaintance, I found a sober, quiet, modest set, shy of strangers, and, like all country boys, incipient naturalists. If you want to know where the bird's-nests are, ask the boys. Hence, one Sunday afternoon, meeting a couple

of them on the Annan road, I put the inquiry. They looked rather blank and unresponsive at first; but I made them understand I was in earnest, and wished to be shown some nests. To stimulate their ornithology I offered a penny for the first nest, twopence for the second, threepence for the third, etc., — a reward that, as it turned out, lightened my burden of British copper considerably; for these boys appeared to know every nest in the neighborhood, and I suspect had just then been making Sunday calls upon their feathered friends. They turned about, with a bashful smile, but without a word, and marched me a few paces along the road, when they stepped to the hedge, and showed me a hedge-sparrow's nest with young. The mother bird was near, with food in her beak. This nest is a great favorite of the cuckoo, and is the one to which Shakespeare refers: —

“The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.”

The bird is not a sparrow at all, but is a warbler, closely related to the nightingale. Then they conducted me along a pretty by-road, and parted away the branches, and showed me a sparrow's nest with eggs in it. A group of wild pansies, the first I had seen, made bright the bank near it. Next, after conferring a moment soberly together, they took me to a robin's nest, — a warm, mossy structure in the side of the bank. Then we wheeled up another road, and they disclosed the nest of the yellow yite, or yellow-hammer, a bird of the sparrow kind, also upon the ground. It seemed to have a little platform of coarse, dry stalks, like a door-stone, in front of it. In the mean time they had showed me several nests of the hedge-sparrow, and one of the shelfa, or chaffinch, that had been “harried,” as the boys said, or robbed. These were gratuitous and merely by the way. Then they pointed out to me the nest of a tom-tit in a disused pump that stood near the cemetery;

after which they proposed to conduct me to a chaffinch's nest and a blackbird's nest; but I said I had already seen several of these and my curiosity was satisfied. Did they know any others? Yes, several of them; beyond the village, on the Middlebie road, they knew a wren's nest with eighteen eggs in it. Well, I would see that, and that would be enough; the coppers were changing pockets too fast. So through the village we went, and along the Middlebie road for nearly a mile. The boys were as grave and silent as if they were attending a funeral; not a remark, not a smile. We walked rapidly. The afternoon was warm, for Scotland, and the tips of their ears glowed through their locks, as they wiped their brows. I began to feel as if I had had about enough walking myself. “Boys, how much farther is it?” I said. “A wee bit farther, sir;” and presently, by their increasing pace, I knew we were nearing it. It proved to be the nest of the willow wren, or willow warbler, an exquisite structure, with a dome or canopy above it, the cavity lined with feathers and crowded with eggs. But it did not contain eighteen. The boys said they had been told that the bird would lay as many as eighteen eggs; but it is the common wren that lays this number, even more. What struck me most was the gravity and silent earnestness of the boys. As we walked back they showed me more nests that had been harried. The elder boy's name was Thomas. He had heard of Thomas Carlyle; but when I asked him what he thought of him, he only looked awkwardly upon the ground.

I had less trouble to get the opinion of an old road-mender whom I fell in with one day. I was walking toward Repentance Hill, when he overtook me with his “machine” (all road vehicles in Scotland are called machines), and insisted upon my getting up beside him. He had a little white pony, “twenty-

one years old, sir," and a heavy, rattling two-wheeler, quite as old I should say. We discoursed about roads. Had we good roads in America? No? Had we no "metal" there, no stone? Plenty of it, I told him, — too much; but we had not learned the art of road-making yet. Then he would have to come "out" and show us; indeed, he had been seriously thinking about it; he had an uncle in America, but had lost all track of him. He had seen Carlyle many a time, "but the people here took no interest in that man," he said; "he never done nothing for this place." Referring to Carlyle's ancestors, he said, "The Carls were what we Scotch call bullies, — a set of bullies, sir. If you crossed their path, they would murder you;" and then came out some highly-colored tradition of the "Ecclefechan dog fight," which Carlyle refers to in his *Reminiscences*. On this occasion, the old road-mender said, the "Carls" had clubbed together, and bullied and murdered half the people of the place! "No, sir, we take no interest in that man here," and he gave the pony a sharp punch with his stub of a whip. But he himself took a friendly interest in the school-girls whom we overtook along the road, and kept picking them up till the cart was full, and giving the "ladies" a lift on their way home. Beyond Annan bridge we parted company, and a short walk brought me to Repentance Hill, a grassy eminence that commands a wide prospect toward the Solway. The tower which stands on the top is one of those interesting relics of which this land is full, and all memory and tradition of the use and occasion of which are lost. It is a rude stone structure, about thirty feet square and forty high, pierced by a single door, with the word "Repentance" cut in Old English letters in the lintel over it. The walls are loop-holed here and there, for musketry or archery. An old disused graveyard surrounds it, and the

walls of a little chapel stand in the rear of it. The conies have their holes under it; some lord, whose castle lies in the valley below, has his flagstaff upon it; and Time's initials are scrawled on every stone. A piece of mortar probably three or four hundred years old, that had fallen from its place, I picked up, and found nearly as hard as the stone, and quite as gray and lichen-covered. Returning, I stood some time on Annan bridge, looking over the parapet into the clear, swirling water, now and then seeing a trout leap. Whenever the pedestrian comes to one of these arched bridges, he must pause and admire, it is so unlike what he is acquainted with at home. It is a real *viaduct*; it conducts not merely the traveler over, it conducts the road over as well. Then an arched bridge is ideally perfect; there is no room for criticism, — not one superfluous touch or stroke; every stone tells, and tells entirely. Of a piece of architecture, we can say this or that, but of one of these old bridges this only: it satisfies every sense of the mind. It has the beauty of poetry, and the precision of mathematics. The older bridges, like this over the Annan, are slightly hipped, so that the road rises gradually from either side to the key of the arch; this adds to their beauty, and makes them look more like things of life. The modern bridges are all level on the top, which increases their utility. Two laborers, gossiping on the bridge, said I could fish by simply going and asking leave of some functionary about the castle.

Shakespeare says of the martlet, that it
 "Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty."

I noticed that a pair had built their nest on an iron bracket under the eaves of a building opposite our inn, which proved to be in the "road of casualty;" for one day the painters began scraping the building, preparatory to giving it a new coat of paint, and the "procreant cradle" was knocked down. The swal-

lows, did not desert the place, however, but were at work again next morning before the painters were. The Scotch, by the way, make a free use of paint. They even paint their tombstones. Most of them, I observed, were brown stones painted white. Carlyle's father once sternly drove the painters from his door when they had been summoned by the younger members of his family to give the house a coat "o' pent." "Ye can jist pent the bog wi' yer ash-baket feet for ye'll pit nane o' yer glaur on ma door." But the painters have had their revenge at last, and their "glaur" now covers the old man's tombstone.

One day I visited a little overgrown cemetery about a mile below the village, toward Kirtlebridge, and saw many of the graves of the old stock of Carlyles, among them some of Carlyle's uncles. This name occurs very often in those old cemeteries; they were evidently a prolific and hardy race. The name Thomas is a favorite one among them, inasmuch that I saw the graves and headstones of eight Thomas Carlyles in the two graveyards. The oldest Carlyle tomb I saw was that of one John Carlyle, who died in 1692. The inscription upon his stone is as follows:—

"Heir Lyes John Carlyle of Penersaugh, who departed this life ye 17 of May 1692, and of age 72, and His Spouse Jannet Davidson, who departed this life Febr. ye 7, 1708, and of age 73. Erected by John, his son."

The old sexton, whom I frequently saw in the churchyard, lives in the Carlyle house. He knew the family well, and had some amusing and characteristic anecdotes to relate of Carlyle's father, the redoubtable James, mainly illustrative of his bluntness and plainness of speech. The sexton pointed out, with evident pride, the few noted graves the churchyard held; that of the elder Peel being among them. He spoke of many of the oldest graves as "extinct;" nobody owned or claimed them; the name

had disappeared, and the ground was used a second time. The ordinary graves in these old burying places appear to become "extinct" in about two hundred years. It was very rare to find a date older than that. He said the "Carls" were a peculiar set; there was nobody like them. You would know them, man and woman, as soon as they opened their mouths to speak; they spoke as if against a stone wall. (Their words hit hard.) This is somewhat like Carlyle's own view of his style. "My style," he says in his note-book, when he was thirty-eight years of age, "is like no other man's. The first sentence bewrays me." Indeed, Carlyle's style, which has been so criticised, was as much a part of himself, and as little an affectation, as his shock of coarse yeoman hair and bristly beard and bleared eyes were a part of himself; he inherited them. What Taine calls his barbarisms was his strong mason sire cropping out. He was his father's son to the last drop of his blood, a master builder working with might and main. No more did the former love to put a rock face upon his wall than did the latter to put the same rock face upon his sentences; and he could do it, too, as no other writer, ancient or modern, could.

I occasionally saw strangers at the station, which is a mile from the village, inquiring their way to the churchyard; but I was told there had been a notable falling off of the pilgrims and visitors, of late. During the first few months after his burial, they nearly denuded the grave of its turf; but after the publication of the *Reminiscences*, the number of silly geese that came there to crop the grass was much fewer. No real lover of Carlyle was ever disturbed by those *Reminiscences*; but to the throng that run after a man because he is famous, and that chip his headstone or carry away the turf above him when he is dead, they were happily a great bug-aboo.

A most agreeable walk I took one day down to Annan. Irving's name still exists there, but I believe all his near kindred have disappeared. Across the street from the little house where he was born, this sign may be seen: "Edward Irving, Flesher." While in Glasgow, I visited Irving's grave, in the crypt of the cathedral, a most dismal place, and was touched to see the bronze tablet that marked its site in the pavement bright and shining, while those about it, of Sir this or Lady that, were dull and tarnished. Did some devoted hand keep it scoured, or was the polishing done by the many feet that paused thoughtfully above this name? Irving would long since have been forgotten by the world had it not been for his connection with Carlyle, and it was probably the lustre of the latter's memory that I saw reflected in the metal that bore Irving's name. The two men must have been of kindred genius in many ways, to have been so drawn to each other, but Irving had far less hold upon reality; his written word has no projectile force. It makes a vast difference whether you burn gunpowder on a shovel or in a gun barrel. Irving may be said to have made a brilliant flash, and then to have disappeared in the smoke.

Some men are like nails, easily drawn; others are like rivets, not drawable at all. Carlyle is a rivet, well *headed* in. He is not going to give way, and be forgotten soon. People who differed from him in opinion have stigmatized him as an actor, a mountebank, a rhetorician, but he was committed to his purpose and to the part he played with the force of gravity. Behold how he toiled! He says, "One monster there is in the world: the idle man." He did not merely preach the gospel of work; he was it, — an indomitable worker from first to last. How he delved! How he searched for a sure foundation, like a master builder, fighting his way through rubbish and quicksands till he reached

the rock! Each one of his review articles cost him a month or more of serious work. Sartor Resartus cost him nine months, the French Revolution three years, Cromwell four years, Frederick thirteen years. No surer does the Auldgarth bridge, that his father help build, carry the traveler over the turbulent water beneath it than these books convey the reader over chasms and confusions, where before there was no way, or only an inadequate one. Carlyle never wrote a book except to clear some gulf or quagmire, to span and conquer some chaos. No architect or engineer ever had purpose more tangible and definite. To further the reader on his way, not to beguile or amuse him, was always his purpose. He had that contempt for all dallying and toying and lightness and frivolousness that hard, serious workers always have. He was impatient of poetry and art; they savored too much of play and levity. His own work was not done lightly and easily, but with labor throes and pains, as of planting his piers in a weltering flood and chaos. The spirit of struggling and wrestling which he had inherited was always uppermost. It seems as if the travail and yearning of his mother had passed upon him as a birth-mark. The universe was madly rushing about him, seeking to engulf him. Things assumed threatening and spectral shapes. There was little joy or serenity for him. Every task he proposed to himself was a struggle with chaos and darkness, real or imaginary. He speaks of "Frederick" as a nightmare; the "Cromwell business" as toiling amid mountains of dust. I know of no other man in literature with whom the sense of labor is so enhanced and terrible. That vast, grim, struggling, silent, inarticulate array of ancestral force that lay in him, when the burden of written speech was laid upon it, half rebelled, and would not cease to struggle and be inarticulate. There was a plethora of power: a channel, as

through rocks, had to be made for it, and there was an incipient cataclysm whenever a book was to be written. What brings joy and buoyancy to other men, namely, a genial task, brought despair and convulsions to him. It is not the effort of composition, — he was a rapid and copious writer and speaker, — but the pressure of purpose, the friction of power and velocity, the sense of overcoming the demons and mud-gods and frozen torpidity, he so often refers to. Hence no writing extant is so little like writing, and gives so vividly the sense of something *done*. He may praise silence and glorify work. The unspeakable is ever present with him; it is the core of every sentence; the inarticulate is round about him; a solitude like that of space encompasseth him. His books are not easy reading; they are a kind of wrestling to most persons. Yet his style does not labor, like that of a dull and heavy man. It is like a road made of rocks: when it is good, there is nothing like it; and when it is bad, there is nothing like it!

In Past and Present, Carlyle has unconsciously painted his own life and character in truer colors than has any one else: "Not a May-game is this man's life, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers; no idle promenade through fragrant orange groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours: it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men; loves men with inexpressible soft pity, as they *cannot* love him; but his soul dwells in solitude, in the uttermost parts of Creation. In green oases by the palm-tree wells, he rests a space; but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendors, the Archdemons and Archangels. All heaven, all pandemonium, are his escort." Part of the world will doubtless persist in thinking that pandemonium furnished his chief counsel and guide; but there are enough who think otherwise, and their numbers are bound to increase in the future.

John Burroughs.

ANTAGONISM.

"'Hath spied an icy fish
That longed to 'scape the rock-stream where she
lived,
And thaw herself within the lukewarm brine
O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far amid,
A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls of wave;
Only she ever sickened, found repulse
At the other kind of water, not her life,
(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o' the sun)
Flounced back from bliss she was not born to
breathe,
And in her old bounds buried her despair,
Hating and loving warmth alike."

ARTHUR DIGBY lay stretched at ease in a reading-chair, under the shade of tender new vine leaves, turning the pages of a summer novel; dividing his time fairly between the woes of his her-

oine, the capricious fluttering of shadows in the air over his head, the coming and going of his uncle on the shaded veranda, and his own sensation of general well-being.

Through a happy consciousness of fortunate circumstances, as of summer weather, beauty of prospect, bodily ease, quiet, amusement, flowed a strong undercurrent of full, energetic, rather strenuous life; life of the intellect, of the affections, of hopes, memories, impressions, opinions, and habits. All this made a sort of music in his ears, blended and may be intricate, but with nothing now strongly discordant. Suddenly he

felt an arrest of the tide of sensation and thought, as if some one had touched, with the tip of a finger, the spring which set all these energies in motion. He closed the book, sat erect, broke off abruptly his connection with objective existence, ceased auditing his own being, as it were, and took on a state of keen expectation. In a moment the whole disposition of his consciousness was changed. The agreeable circumstances remained, but now, instead of making part of an idly shifting panorama, they took the place of scenery and appointment, fixed and subordinate, other interests filling the field of his attention.

He rose, tossed aside the book, stood two or three minutes in a state of intense absorption; then took up his hat, spoke a few words with his uncle, went across the lawn, along the garden walks, through a short field path, and reached a rustic gate opening into thick pine forest. Here he paused, not as weighing whether he should proceed, but as having matter to consider that needed fuller attention. He was, in fact, adjusting himself to a new situation.

Those experiences which have stirred us pleasantly or deeply, and which seem to have floated far behind and been lost in the rush of the present, do but withdraw from the intrusive presence of urgent interests, and bide their time to press upon the spirit; giving, where they muster in force and come without call, an odd sense of life within life, as when lights are turned down on the stage, revealing another set of larger energies going on outside the narrow action of the scene,—much as if we suddenly realized that higher intelligences were watching our rather petty proceedings and wondering at us. Those who connect the most insignificant or trivial circumstances with some spiritual import, whose impressions reach through sense to soul, will be occasionally overtaken by this sort of visitation from their ac-

cumulated experiences. To the young and happy they come, if at all, like a "sudden glory," bewildering but sweet. To the old and sad the experience is sometimes half a frenzy, too terrible to be borne. But the past has its rights, its existence, more real than the future; and though we turn away our eyes from beholding it, it is always with us, rolled away like a scroll in unsuspected depths of our being.

A young man's capabilities of feeling have usually established such relations with the susceptibilities of other young people as to have produced abundant matter for summer afternoon reverie, and to have so preëmpted his conscience that he instinctively turns to his emotional relations to account for and justify any unusual commotion of spirit. This was the case with Digby. He knew well enough where the summons came from which had interrupted his *déagé* interlude. It meant the rather importunate return of a condition which he had put off a year ago, with some resolution, and which had since stood in apparently willing abeyance to interests agreeable enough, and seemingly able to replace it. The scene was now suddenly shifted, the change following close upon his return to a locality associated with the former rule, as might have been anticipated. His surprise lay in the fact that he had not voluntarily or consciously reverted to what had gone before, but had been abruptly confronted with a return of his old mental conditions, as if they had in themselves power and will to push aside what had come between them and his attention. But the transformation, if complete, was not yet disturbing; and though the mood toward which his face was set, upon whose threshold he stood, in fact, was not one to be lightly esteemed, he walked among his ancestral groves in a temper as unagitated as their own.

Deep into the woods, by a broad, winding avenue, which had been so long

closed to wheels that their marks were wholly effaced, and the thick carpet of dried pine needles had covered the road bed; with sudden near gleams of shining water, before, at the right, behind, according as the way wound; with noises growing fainter and remoter; with deep glades opening across his path; with wide, level stretches, where the trees stood in ranks like guests at a ceremony, and the light broke through and lay in broad patches, where bees and butterflies swarmed; into thick, green glooms unwarmed by the mild air; up or down steep slopes where the tips of the upper branches almost touched the sharply-tilted ground; with the whole catalogue of movement, odor, color, form, light, shade, expression, promise, and suggestion, combining, shifting, opening, and disappearing about him, weaving that magic web which can only, from default of language, be inadequately named the charm of the woods,—through and past all this he went, alive to the influences and significancies of his *entourage*, but also aware of his progress into a set of influences as absorbing, as elevated, as elusive and incomprehensible, as the elements which soothed, charmed, and mocked his physical sense; a set of emotional circumstances exactly parallel to the true, healing, friendly spirit of the woods, infinite to please, but never yielding, never to be seized and possessed, never to be subordinated or engrossed; a translation of the attributes and influences of nature into what it pleases us to call a higher form, namely, into human passions and powers.

The outer world and the inner kept time. Presently he came where both worlds seemed to invite him to stop and give them audience,—a small chamber in the wide extent of the estate, where the forest was particularly silent and clean, as if long undisturbed by human presence. A natural boundary of conformation and growth gave a sense of

seclusion to the spot. The eye took in all, and was not teased with a desire to investigate beyond. Gentle slope and elevation varied the surface with that exquisiteness of natural proportion which disguises actual extent; satisfying the desire for breathing room, but not displaying large, distracting distances.

The ground was elastic with a fine, strong grass, like green hair, growing through the thick deposit from the pines. Patches of vivid green alternated with spaces of rich reddish-brown, here and there dimly flecked with a rain of sunlight, which the ground seemed to drink in, and again give out in a dark, pervading brightness. The trees stood in rows, like self-possessed, silent men under inspection.

Digby stood a while, conscious of the beauty of the spot, *des Waldes Heiligkeit*. It was unspeakably restful and inviting, like a quiet inner room, to which one is led by favor of the host. He took possession, throwing himself down upon the ground. Far above his head the tree-tops swayed in a soft, strong breeze, which also blew intermittently among their trunks, and softly fanned him; tall, slender birches rocked in the upper half of their height, with that motion of unconscious ease and elegance which nothing can counterfeit, as if they rocked from inward impulse to the swell of their own thoughts. Sounds in all keys and motions of every gentle character made him feel as if a presence filled the wood, strong and sympathetic, but too large and wise to encroach, or be encroached upon. That sense of summer and beauty which cannot be shut out from vigorous nerves, flowed round him, and a thousand exquisite thoughts softly burst into blossom, in the quiet reaches of his mind, like sleeping lilies on a lake at the first touch of the morning sun.

What can mortal do at such a banquet but feed thankfully, and fall to peaceful rest? To feed and sleep are

ever the two great processes of healthy existence, whether of soul or of body. Digby fell into a peace so profound that his very spirit slept; but it was that transparent sleep through which any outside influence may penetrate, provided it be elemental, and in harmony with the influences which have produced the state,—the sleep in which the body does not obstruct the spirit, but lends it its perceptions.

To such a state impressions come like dreams. For a long time he seemed to have floated free of physical sensations, and to have known only from within that the sky was blue, the breeze soft and strong, the motion of the tree-tops like that of grass under water, and the varied soft sounds music in his own brain. And for what seemed a long time an impression had made itself felt, hanging in the firmament of his mood like a cloud in the blue sky, silent and motionless. It began presently to transform itself into an idea, a hope, a belief, a knowledge, at last an actual presence. As softly as a shadow lies upon a meadow this presence lay on his consciousness.

His perception, which had seemed to widen until it lay outside the whole world of sense, now shrank to his own physical dimension. In other words, the body regained its control, and the man could use his eyes. And there, at the far end of the narrow, bridge-like neck of land which led into the distance, slowly gliding across the narrow spaces where dim light showed between the trees, melting from one altitude to another between them, showing almost unnaturally tall, like the statue of a saint in a niche, approaching him and seeming to bring the distance with her, who but Helen Birney, somehow grown out of the fitness of the situation. Bringing the distance with her; not the distance alone, but the past,—the past, which had somehow grown a little unfamiliar, like a garment found in a wardrobe after a year's forgetting.

Arthur Digby was not yet out of his trance as to his will. Volition wakes late in such a passive mood. He watched idly while the lady moved toward him; half feeling that he saw her through his closed lids, but in reality watching her with wide-open eyes, that seemed to have been lately filled with dreams. She walked onward, as if she were entering her parlor to receive him, came quite up to him, smiled a little, seriously, looking down upon him.

"*Hic jacet*," said she. Then, as he made no motion, "Shall I help you to rise?"

He got up hastily. "I was under some kind of a spell. How do you do?"

"How do *you* do?"

"The ship rocks badly, you see," said he, stumbling over a little knoll.

"Have you so lately returned?"

"Twenty-four hours ago I was in that berth which, to me, is very like death. The ground takes unhandsome advantage of me. It is your ground, too, I believe."

"No, this is yours. The line is just over there."

"You had ever a keen sense of our boundaries. If this is really my land, I may curse it, may I not?" he said, having tumbled back over the same knoll. "Will you sit down upon my land? If we both sit upon it, perhaps it won't tip about so."

"You make me laugh."

"I wish I could make you cry. Don't be alarmed if I make sudden and unseemly lurches toward you. I feel that we ought to shake hands."

"Is it safe? Sit down, and I will come and shake hands with you."

"No, indeed! On my own *terra infirma*, I must do the honors with such staggering grace as I can muster. I will come round this knoll. I will circumvent it. Once more, how do you do?"

They shook hands, without the usual compliments.

"I am dazzled at beholding you,—

an effect you are accustomed to produce, but it disconcerts me a little. I do not know what to say next. Let us sit down and glare at each other a little while. Some faint intelligence may come to me in that way."

"You had better lean against a tree."

"The trees seem disposed to lean against me. However, I am recovering, *secondarily*, so to speak, and I think I can maintain an unstable equilibrium while you sit, — if you will sit."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure." She sat upon the ground, and leaned against a huge pine trunk. Arthur seated himself a little farther down, where he could look up at her, and where she could, if she wished, see over his head, without appearing to avoid him. They watched each other in silence for a while.

"I made a mistake. I should n't like to make you cry."

"No," she said, "I am sure you would n't."

"You almost make me cry. I had forgotten that I should see you in black."

"But you knew" —

"I knew immediately that you had lost your brother. It has been very hard for you."

She had to wait a minute before she could answer, "Yes, it has been very hard for us."

"It has changed you."

"Do I seem much changed?"

"You are less intense, more serene."

"Less as if thinking of myself, more as if regardful of others."

"You can never have been taken up with yourself in any common sense."

"I live more outside of myself than I used. Perhaps I am less ready to trust myself than formerly."

"Sorrow brings us nearer others, or others nearer to us," said Digby, with a sudden realization of the economic relation of this truth to his own case, as on the wrong side of the account.

"Yes, I care more for people than I did a year ago."

"Then it must be well with you in a very important sense."

She turned away, and, with an air he did not fathom, replied, "Yes, it is well with me in many senses."

He said to himself that she was taking it beautifully.

"Could you tell me something" — A half-startled inquiry in her eyes checked him. "Do not! It would pain you too much."

"It was sudden, shocking — No! I am afraid I cannot speak of it."

"I have no right to ask it; but I sympathize with you deeply."

"Thank you. I could count upon your kindness for that."

"I wish you had felt like saying friendship, instead of kindness."

"With your warrant, I shall certainly say it, next time."

"Have I been away so long?"

"I did n't mean to be unfriendly, but I am always afraid of assuming too much."

"That is unfriendly, whether you mean it or not. The test of friendship is the extent to which you count upon your friends."

"Perhaps it is, with men. But I think I have no sense of proportion. If I give myself liberty, it is apt to become license."

"License! Oh, try it on me!"

"Not for worlds and worlds!"

"You make me feel as if time and space had indeed come between us. What was that old superstition, — that if water came between friends the friendship was drowned?"

"A year is a long time, if much happens."

"I wish I had been here!"

A very faint shade of confusion showed itself in her countenance. She said, a little hurriedly, "Thank you for the wish, but you could not have changed anything."

"Do you mean that I should have been nothing to you?"

"We saw no one, of course, — at first; and then my uncle came from England immediately. We were taken care of. People were very kind. I am glad you escaped the sadness of it."

He felt his conscience accuse him that he had indeed escaped the sadness of it, and that he should have felt better at that moment if, not having been permitted to share her grief, he had at least borne her company in heaviness of his own exclusion from her sorrow; and said, as compounding with his regret, "A man might like to share the sadness of his friends."

"A man feels bound to do it, perhaps; but it is every way better that people should be spared sorrow whenever it is possible."

"Next to knowing that our friends have no griefs is the wish to lighten what they have." A handsome generalization, to be sure, but Digby had an instant feeling that it might ring rather false. There was a guilty consciousness of a kind of insincerity, though he certainly meant at least as much as he said. He was hampered a little by certain rather conflicting considerations, and feared to become involved in embarrassments; feared, too, to involve his companion in embarrassment. He had, however, hoped that his remark might stand in her mind as a proposition from which deductions might be drawn at convenience.

There had been no need of a reply, but after a minute of silence she said, as if selecting the most non-committal phrase, "You are very good, I'm sure."

Plainly, the handsome generalization had not been taken home.

"Tell me about your journey."

"Quite the same old story. Or, no; not quite the same, because my uncle enjoyed it so much. That gave a new color to much of it," he added, with a knowledge that he was not reporting, and could not report, all the hues that had been thrown over his year's wandering.

"How is Dr. Digby?"

"Better. Quite well, in fact. He is to call upon your mother this afternoon. Does she see any one?"

"She will see him. You must come home with me, too."

"Thank you. I was, in fact, on my way there."

"I heard of you, occasionally. You know May Dudley is a great friend of mine. She wrote to me constantly, and spoke of meeting you."

"Indeed! Then you know some of the places we visited. Their route was nearly the same as ours. She came over in the ship with us, and has gone to New York."

"Yes, I know. We had letters not two hours ago."

Arthur felt a little jar in these commonplace phrases, which touched something he had in his mind. He wondered whether Helen had anything in her mind.

"Do you know" — She hesitated with an evident reluctance to finishing what she had begun; then began again: "Do you know — of course you do not know. My mother and I sail in four weeks."

"You are going away? Just as I return! No, I have not been told it."

"We go for some time, — in the *Servia*. You came in the *Servia*, didn't you?"

"Yes; but there was nothing about the ship to tell me that you would go away in her. 'Across the water drowns friendship.' I must go back with you, or — The moment I put my foot on land, you go away. No one told me that you — However, I saw no one but Atwood, who came down in the train with me, last night. And by the way, Atwood is going in the *Servia*. Confound Atwood! That is why he smirked so. He used to frown at me, a year ago. So he is going! And in a sea-voyage there are so many influences and opportunities!"

"You speak not only as one having authority, but also as the scribes."

"The scribes have, perhaps, written something on my behalf," he quickly replied, aware that much might well have been said. "But I envy Atwood. In fact, I hate him. He will do no end of things for you. You'll let him, I suppose."

"Yes," she replied, with an inscrutable smile. "I shall let him be kind to me if he will."

"I think I will hire a man to throw him overboard. The tables are turned, to be sure. I used to fancy myself in his way."

"You are looking very well indeed. I am glad to see it."

"London tailor, may be; and then I am heavier, and I am a little calmer,—at least, I was an hour ago. I don't give bonds for good behavior, mind you. Recollect the load-stone mountain of Sindbad. My principles and props of all sorts will begin to fly presently, no doubt, as they used. But I had gained. I have learned that distance has a deadening effect, and that if some people keep away from some other people—I am curious to see how long it will take you to turn me into a helpless, incoherent, distracted, desperate wretch, without wheel or compass."

"You ought to be ashamed of your metaphor, if nothing else. You look much better. It is partly the tailor, I think. I am very fond of fine clothes for men, and you always look so complete. But you look happy, too, as if you had had a good time."

"But I am not a happy man,—under your eyes."

"You are an idle man. No man is good for much without an absorbing occupation. I wish you would 'settle down,' as they say. Depend upon it, you will become a nervous invalid, an emotional hypochondriac. I wish you had to earn your bread."

"So do I. I have wished it a hun-

dred times. And I really mean to go in for something,—something tough. You think I've been long making up my mind. So I have; but the mind has been a-making, all the same. In the three years I have spent stirring the ingredients of my nature, I have learned enough to last me some time. I'm dead sick of myself, and I am going in for work. Perhaps I had better marry. They say it takes the nonsense out of a man."

"Yes, do!" she said fervently.

"I have thought of marrying—you must recommend some one—that is—I think I will marry your friend, May Dudley, if"—

"You could n't do better! She's the sweetest girl living."

"She's the very sweetest girl living," said Digby soberly, with an utter change of manner. "She makes me calm and satisfied. I am not afraid of her. If it were not profane to say it, I could imagine her adoring—A man likes to be adored. He is fond of thinking that women were made to adore. That shocks you."

"By no means! I see nothing wrong in your feeling that a woman should adore—her—the man she—adores."

Digby tormented himself for a moment with the possibility of being adored by Helen Birney, and for another moment with the probability of her adoring another man. But he had already so drawn upon his imagination for sensations of this variety that the answering shock was short-lived and dull. Moreover, through most of what she had said, he had felt a little of that draught which blows between two people, when one of them has that in his mind, unknown to the other, bearing upon their mutual relation, which throws a side (perhaps slightly sinister) light upon what is said. He seemed to feel that the key had changed, and continued:—

"Did you ever think the woods were

haunted? I feel a sudden sense of unreality, and could doubt my senses without effort. As I look at you, the rays of light reflected from you stretch out into long, visible lines, dazzling like northern lights. I have to grasp my intellectual conviction that there is such a person, to keep from floating away into bewilderment. I can half fancy myself about to wake into a reality, and find all this a dream."

"You are not quite waked."

"I will give you a better and altogether more scientific and interesting explanation. The usual current of impressions setting in from without toward the seat of consciousness is met on the threshold of my mind by a tidal wave, traveling in the other direction, which wave has its origin in the interior, — a sort of earthquake wave, arising from a vague doubt or foreboding that begins to take possession of me. The two currents meet and fill my nerves with confusion and trouble."

"That is, in effect, saying that you are not yet waked, or that you are going to be ill."

"I will give you another explanation. This is almost demonstrable, and so rational that you will be pleased with me. The combination of nerves which reports you to my brain, and that consequent play of powers evolving ideas and speculations in regard to you, is completely worn out with over-work. They have become unable to perform their duty, and the impressions stop short of the centre, as in defective vision."

"Oh," said she, half vexed, "you make me so ridiculous that I almost lose patience!"

"I will tell you something to restore the balance. There were days and days when I forgot you as absolutely as if there were no such being in the world."

"Bravo!"

"*N'est-ce pas?*" said Digby, ironically.

ally. Then, after a little while, "'Lo, where it comes again!'"

"What comes again?"

"The old creeping discontent, the sense of failure and ignominy, hard to bear for a man of my complexion."

"No one feels a sense of defeat who has not proposed to triumph. You are not a chivalrous man. You would willingly lay a conquest at the feet of a woman, but it must be a conquest of herself."

"You are too clever for me. You ought to make allowance. It is long since I have been in court, and I had fallen into a lazy habit of trading with any loose change I happened to find in my intellectual pockets. You make a man draw on his capital."

"Dear me!"

"Yes; I always seem on the brink of a sensation when I think of you or talk with you. I begin to stand upon the defensive as soon as we meet."

"I have noticed it."

"In yourself?"

"In you."

"Oh!" said Digby, with a whole gamut of significance. "Then you do not find yourself disturbed?"

"Yes, reflexively."

"I am thankful for the smallest crumb. Since I cannot move you on your own account (a long, tentative pause), I am glad, at least, to stir you on mine."

"How unfriendly! But I do not think I really feel worried about you. I only wonder" —

"Come! that is something! Keep wondering about me! I'll do the maddest things, if you will only keep on wondering."

"Why can't you feel comfortable with me? — for you can't. I can feel you, I can almost see you, rousing yourself into opposition. Oh, it is quite evident, I assure you! I doubt if you ever acquiesce inwardly in what I say. I have tried to see through it, but I can-

not. Depend upon it, there is something deeply, fundamentally inimical in our natures. I can imagine you hating me bitterly. If we were of a low grade, I can imagine you hurting me."

"Don't talk like that! God knows, I'd hurt myself to the last and deadliest degree, before I could have you touched. Thank Heaven, I could not hurt you, if I would!"

This touch of genuine feeling seemed to bring them a little nearer each other. Digby went on:—

"I never took such pains for anything in my life as I take to appear well in your eyes. Do you know, you sort of put a man upon his mettle, some way. He is always straining to be superior, always trying to get your approval; always trying, you know, and apparently never succeeding."

"I know what you mean: always trying to triumph."

"Oh, not so bald and brutal as that, I'm sure! I suppose, if a man tries to please a woman, he may like to succeed."

"For the sake of pleasing her, or for the sake of compelling her to be pleased?"

"Ah! If you are going into things like that, just tell me what sort of man it is that does n't want a woman to feel that he can give as well as take."

"Well," she said, rather slyly, "perhaps not the sort of man that you are."

"Perhaps you can tell me what sort of a woman it is that will not let a man show how very low down he could get in the dust, if"—

"If she would first show him that she wanted him to do so."

"If she would let him follow his impulses." He could not see why she should laugh. "Oh, be fair! I mean, be honest! You can't help being fair."

"Do you, then, feel checked in anything you wished to say? I had thought that you felt quite unconstrained. No one—that is, you always said openly

such extraordinary things that I have been driven to placing our conversations on a wholly different footing from the usual one. You make me laugh when you talk of not being let to follow your impulses. Can it be that you have overshoot your impulses, and are trying to urge them on to your expression of them?"

"You are doing me a very great injustice," he said, gravely. "Perhaps you mean that you wish it were true."

"I did n't mean to hurt you!" she cried, with a woman's quick and disproportionate tenderness at the sight of pain.

"What do you mean by putting our acquaintance upon a different footing?"

"I said 'conversations.'"

"I am afraid it's all one with us."

"I mean that other men do not think of talking to me as you did, and that I had to—how shall I say?—take you on a different plan; enlarge the ordinary scale of meanings. Both of us, perhaps, use a large liberty of speech," she added, hastily.

"Do you mean that I did n't believe what I said, or that I said what I did n't mean?"

She made no reply.

"You filled all my thoughts!" he cried, vehemently. "You ruled my imagination. You absorbed me. You kept me discontented, expectant, unquiet. I don't think you had the smallest notion of your effect on me. I was piqued, spurred, confounded—Shame upon me! What a ranter I have become! Yes, I meant all I said. You were, and you are, the most beautiful and fascinating woman I ever knew, and able to make me wretched and almost despairing. What more could you wish?"

"Oh," she replied, a little coolly, "it is not more than I should wish." This rather set him back in the excitement he was unconsciously fostering. "Have you seen the Daphne?" she asked, inconsequently.

"Daphne? What is that. Steamer, statue, plant?"

"I think you can't have seen it, or you would know at once what I mean."

"I decline to commit myself. The ground about you is always honey-combed with pitfalls. You are waiting to see me discomfited."

"No, indeed! It is a *bona fide* question. It is your own Daphne."

"Have I a Daphne of my very own? You make me tremble. Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral? Can I get rid of it? Can I plead any sort of a statute? Can I utterly and forever repudiate it? It is a fearful point to have a Daphne, and not to know whether you should put it in a stable, or wear it in your button-hole."

"If you would stop looking at me, you would see her."

"Ah! if I could, indeed, stop looking at you, I might see" —

"Look over my head, to the left, far up the ravine."

"Sure enough! In a desperate hurry, having just escaped from your premises in hot haste. She shall be restored, without delay. Madam, allow me to reassure you, and to point out that we do things better nowadays. Under the modern method, that conceited young person who annoyed you would find himself presented with a ticket to Coventry, second class, and no return."

"She makes believe not to understand."

"She always makes believe not to understand. A New England Daphne, in willow, is unpleasant. Our own metempsychoses are disturbing enough, Heaven knows! What shall I do with it? I hate to have a thing like that hacked. Makes me think of Dante's trees calling out, 'Why tearest thou me? Wherefore pluckest me thus?'"

"Bury it."

"Good! I have times of feeling in the burying mood; or, rather, in need of a burying-place."

"Begin with Daphne."

"And yet, if I once begin to bury, who knows where it may end?"

Looking at her with a half-wistful expression, he saw tears in her eyes. Her own light word had pierced to a reality of bereavement so recent that it lay just below the surface.

"I wish I could comfort you!" he cried, making a movement as if to rise, and checking himself.

"Let us talk of something else."

"Let us not talk at all, for a little. Do you not remember how many times, in these same woods, we have sat without speaking, listening to the sound the silence makes? I should like to compare notes again. Will you try it?"

"If you like."

"Begin, then, and count the sounds for ten minutes."

For a little space, that seemed a long space, they were silent. Then Arthur said abruptly, "Why don't you answer?"

"What do you mean?" she cried, starting up.

"You did n't listen. I heard a hundred voices, in all accents, calling your name. The place is full of them. They say, 'Helen! Helen! Helen!' Or can it be that I was listening to my own blood? Try again!"

"Oh, you are too bad! Let us be rational, or let us go and call upon my mother."

"By all means, let us be rational first, and call upon your mother afterwards. But what did you hear?"

"What did I hear? I — did n't — I can't tell you what I heard," she said, blushing vividly, and drooping her head.

"Ah, you are unfair!"

"Excuse me, I forgot! Pray, excuse me, and let us try over again. I will do better, — indeed, I will. To please me, try again."

"To please you, anything."

They were silent for a long while; for so long that Helen, waiting in vain

for Arthur to interrupt, as was his wont, turned toward him, and found him watching her closely, and with a sort of wistful excitement.

"I hear nothing," she said, smiling rather wanly; "that is, I heard only a noise in my own ears."

"'I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.' Do the words seem different to you? I feel as if something were missing, but can't tell what."

"You can never go back to anything and find it what you left it, you know."

"You say that as calmly as if it were not the cruelest thing ever spoken."

"You forget that we bring our own moods here and everywhere into life."

"I wish," he said, after a pause, "that we knew any language which would deal adequately with our feelings and moods, with our spiritual relations to each other. I always feel the clumsiness of words when I talk to you. There is always something which clamors to be expressed, but which refuses to form itself into speech."

"I thought we got on wonderfully as to speech. What hindered you?"

"Who knows? I was afraid of you."

"That you were not. There was nothing in the way of outrageous, egregious flattery, and not much in the way of vague, ill-founded, and almost unkind criticism, as a wholesome tonic, may be, which you did not find courage to say."

By which remark it will be seen that meteorological disturbances had existed in the intercourse of Miss Birney and Mr. Digby.

"I never could get your attention," he said, justifying himself. "There was always something I could not reach. However joyfully we met, we always parted with a wide and widening distance between us. My very efforts to approach you seemed to take me farther and farther away. At this moment, when we are both in dead earnest, our very seriousness drives us farther apart. Of course, I rebelled against it, chafed

at it. I am not a philosopher. You are a woman whose attention I, for two years, earnestly desired to engross. I did my possible to engross it. I threw myself headlong into the delight of intercourse with you. I had found the very supreme gift of heaven, — a mind and nature I could not exhaust. But I was like a man who is shown treasures he may have if he can but reach them, and who misses by the length of his hand. Something came between us, and I could but feel that it was yourself. So I raged against fate, myself, and you. It seemed incredible that there should be between man and woman so entire an interchange of thought, sympathy, opinion, and so absolute a repelling force. Ah," he added, with a half-bitter sigh, "people should not try to fly. They get beyond their humanity. The joy of life is in the small, sweet habits of mutual dependence; those simple, innocent, homely delights, that penetrate the heart and make it run over with content; the feeling of pressing close to each other's side, the sense of contact, the missing and being missed. From that to abstractions, and not from abstractions to that, is the true progress. We call the beginnings common and narrow. They are the true wisdom and beauty. It is better, it is far better, to build low."

"Perhaps you looked for too much. Instead of taking the sympathy between us for the firmament, you took it for a starting-point, and looked for something beyond, wide in proportion."

"I made a mistake of some sort, — who knows what?"

"You have been — is it possible for you to believe in my kindness, my friendliness, my — my —"

"You are never going to say 'tenderness,'" he said, with a sad smile. "That I could not believe in. Your charity is what you mean, unknown to yourself."

"Believe in my unwillingness to wound you ever so slightly," she said,

turning rather pale. "You have been too subtle. You have looked at me through your own ideals, too fastidiously magnanimous to examine how we really stood. You do not understand your sense of incompleteness and failure, when it comes to a question of my adjustment to your theories. It means that your feeling is truer than your intelligence; and it is your intelligence, and not your feeling, which is disappointed at this moment."

"If I had been more complete, more determined, more"—He broke off suddenly, and then began: "There is one overwhelming reason why you were not made for me. I ought not to ask anything more convincing. It is that I am always at my worst with you, always perturbed,—always perturbing, perhaps," he added remorsefully.

"Yes, I suppose we have disturbed each other a good deal."

"It is well," he said, after a pause, "that you did not let me know that sooner. My stumbling-block has been that the attraction was all on one side."

"I always liked you immensely, you know."

"Oh, don't! Let us be, for once, ourselves."

"That was not a platitude. I liked you better than you knew. In fact, I liked you so much that I wondered why I did not like you more. You have your theories; I had to have mine, to understand my position. This is it. Both of us started with a fixed idea,—I might say, a fixed ideal,—fully equipped, and always before our eyes. We measured people by them, more or less indifferently, perhaps, until we met each other. You came very near my measure; I came near enough to yours. We then felt logically bound to take the next step. But the whole thing being factitious, there was no impulse toward another step. We were puzzled between loyalty to our ideals and a lack of—of the right kind of attraction. I

came to see it, after a long time; but you, with a man's persistence, and a man's added sense of chivalry, would not, or could not."

"Do you mean to say that you considered the character of our acquaintance,—that you saw a personal quality in it?"

"How could I help it?"

"And that you watched your own interest in it, to see—whether—it became—stronger?"

She flushed a little, but said bravely, "I watched to see it become—what it did not become."

Digby rose to his feet, and stood looking down at her, mortified, regretful, bitter, fascinated, and repelled, all at once. Fervent, passionate words crowded to his lips. A really mighty impulse was upon him to utter such words as men sometimes dream of saying to women. Time and place adhered, the situation, and apparently the mastery of the situation; but though the words hung vivid and urgent in his mind, sending a strong thrill all over him, he did not pronounce them. Something lacked. The altar was ready, the sacrifice was laid upon it, but the fire did not come down from heaven. A cold breath from his judgment blew upon the impulse, and he let it die. It took him a sensible time to find his way back to a safe generalization. "Depend upon it, a sense of incompleteness is the secret of attraction. It is the instinct for self-preservation, a desperate, blind clutch for something that will insure existence. That sums it up, to my mind."

"You had better say, to your present mood."

"To my present mood, if you will; for that is to be the key-note to my future. We tried for something more than life gives. Whether too much or too little, something holds us apart. If it is distance to be explored, or difference to be brushed away, I know not.

It only makes you more beautiful and more unattainable, and stamps me, let us tamely say, incomplete. Wherever my fragments may be, wherever in the spiritual universe my own is kept from me — ah, well! How idle to try to set the wind to a tune! You and I together are more than one, and, may be, less than two. The lack is in me."

He watched her in silence for a while, and began again: —

"I have been like a stupid fly, madly butting against a pane, unable to understand that I cannot follow where I see. Do you know what has been booming in my head for half an hour? A quotation from Browning, —

" 'God of eclipse and each discolored star,
Why do I linger here?' "

"You are making the worst of it. I should like to see you take it better."

"For your sake, I put myself in joint with the times," he said dryly.

"I can't have a man doing for me what he will not do for himself. I don't count you among those who need bribes."

He smiled rather ruefully. "You forget to take yourself into account when you scorn bribes. You are yourself the most stupendous bribe, though insensible of that, as of everything."

"Don't call it insensibility! Would it gratify you to know that I was unhappy or shaken? The thing was so plain. We should have hated each other, and had an ugly blot upon our memories for a great while, perhaps forever."

"And so you advised me to travel, and I traveled."

"Ah, you jest! But, in my mind, the thing lies on so high a plane that I could n't jest about it."

"The highest plane; that is, the topmost shelf, as I realized when you gently intimated that I was spending too much time studying our spiritual non-affinities."

"You were doing yourself injustice.

It was right that you should have a change of thought. I wished that some one else should interest you; and I wish now" —

"Wish nothing for me, except that I may forget you speedily and utterly."

"Pray do not — I do not like to think of you — thinking of it so."

"And what do you suppose, what *do* you suppose, is in a man's mind, when he knows, as I have known, such a woman as you are? — knows by heart a thousand lovely ways, graces and virtues without number? Do you imagine that his thoughts keep primly to the outside of things? Do you suppose he does not imagine situations, words, looks? Why, even a school-girl has a more robust sentimentality than that. She imagines the boy holding her hand, clasping her, kissing her. You, if you are not" —

"Never! Never, upon my faith! How dare you? Never did I dream — Oh, how can you?"

"Then you are not capable of judging me, for I have imagined — No: I will not distress you. *Cui bono?* It is mainly *cui bono* with us, now. 'Shrunk to the measure of two little words,' and all that sort of thing. I traveled. I realize it now. Yet my thought keeps beating upon that transparent, impenetrable something. Why? why? why? Perpetually, why?"

Helen rose, and stood for a moment, with an expression of pain and indecision; then moved slowly along, as he, with gathering disquiet, which forced him into movement, walked up and down before her. He followed, and they came, slowly walking through the spicy air, out upon the high bank, which, like an artificial terrace, bordered a noble stream. A path ran along the edge, protected by a railing. They leaned upon this, and looked down into the narrow strip of glassy water, which made a burnished frame for the rippled stream. Before them, the river, sweeping round a sharp turn, broadened almost into a

bay, leaving high rocky walls crowned with trees, that made a stately way like a cathedral aisle, and spreading out between slightly lower banks, where the current had made space for its crowded waters, set its own edge thick with a bordering of meadow grasses, lush, green, sensuous, and was taking its more leisurely way to the sea, which lay, a shining line, over the low sand-bars on the southern horizon. The spirit of summer afternoon lay upon the scene, which was unusually beautiful. The river was full to its brim, the shining waters marching and countermarching, streams from the sea dividing the ranks of the outflowing currents, and both volumes breaking up into narrow files, threading their way, or eddying into spiral motion, till the effect was of two armies meeting, breaking ranks, and mingling together, each man making his way as best he might. It was a wonderful scene of activity and brilliancy, contrasting sharply with the sombre, reserved spirit of the wood. At the near edge a line of still water made silent, almost invisible, progress upward; and on the other bank, where a little inlet was set thick with herbage, paraded gayly downward a small company of dancing wavelets, that threw back the glitter of the sun, and smiled farewell to whispering reeds.

While they waited and watched, in that incomplete, half-satisfied mood, where on the one hand is something to be said, and on the other so much that must not be said, there came in sight, as far up the river as could be seen, a beautiful sail-boat, all new and white, taking its first taste of motion from the ways to the sea. Of all inanimate objects, nothing comes so near sentiency and volition as a ship, in any size. Statues and temples are only stocks and stones; but anything in the form of a launch has its own being, is a thing which its very maker and builder must share with the elements, with forces which may snatch it from

his hands and dash it to atoms, but which has its attributes, not bestowed by man, and not denied by wind or wave.

Down between the river walls came sailing this dainty craft, white as snow but for a crimson pennant fluttering at its peak; taking the water proudly, like a bride, every plank laid, every beam shaped, every sail set, every capacity gauged and balanced for one purpose, every fibre from stem to stern instinct with one meaning and one impulse, created to one end,—to press forward. The river bore it gladly along; the little breezes ran beside and over it, urging it on with soft, encouraging pressure upon its sails. One might imagine it gathering and fusing all the thought of its builder, all the adaptability of its own shape and equipment, all the consent and stress of circumstance; beginning to thrill to the first pulse of conscious life, with a passionate dream of ocean's wild delights warming its grain, moving of its own will and gathering its energies to make the final leap that should launch it into its element, into its own divine right of union with the boundless, joyful life of the sea.

They watched it gliding down toward them with a half-prophetic expectancy, due to repressed intelligences and impulses. At a point where it should have turned the sharp promontory, and triumphantly swept forward with the open water in view, it seemed all at once as if the river ceased to flow, and the banks, stealing its motion from the stream, drew backward to the hills. The boat quivered, rose on the wave, dipped slowly to one side, sank, rose and leaned far forward, swayed from side to side, spread its wings wider and beat the air, shook off, with a toss, something that seemed to hinder its will, darted forward a length, and again stopped; rising on the waters, fluttering its wings, turning from side to side, shaken with the conflict between its onward impulse,

and something that suddenly sprang into existence to counteract or paralyze it. The crimson pennant streamed forward eagerly; the west wind's kisses changed to churlish blows. Mysterious powers had met its keel and buffeted it about. The poor thing trembled and shrunk, and grew bewildered at a force undreamed of in its short, happy progress. It tried all its new powers in vain, the opposition was too strong.

With one thought Helen and Arthur turned toward each other.

"The tide!" she exclaimed. "You forgot the tide. If you live near the sea, body or soul, you must take account of the tide. There is the answer to your perpetual 'why?'"

"I cannot bear to think of anything so inexorable!" he cried, with something so near anguish that she caught her breath. She had to remind herself that his pride, his man's desire to conquer, would send forth as agonized a cry as wounded love. He went on:—

"I cannot bear to think that the wine of life is not for me; that I must dilute— But wait! She will take the eddies, and work along down in spite of the tide."

It was hard for a man, strong and confident in his demands upon life, accustomed to finding circumstances waiting upon him, able to bend them to his pleasure, by no means too nice to take his full share of good, and to take it in a man's fashion,—it was hard for him to find himself so balked in the thing he had most desired, and that not from any outward circumstance, but from a falling short in his own inclination. It was as if all his powers and perceptions were leagued together to show him that he could not rise to the level of what destiny had put within his reach. Proud and emulous of all forms of superiority, he did not relish the thought that there was in him a spot which did not ring true; that he was unable to yield himself to an influence which he could yet

not bring himself to renounce. For Digby was not quite up to the mark of trusting everything he was even to himself,—the vice that comes from over-refinement, over-analysis of sentiment; not quite able to see that mistrust of destiny is weakness, and not strength.

Still, his disappointment was by no means light in degree, and by no means to be scorned in kind. A common-minded man would have made no such failure, because too dull to comprehend subtle matters like sympathetic influences. Moreover, his embarrassment was extreme, for he had committed himself to much, without the warrant or the summons to commit himself to all, and was really cruelly divided between loyalty to his own ideal, bewilderment that his wishes did not more ardently embrace that ideal, a certain drawing in another direction, with a perverse reluctance to yield even to that new (and pleasant) attraction.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that his mood should grow a little reckless, and that something of his perturbation should show itself. He had, at first, felt the sweet spell of an influence which always swayed him on coming into her presence; but, as ever, he had presently felt the glory fading,—felt something rising in himself which drove him into a spirit of unrest and opposition.

"If there is a man in the world more profoundly mortified and disgusted with himself than I am with myself, he has my heartfelt sympathy. I am expected, I suppose, to take all these incidental brushes amiably, overlooking the imputations."

"There are surely no imputations. These things do not go by merit."

"No! Kissing goes by favor, which makes lack of kisses the deadlier slight. I am, as it were, flouted by Fate; and Fate is of the feminine gender, as you know. I suppose I am too slight a man to please her ladyship. Atwood, now,

he's a solid fellow, — what you may call a cumulative man; every year a little stronger in some way, gradually harnessing Destiny to his chariot; while I am like that particular class of vegetable that has to be planted over every year, and does n't take deep root. I seem to see very delicate motions of assent in your brain, which you carefully ignore."

"You think I underrate you. Let me say something accusing."

"Do, by all means!"

"You try to make me out almost a monster. You impute all sorts of unkindness to me, without really trying to know what I do think of you. You seem afraid to let me say what I think."

"It won't be what I wish. I had as lief you called me a turnip as what you call other men, — 'charming,' 'bright,' 'gentlemanly,' 'interesting.' I have heard you put a whole, live, grand man into one of those confounded, smirking, cant epithets, and lay him on the shelf with that label, as if he were born to be tagged and classified, and there an end. I'd rather be the gnat that teases you, and is honestly execrated and finally exterminated. It makes me mad. Your cool, complacent patronage makes me mad! You do not know what a man is. You haven't the faintest conception of the feeling, the power, the worth, the everlasting significance, of the creatures who flock around you, and whom you half glance at, and settle with one of your pretty conventional phrases. By heaven, I should like you to feel the power of one of them. I should like to see you on your knees to some man" —

The angry blaze in his eyes was reflected in hers by a soft, glowing spark of pride. Her color deepened, her head was slightly raised, and a delicate scorn curved her lips.

"You probably never will," she said, in a quiet tone, that sounded as if it might penetrate to any distance.

"No!" he cried, bitterly. "Noth-

ing of that sort will reach you. I have had ample opportunity of learning that."

A moment passed, while he controlled his anger, and she put aside her natural resentment. By and by she went on.

"You ought to hear my side. But it has always been your habit to take part against me, always easier for you to accuse than to excuse me. However, you will say the same things of other women, and it will be as unjust to them as it is to me. You accuse me of not appreciating men. What do you say of those women who let you see how much they appreciate men? You think I have no sense of the dignity and power of men, — a perfectly gratuitous assumption on your part. And if it were true? What business have I, even in my thoughts, to weigh, and compare, and appraise the worth of men? It is the first article in your own code that a woman should have this particular regard to only one man out of all the world. You call it coldness if a woman is n't touched by every man who comes into her horizon; you call it familiarity or vulgarity if she is. Men have no business to complain of the coldness of any woman but one. I defy you to say that I am unkind to any one within proper limits. And I will not let it pass, that I do not understand the value of manly character and virtue and achievement, because I do not spend myself in pondering particular illustrations of them. What you call insensibility in women may have a better name; it may be delicacy. You are quite, quite in the wrong," she concluded abruptly, and with a sudden dissolution of her indignant warmth into kindly expostulation.

"I am always in the wrong where you are concerned. It is only another way of stating the sad incompatibility between us."

"What you really wish is to see me humiliated. That would console you for anything. It is nice and liberal in you to call it incompatibility."

"Oh," he retorted, with a hollow laugh, "my coarse malice is nothing to the calm, dispassionate cruelty with which you put yourself in the right."

"Let us shake hands," she cried, hurriedly. "Forgive me, do!" And as they clasped hands strongly, she said, with half angry, half tender insistence, "You must *not* let me see that you are hurt by what I say. It is n't kind of you."

He could but smile at the womanishness of this, yet his eyes were moist.

"You make me quarrel. You attack me, and then show that you are hurt. That is the same as crying for mercy," she said, looking half ready to cry herself.

He smiled again. "Yes, you are a woman. You can bear to hurt, but you cannot bear to see that you hurt."

"You have hurt my feelings—you have trampled upon my feelings a thousand times, without the faintest idea of what you were doing, and I never flinched. I suppose you could n't imagine my being wounded at your forever unappeased desire to let me know how ill you think of me."

"I believe there is n't another woman in the world who would take such a thing so coldly."

"Excuse me! You forget how many times you have told me the same thing. In my place, what should you do? What can a woman answer to such talk, except to say nothing? What is there to do? Shall I cry? Shall I simper? Don't you see that I could n't do or say anything?"

"I talk plainly enough."

"What is the answer to such plain talk? If you could imagine me saying the very thing you most wished to hear, what would that be? I believe you do not know what you wish to hear. You reproach me. You feel that I wrong you in some way. You do not see that no woman could answer you, because—Don't be offended. I will do for you what I could hardly do for another man.

You must not be angry with me; we were good friends, and—and—don't look at me. I—it is difficult to begin."

"Never mind. I am a brute to annoy you. I did not mean to; in fact, I meant not to. You are all right, and I, probably, am all wrong. Men are obtuse. Let us say no more about it."

But in that moment she had regained her composure, and augmented it with a resolve: "Let us go to the bottom of it, now. There will never be another chance. You will always feel dissatisfied, else. It is much better to talk a thing out plainly. Forgive me in advance."

"No, indeed; not I!"

"So much the better. Yes, I agree that you meant what you said; but you said too much, considering that you could n't say more. You were, in effect, telling me, for the better part of two years, that you were about to—to"—

"To fall in love with you."

"In point of fact, you expected such a consummation, and it never came. At this moment you know and I know that something hindered you. It hinders you still, even if I would permit you to say what must not be said. That makes it unwise and improper for us to talk as we have done. You have found me disquieting,—I cannot explain why,—but there never was a moment when you felt that I could be otherwise than disturbing to you. I believe in my heart that you could have no thought of me that did not represent me as in some way antagonistic. I never soothed you; you never turned to me with any expectation or desire of repose. I could have told you this long ago, but you would not let me. It is only now, under these circumstances, that I feel we ought to understand one another entirely. We do not, we never did, care for each other to the exclusion of ourselves."

"Under these circumstances?"

"You think of marrying my friend, May Dudley, and I — am going to marry your friend, Mr. Atwood."

If Digby had been given time to consider the emotional value of this announcement, if he had had opportunity to exploit his dramatic susceptibilities, he might have experienced a real shock, or, at least, a good imitation of one. Coming wholly unexpectedly, it appealed to the natural integrity of his intelligence, and sounded only with a far-off clang, as of a matter which might have concerned him, or which he might even have to reckon with hereafter. He held his breath a moment, half expecting to be overtaken by some whirlwind of feeling. Nothing came but a sense of rather wearisome unreality, as when one has pondered an anxious matter till the brain has grown tired and sick. Perhaps he turned a little paler.

"I have intruded upon you," he said.

With one accord they took their way to the broad avenue leading to Helen Birney's home, closing forever the volume of their mingled thoughts and recollections. In an hour, mother and daughter, uncle and nephew, stood at the entrance to the forest path on the Birney grounds, as the two men took their leave. Mrs. Birney and Dr. Digby had stepped aside, to consult upon some neighborly interest. Looking at the young people, the lady said, —

"All our pains and hopes are wasted. They have missed each other. I feared it. They got to over-refining. I begin to see the use and safety of common-mindedness. One may deal in ideals and subtleties till one destroys one's sense of actualities and values. It is better to walk on the earth while we are of the earth."

"We missed each other thirty years ago because of stubborn material facts. Our children have missed from equally stubborn idealities. There is a half whimsical pathos in it. If we could go back, Eleanor, what should you do?"

"I should follow my heart," she said, without affectation or timidity. "This is my formula, now: Follow your heart, and lift the rest of your life up to it."

"It is a pity we cannot start in life as we end. Well, there is a joy of which age and fortune and failure cannot rob us."

"'Welcome, Disappointment. Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend,'" quoted Mrs. Birney, in serene tones.

He held out his hand, and she put her thin fingers into it.

"Good-by, and God bless you."

"Good-by."

Walking rather silently back through the long winding way, now sentineled by shadows, the disappointment of the elder man so weighed upon him that he could not help speaking of it.

"I thought you made for each other."

"Apparently we were not made for each other," said Arthur as lightly as possible. "I admit that I thought so once, and I wished it, too. It seemed to me that there were materials for a first-class combustion, but — well, it was not to be. I shall find some one to love me better than Helen could, one of these days. That is the thing, sir, — to have a woman love you wholly."

"You talk like a tired man. Don't make a mistake. The delight of being loved is undeniable, but there is one thing better, — the joy of loving. This waiting to be loved seems to me the woman's part. It is a dangerous thing for a man to stop at that. If a woman can't make you unhappy, depend upon it she cannot make you happy."

"I have been through something of it, sir," said Arthur, with the lofty superiority of youth.

"Hm!"

"It is a pity a man can't be challenged for saying 'Hm!' even if he is your own lawful uncle. But a man need n't be an uncle to know two or three things about his own feelings."

"How old are you, my little man?"

"Twenty-nine, please."

"When you are thirty-nine, you'll wish you had."

"Dear old man," said Arthur, laying his arm across the doctor's shoulder, "do not grieve. It was n't to be. She's going to marry Atwood. I shall come to you very soon for your blessing,—on one knee, perhaps. And now, let us not speak of it again for a month."

But as they passed the place where he had lain in a half sleep, and watched her walk toward him as if from another world, he said to himself, —

"She lets him love her because he demands nothing more. Perhaps my uncle is right: that it is the woman's part to be loved, and the man's to have all the pain of loving. Will the passive part satisfy her?"

No one of us can say of his own experience that it is quite unique. The history of feeling between Arthur Digby and Helen Birney has, no doubt, many parallels, which have their bearing upon the discussion of the operation of attractions between young people. It is hard to say of an educated, finished, prosperous person of either sex how much is investiture and how much is original creation. We live so much in outward assumption, we so unconsciously wear the robes of opinion, custom, amiability, self-surrender to a hundred small demands, that it is possible never to stand upon the solid ground of our own natures. It may happen to even highly endowed minds to become merely the motive power for keeping in operation the conventionalisms of life. So whether, in this case, the attraction lay at the root of their natures, and was overlaid and hindered by cultivation of the exterior, or whether there was central antagonism, overcome, for a time, by community of taste and training, we do not know.

It had been, at one time, a drawn game, though Helen came out of it

finally with no regrets and no doubts. She had, as she acknowledged, given audience to the suggestion that they might fall in love with each other, and was a little surprised that they did not. There was disappointment enough in the surprise to make her speculate over the reason, and linger a little over the conclusion. She had held him back a little, perhaps, but with the full knowledge that a genuine passion would find her irresponsiveness no serious obstacle, and with the fixed determination that he should have fair play. It is the woman's part to be prudent.

She had told herself that if he became unmistakably in love with her, it might kindle her own feelings to reciprocity, and for a time she had felt herself in supposititious peril; a wholly fantastic attitude, which had the absurd and unphilosophical result of an effect without a real cause, since the same degree of timidity and reserve was added to her manner as would have followed from her actually finding herself especially interested in him.

But it had not entered her mind that the manifestation of a strong passion in him might have had a diametrically opposite effect, and that no amount of amiable acquiescence constitutes a real love. True, she had had a great, almost absorbing, admiration for him, — an admiration which, with a less exacting woman, might have been mistaken for affection; but Helen was too much accustomed to living in the contemplation of superior qualities, to mistake admiration for a deeper feeling.

May it, without profanity, be doubted whether a woman of her composition is likely to experience a love quite up to her intellectual and spiritual level? Many a woman loves far, far above her mental grasp; but since there is an undoubted law of compensation at work, may it not be that a strong, aspiring woman is best suited in a love on a simpler plane?

Why consider the point at all, since it has none of the material for a story or a drama?

First, because it was a nine days' wonder; and therefore, secondly, because it is a curious point, and one well worth considering for a half hour, whether we may not weave of our sophistications a shroud for the happiness which might fairly have been ours; and again, whether there be not a safer and broader road to elevation of soul and life than that which leads from a refined self-seeking. And it is legitimate matter for appre-

hension when two people, apparently qualified and undeniably disposed to find in each other such complete fitness for joyful participation in the best that life affords, should repel each other at the very point when their final fusion might almost be taken for granted.

That is said to be the music of heaven where different voices join in the same song. Lucky the souls on earth who, missing the high concord of unison, fall, like the two we have spoken of, upon such happy differences as make a pleasant harmony.

Agnes Paton.

A LOVING-CUP SONG.

1829 - 1883.

COME, heap the fagots! Ere we go
Again the cheerful hearth shall glow;
We'll have another blaze, my boys!
When clouds are black and snows are white,
Then Christmas logs lend ruddy light
They stole from summer days, my boys,
They stole from summer days.

And let the Loving Cup go round,
The Cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows whene'er we meet, my boys;
No draught will hold a drop of sin
If love is only well stirred in
To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,
To keep it sound and sweet.

Give me, to pin upon my breast,
The blossoms twain I love the best,
A rosebud and a pink, my boys;
Their leaves shall nestle next my heart,
Their perfumed breath shall own its part
In every health we drink, my boys,
In every health we drink.

The breathing blossoms stir my blood,
Methinks I see the lilacs bud
And hear the bluebirds sing, my boys;

Why not? Yon lusty oak has seen
 Full ten score years, yet leaflets green
 Peep out with every spring, my boys,
 Peep out with every spring.

Old Time his rusty scythe may whet,
 The unmowed grass is glowing yet
 Beneath the sheltering snow, my boys;
 And if the crazy dotard ask,
 Is love worn out? Is life a task?
 We'll gaily answer No! my boys,
 We'll gaily answer No!

For life's bright taper is the same
 Love tipped of old with rosy flame
 That heaven's own altar lent, my boys,
 To glow in every cup we fill
 Till lips are mute and hearts are still,
 Till life and love are spent, my boys,
 Till life and love are spent.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BY HORSE-CARS INTO MEXICO.

HISTORY goes into proverbs as well as into histories. The story of many centuries was framed in the old saying, "All roads lead to Rome;" and the story of this century, in America, seems in a fair way to be similarly phrased in a statement that all roads lead to Mexico.

Looking over a map of the railroads in the United States to-day, one is reminded of nothing so much as of the wheel-shaped cobwebs which are to be seen glittering upon the grass in dewy summer mornings; their main spokes stretching out divergently to every point of the circle, and united by innumerable short-cut lines at various angles and intervals. A satirical person might be tempted to go farther, and say that the analogy did not stop with the resemblance in configuration; that the purposes of some of the iron net-works were not unlike those of the shining gossamer systems; and that one might

see, any day, helpless flies caught in the first, as they are in the second. What is known as "the Gould system," as it is marked out to-day on the maps, resembles one of these ingenious cobwebs, in the state in which they are often to be seen before the industrious builder has fully matured and completed his plans. On the outer circumference hang many semi-attached lines, waving in the wind, now this way, now that; giving no sure indication to the observer on which of the many near objects they will finally lay hold, or what their precise bearing and purpose may be. All the worse for flies, and all the better for spiders, — this sort of floating position: by one of these blowing, shifty threads, a fly may even be caught on the wing, in clear air, where a half second before he was as safe as he believed himself to be. His surprise is equaled only by his helplessness. But the carrying the cob-

web metaphor thus far would be only the half idle fancy of one of those unfortunately constituted persons who are born with a worse than second sight; that sort of double sight which persists in seeing both sides of a thing, — in fact, all sides, no matter how many the thing may possess. The only happy people, one might almost say the only successful people, in this world are they who can see but one side of a question. No misgivings, no perplexities, no doubts, no pities, no compassions, hamper their progress, or hinder their success. Of such are the kingdoms of the world.

By the extensions of this railroad web-work north, south, east, and west, distances are fast being so lessened that it seems hardly a figure of speech to call them annihilated. The boon that this is can be fully realized only by two classes of the community: those whose needs compel them to go from place to place over great stretches of distance, and those whose love of change and of new scenes impels them to wide travel. A few years ago, to have spoken of running down from Colorado to the Mexican boundary for a few days' trip would have been preposterous; yet to do it to-day is only a matter of thirty-six hours. A train recently put on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road, and appropriately named *The Thunderbolt*, leaving Colorado Springs at six in the evening, brings one, at half past ten the same night, one hundred miles east of Pueblo, to a point named *La Junta*, where connection is made with a train for the Pacific shore, and for Mexico. On the morning of the second day we breakfast in *El Paso*, on the banks of the *Rio Grande*.

The journey seems at once longer and shorter than it is, its transitions of air, coloring, atmosphere, are so great. At *La Junta*, it is a plunge into trackless wilderness. Even in the dark, the great, splendid, unbroken horizons look

measureless, and suggest undiscovered worlds rather than countries beyond.

Dawn is breaking at *Trinidad* just as the train arrives. A long line of charcoal pits blaze luridly at base of a grand, fortress-shaped mountain of bare rock. The region looks sterile; sparse growths of tree and shrub, and grasses scanty; but in October it is a painter's autumn palette. Every shade of red, of brown, of yellow, is to be seen in the foliage. Even the ground is spread thick with color; each weed has been either sunburnt or frost-bitten, into claret or terra-cotta red or brown, and the dead grass, sweeter and more nourishing now than any hay from eastern meadows, makes a groundwork and undertone of solid yellow by the solid mile. Above this, thrown up and out in fine dark relief, are the pinón trees, stirless, weird, fantastic, no two alike, all storm-beaten, with contours twisted and wrenched, like wind-wrecked timbers, the sport of centuries of gales fiercer than seas often know.

Ahead in the southeast, across the track, stretches the *Raton* range, barrier between Colorado and New Mexico. Its sky-line looks like man's work: straight cuts, castellated elevations, steps, and terraces, all chiseled in upright and horizontal strokes. On the north side of one peak, six regular steps, straight and proportioned like a noble staircase, lead from base to summit.

The range is tunneled at a narrow point: the west mouth of the tunnel is in Colorado, the east mouth in New Mexico, and the two are only two thousand feet apart. Around the New Mexico mouth has grown up a confused medley of battlement-fronted shanties, saloons, turn-tables, engine houses, machine shops, etc., called the city of *Raton*. It is the embryo which will be born a healthy city some day, when its time shall have been fulfilled. The city will be noted for the beauty of its site: a near background of majestic moun-

tains; to the east and the south great reaches of plains; and the far horizons full of crests and peaks of myriad ranges, whose vast intervals and spaces are so crowded and foreshortened that they record themselves on the eye only by tiers of varying colors, built up into a wondrous mosaic against the sky.

To a dweller in the favored countries where lofty mountain ranges and vast plain stretches are thus brought into view together, it becomes a marvel how the human eye can content itself with either form of grandeur alone. Plains unbroken, their entire horizon line low, melting into sky, have the monotony of a stiffened open ocean: one feels a restless impatience, as if perpetually becalmed. In a purely mountainous region, surrounded by high peaks, there is a sense of imprisonment, of oppression; the loftier and grander the peaks, the greater is one's sense of the first and growing consciousness of the latter. There come times when each mountain front seems endued with personality, and takes on a look of cruel menace, of hostile and irresistible power. This can increase till one is driven, as it were, to flee for life, lest they fall on him and crush him. But with plains on one hand, and mountains on the other, one may turn either to a solid bulwark of protection and shelter, or to an open vista of unchecked freedom, according to his mood and the need of his every moment. To live in such vantage spots of the earth is to have at hand nature's utmost, both of consolation and of stimulus; and he who is not grateful for it deserves to be banished forever to the desert, or to mountain abysses.

The day's journey beyond Raton is a journey through solitudes. Hour after hour, mile after mile, silent, unbroken, without vestige of any life, save the strange half fossil-like life of the aged piñons, the great levels sweep by. The breaking in of the noise, the interruption of the haste of the passing train, on

the silence and the repose of the wilderness seem dangerous insolence. Here and there at stations, speechless, impassive, stand groups of gaunt Indians, by twos and threes, with steady gleamless eyes, watching as if they waited to see the primeval deities avenge themselves on such foolhardy intruders.

At long intervals the train halts at mud villages, part Indian, part Mexican, with a strange graft and frontage of board shanty and wide-awake American. At noon it reaches Las Vegas, an old Mexican town of importance, now being fast transformed into a new railroad city. The contrast between the narrow, crooked, adobe-walled alleys, low, flat-roofed mud houses, and ragged, lazy people—all picturesque and good-for-nothing together—in the old town, with the straight streets, pert brick blocks, bustling money getters and begetters—all unpicturesque and well-to-do together—in the new town, is a sharp one, embodying and emphasizing the history and condition of New Mexico to-day, and foreshadowing its condition and the fate of its people in the near future.

Here, six miles from the town, in a beautiful little canyon, are the Las Vegas Hot Springs, famous for cures of rheumatism and myriads of other ailments. The sagacious railroad company has opened in this canyon a really fine hotel, not only well kept and well appointed in all particulars, but beautiful to look on; planned and built by Boston architects, to whose taste its harmonious proportions and colors do great credit. Such a hotel as this, combined with the sunny winter climate and the long schedules and records of the medicinal waters and their cures, will prove no small factor in the future development of this part of New Mexico.

Las Vegas is 6400 feet above the sea; an elevation which seems to afford in many instances a specific cure for pulmonary disease in its early stages.

This altitude, and the great dryness of the air and mildness of the winters, will probably give to the upper half of New Mexico the preëminent place on that great central plateau, lying along the east base of the Rocky Mountains, which has come to be considered as the sanitarium in America for diseases of the lungs.

A short distance from Las Vegas looms up a strange, isolated peak, upon which one cannot look without a shudder. Its long slopes terminate abruptly in a straight-walled, fortress-shaped summit of stone. When the lower part of the mountain is in shadow, this rocky fortress stands out so sharply defined, one fancies he sees embrasure, gate, escarpment, wall; nothing seems wanting of a fortress's equipment, and it is impossible to believe that mortal hand has wrought no stroke there. The mountain has a terrible name, born of a dreadful history. At its base is the little Mexican town of Bernal. Nearly half a century ago, the Navajo Indians, attacking the place, defeated the Mexicans and scattered their forces. A small band of the Mexicans escaped to the top of this mountain. It is accessible by only a single, narrow path, which one man could hold against an army. There were twenty-six of the Mexicans; four hundred of the Navajoes. The Navajoes could not climb the mountain; but they could surround it, so that not a Mexican could come down. This they did, and waited patiently till their prisoners had died of hunger. Two crosses, to commemorate the frightful siege, were set up on the top of the mountain, and it was called no more Bernal Mountain, but Starvation Peak.

Beyond Las Vegas the country grows, if possible, wilder, lonelier; the people, poorer. At several of the stations, groups of cowboys, defiant, reckless, stood lounging on the platform, eying the train,—now whispering together, now talking loud, with impudent bra-

vado. They were picturesque rascals, with loose, yellow-brown clothes, and drab-colored sombreros, bent into all possible shapes, and tossed carelessly on their heads. It was pitiable to see how young were many of their faces. In one group I counted four who were certainly not over twenty years old; yet their countenances were the worst in the group. A strange, untamable look, half joy, half wonder, characterized them all. They were good types of exultant outlaws, and I wondered, as we moved on and left them gazing insolently, with loud laughs, after us, whether, as the rich grow richer and richer, and the so-called upper classes grow farther and farther removed from the lower, there does not come an increasing stimulus to and delight in all forms of outlawry.

At dawn of the second morning we were in sight of Mexico; the Rio Grande trickling along on our right, the wonderful Organ range on the left. This range is well named, its abruptly broken, upright, narrow peaks looking like nothing so much as like walls of colossal organ pipes irregularly broken off at top. The whole range is rich in precious metals and minerals,—one of the richest in the country. As we neared El Paso we had a curious illustration of the oddities of the boundary-line system. The ground on which our train was running was in Texas. A few rods off, on the other side of the river, a white stone, on a low-hill range, marked the spot where Mexico ended; and between that and the river was a narrow strip, seeming a mere hand's-breadth, which was New Mexico. Standing on the Texas side of the river, one could throw a stone across three States' land.

The town of El Paso is on the American side of the Rio Grande, opposite the old Mexican town of Paso del Norte. El Paso is two years old; Paso del Norte, three hundred and more,—how much more nobody knows.

A sharper antithesis could not be

found in the world than these two towns afford, and the thorn in the flesh that El Paso is to Paso del Norte, only Paso del Norte people could describe. But they will not. They are as mute and gentle to-day as they were centuries ago, and submit to this second great conquest of their country even more silently than they did to the first. The steam-engine is greater than Cortez. Their doom was sealed before; it will be accomplished now. Walking through the streets of Paso del Norte, seeing the primeval simplicity and poverty of the inhabitants, one wonders that they should not have welcomed the coming of a railroad, the bringing in of supplies, the opening of a market. But they did not. All they asked was to be let alone.

The town claims to number ten thousand inhabitants; this seems incredible. Still, it stretches for miles along the banks of the Rio Grande, an almost unbroken line of mud houses, mud-walled vineyards and orchards; and similar lines of mud houses and mud walls, with muddy ditches added, run off at right angles to the river, for a long distance. Every doorway swarms with women and babies; every shaded ditch bank swarms with children; and the little plaza, of a Sunday, swarms with men. Perhaps there are ten thousand, after all; but that ten thousand people could be living in a town, and the town remain one month what Paso del Norte is, is a marvel; and would be an impossibility to any other race in the world; only the Mexicans could accomplish such inertia, or endure such discomfort.

Considered as a spectacle, as a picture, the town is perfect; all that heart could ask. To be there on a Sunday is to escape from America and the nineteenth century as from place and time forgotten.

The church is a long, low adobe building, with a good bell tower, of Moorish design. It is in all probability nearly three hundred years old. Part of the front has fallen, and, having been left

lying where it fell, has been converted by the swift sand-blowing gales into a hardened mound. The winding staircase in the bell tower is made of solid rough hewn logs; a clumsy post, also solid and rough hewn, being driven through them in the corner. The ceiling of the church is made of logs, reeds, and saplings. The logs are most curiously and effectively carved in deep-cut lines, intersecting each other so as to make regular diamond-shaped intervals; in each of these intervals a sort of rose, and at each intersection a projecting peg. The effect is marvelously decorative; it is a design which might well be copied by workmen of to-day. The logs are supported at each end by a graceful bracket, wrought in the same pattern, and every beam and support of the building is similarly carved. The spaces between these logs are about twice the width of the log, and are filled in with small round saplings or reeds, set at a slant corresponding to the slanting carved lines on the logs, and alternating right and left in the alternating spaces. This alternation greatly heightens the effect of the ceiling. There are traces of color decoration on the walls, but ruthless whitewash has nearly obliterated them; and there are no pictures or other adornments at all on the same plane as the wood-carving.

Early in the morning the people begin to creep towards the church: the women with black or gay shawls over their heads, held in place at the chin, or over the mouth, by one hand; in the other hand a prayer-book and rosary; little girls, not over six or seven, toddling along, in the same attire, as if in solemn mimicry of their elders. There must have come to be in Mexico such a thing as a hereditary knack at the shawl; else infant hands could not so deftly grasp and manage the folds of heavy shawls, frequently so large that they drag on the ground behind. The clothes of the men are shabby, often ragged; but no

matter how shabby, how ragged, be the suit, it is topped off by a resplendent sombrero, either of straw, fine plaited, with a big roll of twisted straw and silver wire around the crown, or else of gray felt, embroidered showily in silver and gold. The brims are so broad they shade face and neck, emphasizing every feature into relief; the crowns are high and soft, taking new shapes as often as the hat is put off and on. There is opportunity for much study and reflection on the Mexican sombrero; it is an embodiment of tradition, and represents many things in the race history. Probably no Mexican can feel wholly cast down in his mind so long as he wears one. In many of the Mexican towns the manufacture of them is a chief industry. When the net-work of projected railroads is completed, and car-loads of everything are carried everywhere along the lines, no doubt the sombrero will disappear. It will be a pity.

The church stands on a sandy eminence, looking southward down on the sandy little plaza. Two sandy streets lead up to it; more than sandy they are,—ankle deep in sand, except here and there a rod or two of scattered pavement; prehistoric, apparently, and apparently held in reverence by the Mexicans, who seldom walk on it, choosing rather to wade in the sand. The more elegant of the women wear long skirts, trailing a foot or two behind them. They would scorn to lift them. It has never been the custom of the race to do so, and no dowager in England can sweep her brocade train over the queen's floors with a finer combination of leisurely nonchalance and dignity than do the Mexican dames trail their dusty cottons through the clouds of sand in the streets of Paso del Norte. It is as fine a thing, in its way, as the sombrero, and as full of significance.

Long before the mass begins the floor of the church is crowded with kneeling figures; men on the right, women

and children on the left. A few have brought gay rugs or blankets to kneel on; but the most kneel humbly on the bare floor. Upon all the faces is an expression of solemn, almost sad devotion, which would not have seemed inadequate even to Padre Gomez, who, two hundred years ago, used to preach from the queer little carved cask hanging precariously high up on the wall. The books of births, marriages, and deaths which he kept are still lying where he for so many years used to put them carefully away, in a big oaken chest in the sacristy. Their sheep-skin covers are fringed at the edges, and worn, almost as by stippling tools; but his handwriting is as clear as ever, and the dates 1682, 1683, 1685, are as distinct as those written last year. One wonders what secrets, in the matter of ink, those old padres possessed; certainly some of an efficacy not known now.

When the mass ends the people rise slowly, still with solemn faces and silent. One perceives, as the stir goes on, that in almost every group of kneelers there has been a crouching dog, also mute and motionless. Even now the subdued creatures make neither sound nor haste, but crawl along spiritlessly in the throng. Only the least devout of the people leave the church. At least half of the congregation remains. In groups of two and three, or kneeling solitarily, they all fall now to praying for their hearts' chief desires. The murmur is like that of bees in a hive, and the stranger feels a sudden sense of intrusion on private devotions. I have never seen in any church, not even in Italy, such an atmosphere of earnest, solemn worship as here. One poor, starved-faced beggar, whose tatters barely covered him, knelt in the centre of the floor, praying and chanting aloud. Going to a huge cross which was set up in front of the choir, he embraced it rapturously, kissing the silvered nails over and over; dipping his fingers in the

holy water, and making the sign of the cross again and again on his forehead and on his breast. There was no expression of entreaty or petition on his countenance; only of ecstatic love, worship, and thanksgiving. "Oh," we whispered, "what can he have to be thankful for!"

On the south side of the plaza a few cottonwood-trees have made out to live and grow high enough to give shade. To this the congregation of worshipers slowly made their way. Already awaiting them there was a motley row of traffickers, with an odd and poverty-stricken show of goods for sale: little tables spread with peppers, onions, withered peaches and pears, — a handful or two of each; small wheelbarrows half filled with cakes of dusky bread; boiled sweet potatoes, or boiled yellow squashes. Behind these tables, or on the ground by the wheelbarrows, squatted old women, who anxiously eyed every possible customer. At intervals, new venders arrived, met with unwelcome glances by those on the spot. Some brought a half dozen cakes or loaves of bread in a basket neatly covered with a white cloth; some brought a single watermelon, or boiled squash, which they cut into small pieces, and sold with as much gravity and precision as would suffice for the most important business transactions. Every one had roasted corn for sale, roasted in the husk. It seemed the favorite viand; men, women, children, all ate it, standing, stripping off the husks and throwing them on the ground. For a few minutes, the spectacle was grotesque; hundreds of hands holding corn ears at open mouths, white teeth gnawing, clicking, all around. A squad of Mexican soldiers, with neat white linen jackets and trousers and bright blue caps, were the greatest devourers of the corn. The ground under their feet was piled with the husks they had thrown down, and they laughingly shuffled them away with their feet as they tossed down

fresh ones. An old beggar woman, half naked, and with long streaming gray hair, went about picking up the husks, and cramming them into her skirt, held up high, leaving her gaunt old legs bare to the knees. Another beggar had had the gift of half a watermelon. He leaned back in a corner of the plaza, his head resting on the wall; with his left hand holding the melon on his knee, with two fingers of the right he lazily scooped out mouthfuls of it, and carried them slowly to his mouth, the juice dripping like water all the way. At each mouthful, he shut his eyes and sighed with satisfaction. Lounging up and down in the crowd went a swarthy-faced man, wearing a red fez and the full-gathered Turkish trousers, selling rosaries of pearl and of olive-wood. He said the rosaries came from Jerusalem, and he was a Syrian. His face seemed strangely familiar to me. "Where have I seen you before?" I exclaimed. "Were you not at Ober-Ammergau, at the last Passion play?"

"Yes, lady," he replied.

It was, indeed, the very man from whom I had bought rosaries and Jerusalem roses, in the Ammergau Valley, two years ago. He smiled with a superior calm, as he passed on. To his Oriental mind there was nothing surprising in the encounter; and he would, no doubt, have compassionated me as the victim of an imagination bootlessly active, if he had known how pertinaciously my eyes and my wondering fancy followed him, as he strolled back and forth, swinging his crimson and pearly beads on the fingers of his right hand, offering them with a mute gesture, so slight it seemed hardly to demand recognition, and regarding with an equally nonchalant glance those who bought and those who turned away. From Ober-Ammergau to Paso del Norte to sell strings of beads? It must have been some other errand that brought him.

In a little booth on one of the plaza

corners stood another figure, almost as incongruous as the swart Syrian. It was an old man, with fair, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and white hair; as unmistakably a New Englander as could be found in the deacon's seat in a village meeting-house in Vermont. Hearing our struggling efforts at conversation with some of the Mexicans, he came to the rescue. His clearly articulated syllables fell upon our ears even more startlingly than had the Syrian's "Yes, lady." Each word proved him to be a man of education and of cleverness. Yet here he was, in a street booth, selling bread and wine to ragged Mexicans.

"Do you live here?" we asked wonderingly.

"I have lived here six years," he answered, and a slight flush rose on his wrinkled cheeks. We were evidently treading on graves of mysteries and experiences in thus venturing to wonder what had brought this clear-voiced Yankee, in his old age, thus low in Paso del Norte.

Since the coming in of the railroads, frequent communication between El Paso and Paso del Norte has been a necessity. Each is a port of entry, with officials and guards, and a complete record of the duties daily paid, resisted, or evaded, in the two towns, would be amusing reading. On the El Paso side, every morning, in the fruit season, may be seen a motley group before the custom-house doors. Not a grape, pepper, peach, or tomato can come on the United States soil without a tax. The well-to-do man who brings his grapes in wagon-loads, and the poor vagabond who brings a few clusters in a basket on his head, both fare alike, and there is no safety in any evasions. If some poor fellow wades over, miles up or down the river, smuggles in his fruit, and begins to sell it in El Paso, the first thing he knows, some malicious person or some spy asks to see the custom-house ticket proving that his fruit has paid duty.

Failing to show this, he loses fruit, basket, and all, and is fined beside. The day before we were there, the custom-house officers had thus seized a wagon-load of fruit, and the wagon and the boxes. The foolish owner, well able to pay the tax, had lost hundreds of dollars.

The Mexican duties are enormous, and are levied upon almost everything; upon canned fruits and vegetables, three times the value of the goods. We heard a droll story of a gift of canned fruits sent into Mexico, for which the unfortunate recipient had to pay twenty-one dollars duty, the original cost of the fruit having been seven dollars and a half. The Mexican who buys him a seventy-five dollar buggy has to pay a duty of another seventy-five dollars before he can take his buggy home.

The Paso del Norte women are said to be wonderfully clever at smuggling. They buy calico in El Paso by the dozen yards, undress, wind it around their bodies, and nobody observes that they are any stouter when they return home at night than when they went out in the morning. An aptitude for smuggling, however, would seem to be a national trait with the Mexicans, if we may trust the testimony of their minister to Washington. In his Treasury Report for 1879, he estimates the amount of smuggling done in Mexico as approximately between three and four millions yearly. This is mainly along the United States frontier; and these figures are significant as pointing to the amount of traffic on that frontier. It is, probably, all told, legitimate and illegitimate, not less than thirty-five millions a year. This is an increase of over ten millions in the last three years.

The capricious Rio Grande, sometimes so shallow that a child can ford it, sometimes so wide and turbulent as to be troublesome of ferriage, is at once a barrier and a link between El Paso and Paso del Norte. At the time of our

visit it was at its lowest ebb; in fact, it seemed to have given up even ebbing, and was nine tenths sand. An enterprising Mexican — that is, enterprising for a Mexican — had made a temporary bridge, by tying two small boats and a short bit of plank together. He had also built him a tiny booth of boughs about the size of a dog-kennel. There he sat all day, to collect toll from foot passengers across his bridge; a toll of two cents and a half, a rate determined by the existence of a little Mexican coin of that precise value. Most of his own people evaded the tax by slipping off their shoes, tying them together, flinging them over their shoulders, and wading across; only Americans and rich Mexicans, reckless of expenditure, walked over on the boats. The contrast between this rough pontoon crossing, and the substantial bridges a little farther down the river, just completed by the railroad and horse-car companies, was droll enough, — one more feature in the antithesis of race and age, everywhere cropping out.

The only other way of going from one town to the other is by vehicles, complacently mentioned in the El Paso Hotel as “hacks,” which run at short intervals all day. The stranger who inquires in El Paso for some means of getting over to Paso del Norte is told to “jest step out,” and he’ll “see a hack that’ll take him across. They come along every few minutes, and he can’t miss ’em.” This is a mistake, for it is not until after a long period of wondering and waiting that it dawns upon him that the antiquated, ragged, fluttering, flapping, dirty old stage-coaches he has seen can be the hacks referred to. He has supposed them to be coaches just in from Arizona, or regions still more remote. Even the drivers cannot keep from laughing, as they draw up the cumbrous structures to the sidewalk for you to clamber in. Wooden bottoms full of holes, or patched with bits of plank;

sides open, and with tatters of leather flying; seats of bare boards; rugs of sheep-skin, or matted wads of what were cushions thirty years ago, — these are what remain of the first stages which used to run on the famous Butterfield line from New Orleans to Los Angeles, and are now hacks in El Paso. Their expression as they creak and wobble along, full of unwashed, gleaming, fantastic Mexicans, or bewildered, staring strangers, is comic beyond description. To compare their antiquatedness of look to the time-honored ark of Noah would be to commit an anachronism indeed, in which the ark would be insulted.

To understand Paso del Norte and its people, one must leave the plaza and the life which centres there, and go out into what might be called the suburbs of the place, if the phrase did not seem such a caricature of demarcation between one set of mud houses and another. The roads are lanes of sand, with sluggish ditches and rows of cottonwood-trees on either hand. It is surprising how many picturesque and pleasing glimpses are made by these unpromising conditions. The long, shady vistas, walled by green and yellow leaves, with shining reflections in the still water below, are forced up into brilliancy by the stretches of pale sand and the long lines of brown adobe wall in every direction. The adobe walls have great value in the landscape: they are low, making only a narrow base to near foregrounds of the vineyards and orchards which they inclose; their tops are sometimes finished in a regular castellated pattern, that becomes highly decorative, pricked out on masses of green; sometimes they are planted with a thick fringe of prickly pear, which is best of all. They have frequent abrupt breaks of level arches, doors, gates of cactus stalks, and sudden surprises of open ways into oases of verdure beyond; often with a narrow glitter of water in the distance, and

slender foot-bridges, reminding one, half grotesquely, half tenderly, of remote and secret water-ways, remembered from Venice. Over these broad, low levels of tapestried color and sheen arches the dome of a sky which only Mexico and Italy, in all the world, know; blue of a blueness that dazzles like light, and as free from cloud or fleck as a shield hot from the burnisher's hand. It is not a sky to love. But it is a sky marvelous in splendor as a background or a setting. It has gone, in all ages, with peoples of the gayest taste in attire; that it may have had much to do with pitching the key-note of their instinct of decorations is easy to believe, seeing a Pueblo Indian in scarlet on his housetop, or a Mexican woman's face framed in a rainbow shawl, and printed on a measureless disk of blue sky behind.

For three miles and a half southward from the plaza we drove in one of these shaded sand lanes, through a continuous succession of farms and farm-houses. There was scarce a break in the adobe wall, and few interruptions in the shade. Through open doorways we caught glimpses of court-yards, with gay flowers, fountains, and wells; children playing, women working; fields, with vines dusty and brown, tied up in irregular, sheaf-like bunches around stakes, the grapes all gathered; pear and peach trees as dusty and brown as the vines, their fruit also gathered. Only the corn crop was yet in harvesting,—acres and acres of it; sheaves standing, carts piling, sheds overflowing; even on the tops of their houses the men were stacking the unstripped stalks, making the roofs look like corn-fields on stilts. In a cool vine-wreathed piazza, deep sunk between two wings of the house, we found a handsome German woman, wife of a United States army surgeon, who, weary of the shifting place and fortune in his profession, and holding sunshine first on the list of this world's goods, has settled down on

the banks of the Rio Grande, to grow grapes and pears. In the shade of this piazza it was cool as autumn. Yet up to its very threshold we had found torrid July heat, though it was October by the calendar. We were grateful for the shade and rest; and also for the cordial welcome, into which must have filtered much of the warmth of the tropical sky under which many years of the foreign lady's life had already been spent. As simply as if she had been a woman of the country, she led us from room to room in her house, and into the inner court, where the ground was covered with drying corn, pears, peaches, and peppers. The corn was of variegated color, a purplish lead tint speckled with white predominating; but some ears were pink, and even deep red. There had been no vintage worth naming, she said; never since she had lived in Mexico, had she known such a drought. There had been "no rain to do any good" for eighteen months. The little wine they had made was in rawhide sacks, hanging in the verandas of the outer court-yard, fermenting. It had been trodden out three weeks before. She showed us a small square leathern vat, the bottom full of holes, in which their Mexicans had danced with bare feet upon the grapes, pressing out the juice.

"Oh, when people first see that," she exclaimed, "they say they will not drink one drop of wine in this country. But it is all silly. When you are used to it, it is nothing. A foot can be washed just so clean as a hand; and what is the difference?" All of which is true philosophy, no doubt, but does not seem to touch the point of one's instinctive preference for the hand over the foot, considering them both ingredientally in the matter of drinks.

On our way back to the town, we halted in front of a tempting doorway, through which we could see bowers of green and blossom, and an enchanting

old well. In a second, came running forward the woman of the house and her little girl, with smiles and looks of invitation. It was the nooning: the man of the house was at home, and he soon appeared, behind his wife and daughter. We made signs of admiration of their flower garden inside; they made signs to us to enter. We hesitated. Finally, the woman, mustering all the courage she could, said, "Come in." She pronounced the syllables slowly, with great effort, and with a droll detached emphasis which made the "come" sound as if it were spelled with a dozen *m*'s, and yet had several left to prefix to the "*in*."

To their evident delight, we entered: and for half an hour what a carnival of pantomime and ejaculation inside those walls! "Commm min" was all the English the woman knew, while the man spoke not a word. We spoke no Spanish; all the same we were eloquent of interest and admiration, and they were eloquent in hospitable good will. Through the house and the court-yards and gardens they took us; laughing, pressing us to see this or that, plucking flowers for us, all the while chatting with each other in delighted comment on our wonder. It was evidently the house of a well-to-do wine-maker. In the open verandas around one of the inclosed courts were hanging one hundred rawhides, full of fermenting wine. The hide, dressed with the hair left on, is sewed by leather thongs on four stout sticks, making a square mouth. These queer, irregular-shaped sacks, with hairy outsides, red, gray, or brindled, swinging from the veranda roofs, were a strange sight. The aroma of the fermenting wine filled the air, delicious, but almost heavy enough to intoxicate.

Running ahead, and opening a door in the wall, the woman peered out; then turned quickly around, and signed to us to follow. It was a picture, indeed,

which the doorway framed, opening immediately on the bank of a wide ditch, full of water and shaded by trees. Lying under these trees were three men, smoking cigarettes, and watching a small still, which stood on the bank, puffing away fragrant steam, as strong wine was being made into *aguardiente*. There was a world of meaning in the complacent nod which the woman gave, as she became satisfied that we understood what the still meant.

Looking on this scene of leisurely, not to say lazy, industry, of disorderly plenty, easy-going, contented discomfort, we recalled some of the words of the old Yankee wine-seller in the plaza. "These people don't want anything they have n't got," he observed. "They don't want to be bothered by railroads. They've all got little farms; they live all along the river here; raise all they need to eat, and drink too: for every house has its own still, and there's no law to hinder their making all the brandy they want. It's a sort of bliss, their ignorance. It seems 'most a pity to disturb them. But they've got to come to it."

Warming under our evident interest and pleasure, the kindly people finally threw open the door of their darkened parlor, the sanctum of the house and the only ugly spot in it. It was a room not to be equaled outside of Mexico, and I hope not often there. It looked as if it had a worsted small-pox. In balls on tidies; in humps on mats; in splashes on chair, sofa, and table; in fluffs, puffs, and circles; nodding on wire trees in corners, — everywhere the hideous, myriad-colored woolen eruption was out. To crown it all, the father, opening a bureau drawer, brought forth a square of black broadcloth, with green, scarlet, and yellow crewels embroidered on it in bosses, like huge apples cut in half and laid down. This had been done by the little daughter, who stood by, full of shy pride, as we gazed at her

work, speechlessly; I hope, not looking as aghast as we felt. Disappearing for a moment, she returned, bringing a card, on which she had written, in round, childish letters, a Mexican name. Holding it out to us, she said slowly, "That my papa name; what you name?" handing us the pencil. So we wrote our names below the "papa name;" and then, after more handshaking and bowing and ejaculating, we bade the hospitable, simple creatures good by.

On the threshold the man offered us *aguardiente* to drink. It was white as water and smooth as oil, but burnt the mouth like a fiery cordial. He was surprised, and a trifle hurt, by our evident dismay at the first sip of it. "Bueno, bueno," said the woman, laughing at our tearful eyes. "Bueno, bueno," we echoed, laughing also, but waving the glass away.

As we drove back to the town, we stopped at the new station of the Mexican Central Railway. It is a substantial and handsome building, though it is of adobe, and built after the Mexican style, on the four sides of an inclosed court-yard, — a novel plan for a railway station. But this fashion of building was not a caprice; better than any other, it meets the exigencies of the climates in which it was devised. In any other fashion of house tropical heats would be unbearable.

In August, 1881, the first spike for this road was driven on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. It is now completed a few miles beyond the city of Chihuahua, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. The other end of the road is finished from the city of Mexico to Leon, two hundred and sixty miles. This leaves a gap of between seven and eight hundred miles, which, if work continues to be pushed at its present rate at both ends of the line, will be filled in less than two years.

A projected and partly built road across the country, connecting Tampico

on the Gulf of Mexico, with San Blas on the Pacific coast, will complete this company's system. There is also another road, a narrow-gauge road, the Mexican National, leaving the United States border at Laredo, Texas, and running its southward line nearer to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. This line will have its Pacific coast terminus at Manzanillo. Its southern division from the city of Mexico to Morelia, the capital of the state of Michoacan, a distance of two hundred and twenty-seven miles, runs through the most thickly settled valley of the republic.

Upon this road, trains are already running some distance south of Monterey. One has only to look on a map of the country and trace out these roads, to see what will be compassed by such lines. San Blas was the old shipping point for supplies sent from Mexico to California, as far back as the days when Spanish viceroys ruled in Mexico, and California was a province of Spain, governed under her "Laws of the Indies." The heroic men who founded the Jesuit and Franciscan missions in California all sailed thither from San Blas, and there are in their old letters and records many items of interest relating to the port.

Mexican railway enterprises have been made the subject of some ridicule and abuse, latterly. Probably more ignorant writing has been done in regard to them than in regard to any subject of like importance now before the public. They can afford to bide their time; it is those who win, that laugh last. There will be on the line of the Mexican Central Railway twenty-one cities, nine of them capitals of States. The lowest population on the list is eight thousand. There are, without counting either the city of Mexico itself or Leon, eleven which have over twenty thousand; two of this eleven, Guanajuato and Guadalajara, are large cities, the first numbering sixty-three thousand, the second seventy-

eight. All told, there is in the States through which this road will pass a population of over four millions. The Mexican National runs through and taps a region still more densely populated, and having, in addition to all its other riches, great tracts of forests, of incalculable value.

It is not half a century since the United States received from the city of Chihuahua alone more silver coin than from all other sources put together. To-day there are coined there over eight hundred thousand dollars a year; in several other cities the coinage runs from one to four millions yearly. The statistics of coinage, of course, indicate only partially the amount of precious metals extracted. Statistics of all kinds are collected with difficulty in Mexico, the general Mexican sentiment in regard to any such precision of research being much akin to that of the Arab Sheikh Imaum Ali Zadi, who wrote the famous letter to Layard, in reply to his inquiries as to the statistics of certain towns:—

“The thing you ask of me is both difficult and impossible. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and as to what this person loads on his mules, and that one stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. . . . We, praise be to God, were born here and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our minds? Heaven forbid!”

But it does not need statistics of to-day to give the imagination foundations for picturing the future of Mexico, once her vast empire is threaded by railways,

her revolutionary blood kept quiet by that eminent conciliator and enforcer of peace, the steam engine, and her lazy millions inoculated with the inevitable contagion of new industries and gains. One need read nothing later than the letters of Cortez and the records of Coronado to be able to forecast the events of the next hundred years in the land of Montezuma.

That noble but luckless monarch has faithful worshipers still, who pray daily for his return to his kingdom. Every morning at sunrise they look devoutly to the east, watching for the coming of his chariot in the skies. There is in their faith and their attitude a profound symbolism, a pregnant prophecy. They are not mistaken. Empire is on the way back to their land, but not in the shape for which they are watching.

Already, unwelcomed, regarded with hostile looks, on the El Paso bank of the Rio Grande stands a small but significant group of the forerunners of that empire: a row of trim, gay-colored, new horse-cars! The bridge and track on which they are to run across the river into Mexico is done; everything is ready; but even the Mexican mule, it seems, is averse to novelty and progress, and does not take kindly to horse-car duty. The day we left El Paso, two of them, reluctant, were being patiently trained on the track, drawing an open platform car up and down.

The next day, the cars were to begin their regular trips. We thought of waiting, for the sole sake of crossing the boundary in them, but we did not; on reflection, there seemed to be a profounder impression in the sight of the new car, standing bright, silent, ready, on the Rio Grande bank, than there could have been even in seeing its first crossing of the river.

H. H.

THE HAWTHORNE MANUSCRIPTS.

AMONG the peculiarities of the world's way of looking at authors is this: that it desires to fix upon each writer of distinction a definite, unalterable character, and does not much like to have the conception it has thus arrived at disturbed. It is willing at first to let the author impress upon it his predominant qualities, and from these an estimate is formed; but when once that process has been gone through with, any modification of it is thought to be troublesome. It is so easy to settle things by tag and docket; to file an author away in some pigeon-hole of the mind, where you can always be sure of finding his case settled, and by mere reference to a name can without mental exertion remind yourself of what he is or was in all particulars, — or at least of what, according to your notion, he ought to have been, — that the mass of readers and reviewers prefer this mode of classifying, even at the cost of distortion, or of limiting their own approach to truth. A new view, a slight revising of opinion, which would aid in building up a more veracious idea of the man or his work, is an annoyance: it disarranges the pigeon-hole system. Hence it is that the novelist imperils his popularity when he writes verse, that the humorist is not permitted to be tragic, and the writer whom the public has come to consider as possessing strength in sombre effects meets with opposition if he tries humor. Have we not all seen an audience at the theatre, which, finding comic personages and situations in the play, makes up its mind that laughter is the business of the evening; so that when the drama suddenly unfolds a serious element in some episode of extreme pathos — some point of inmost sorrow, the silent wrecking of a heart, the quivering of an emotion be-

yond endurance, going on under the ordinary guises of character or condition that throw over them only the dark absurdity of all suffering — this same audience, instead of trembling with sympathy, bursts into a guffaw? Having made so sure of the thing beforehand, it sees and feels only the grotesque surface, and will not be shocked by the bracing terror of the truth within.

In a more prosaic way, this same tendency to conventionalize, to agree that an author, having once been "posed," must never be seen in any other attitude by his admirers than the one appointed for him, leads to some protest and much rather needless disappointment when biographies, autobiographies, and letters begin to appear after his death, and when his immature or fragmentary writings are revived from obscurity, or posthumously published. The thoughtless cry is raised that such a proceeding does the author wrong; or the remark is made that the rescued matter was not worth preserving. If a book is not worth preserving, it will soon drop out of sight, and no one can be forced to read it. On the other hand, it is not easy to see why the printing of unfinished work is an injustice to an author who has won for himself a historic importance, so long as his completed works are available for ascertaining what he could accomplish at his best. It is an old instance, but one always pertinent to questions of this kind, that, had Virgil's last injunction been obeyed, to burn the manuscript of the *Æneid*, we should have lost the great epic of Latin literature. Doubtless, if a good, enterprising modern reviewer had flourished in Rome at that time, he would roundly have condemned Varius and Plotius Tucca, who violated the poet's trust, and even the Emperor Augustus, who

instigated them. The responsibility for disposing of the manuscripts of a famous author does not, however, rest upon the light-hearted reviewer; and that important member of society does not greatly trouble himself to conceive how difficult is the position of persons on whom such responsibility actually reposes. It might, therefore, be a good thing if, instead of repeating the stock phrases about indiscretion and injustice, which have done duty ever since the emergency first arose, he would inquire what real instruction may be got from publications of the sort referred to.

I have been asked to do something in that direction, respecting the Hawthorne manuscripts recently made public; and so I return to a subject which I confess has for me an enduring fascination. When Fanshawe was reprinted and placed among Hawthorne's works, the motive was one of self-protection; and the act, undertaken in face of great reluctance on the part of those most nearly concerned, caused them much pain. Yet the result appears to be, on the whole, good. Fanshawe has very little intrinsic value as a piece of literature: if it were now to come out as the production of a new author, it would probably fall as flat as it did on its first appearance in 1828, and we might well be pardoned for not discerning in it any special promise. Yet when, on being resuscitated, it has to be regarded as the jejune performance of a man who afterwards attained to great eminence, the case is certainly quite different; the very meagreness and dullness of the story then become interesting, because of the inquiry which naturally arises, how the romancer whose power was afterwards so commanding grew up from a beginning so feeble. If we were not in possession of this early attempt, we naturally should have a less vivid sense of that industry and that capacity for expanding into fuller strength to which we owe his enduring

achievements. Similarly, the disclosure of the various manuscripts remaining at his death — first, his private Note-Books, and then the unfinished pieces of fiction issued respectively under the titles *Septimius Felton*, *The Ancestral Footstep*, and *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, together with detached memoranda for the latter — gives an insight into his mind at the other extreme of his career, the closing period, when his activity was drawing towards a sudden end. All these sketches, memoranda, and fragments, moreover, by revealing the method of his mind, throw a light backward over his whole intellectual history, and enable us better than ever before to complete the study of his growth, and to observe what the process actually was by which he had advanced from that first timid and unnoticed production of Fanshawe to a summit of unshaken fame. It is with these three manuscripts, therefore, and with the isolated scenes of *The Dolliver Romance*, that I shall ask the reader to occupy himself, in this article.

Their chronological order is probably as follows: *The Ancestral Footstep*, *Dr. Grimshawe*, *Septimius Felton*, and then, of course, last of all, *The Dolliver Romance*. The first was written at Rome, in the spring of 1858. From Florence, it will be remembered, Hawthorne wrote to Mr. Fields: "Speaking of romances, I have planned two, one or both of which I could have ready for the press in a few months, if I were either in England or America." One of these was *The Marble Faun*, and the other, undoubtedly, was the English romance, of which he had already, at the date of the above letter, sketched this outline. *The Marble Faun* soon afterward drew to itself all his creative energies, and kept them employed until well into the winter of 1859-60. It is possible that, immediately after completing the Italian romance, he may have begun the massive, though unfinished, sketch now known as *Doctor Grim-*

shawe's Secret; but as he sailed for home from England in June, 1860, it seems unlikely that he should have set to work upon that draft of the English story until after his return to Concord; and we know that, disturbed by the public excitements which were at that time harshly preludeing the civil war, he did not at once find himself in the mood for composition, and still less so when the struggle began. "I have not found it possible," he wrote to his old friend, Horatio Bridge, "to occupy my mind with its usual trash and nonsense during these anxious times; but as the autumn advances, I find myself sitting down at my desk and blotting successive sheets, as of yore." This was in October, 1861; so that there had apparently been an interval of many months, from his return in June, 1860, till this October of the following year, during which he had accomplished little or nothing beyond the two Old Home chapters published in *The Atlantic* at that time. Very likely his "blotting successive sheets" refers to the beginnings of *Doctor Grimshawe*; for both this and the *Septimius Felton* must have been written between October, 1861, and the winter of 1863, when he entered upon the new scheme of *The Dolliver Romance*.

The question of Hawthorne's handwriting, although otherwise only incidental, assumes a certain importance when we are trying to determine approximately the date of these manuscripts, or to decide whether, by any stretch of possibility, they could have been intended for publication in their present form. That *Septimius* was not so intended is quite evident from the broken and changing nature of the plot, if not also from the occasional looseness of the style. The same is true of the *Grimshawe*, I should say, in spite of a greater strength, composure, and finish of style in portions of this latter production. Indeed, the original manuscript of the *Grimshawe*, which, as I recall it,

was, like *Septimius*, written without division into chapters, — with brief notes and incongruous passages in the text, which are relegated in the printed form to an appendix, and with longer notes (some of them on the backs of pages containing the main narrative) interspersed, — would seem to have reached a stage not more ripe for publication than *Septimius Felton*. Some few months ago a mistaken report got currency that the writing of Hawthorne was generally very illegible; and a member of his family took pains to correct this error, adding that "his handwriting, even in its most hurried form, is decipherable by any painstaking reader, with possibly the exception of a few words. Whatever he intended for the press, he wrote quite clearly enough." These unambiguous words were construed as an assertion that the *Grimshawe* manuscript was very clear and easy to make out; a curious inference, reminding one of what Hawthorne himself, in one of his books, has called "the wild babble of the time, such as was formerly spoken at the fireside, and now congeals in newspapers." The heliotype reproduction of a specimen from the original pages, which accompanies the volume containing *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, shows plainly that none but a painstaking reader could decipher such a script; though it should not be forgotten that the process of photographing and printing somewhat dims the first distinctness. The specimen also shows to a careful observer that the greater part of the passage given can be made out with but little study. My own experience was, when I went over a large number of these identical pages, about ten years since, that after some practice the crabbed chirography became wonderfully more luminous than it at first looked to be; although the minute interlineations and perplexing erasures caused numerous halts. The manuscript of *Septimius Felton*, which Miss Una Hawthorne

chiefly transcribed, presented like difficulties, as she hinted in her preface to that fragment. Now all this was very uncharacteristic of Hawthorne's earlier manuscripts, — those of his completed works, — which were remarkably clear as to penmanship, and almost devoid of corrections; and even the pages of *The Ancestral Footstep*, which, as it was meant solely for his own inspection, he would naturally have written with no especial care, become tolerably distinct so soon as the eye has accustomed itself to a degree of vagueness in the letters, arising from haste and informality. It is therefore not unreasonable to conclude that, when Hawthorne was tracing the sentences of Grimshawe and Septimius, his hand already felt and communicated to his pen the cramping and baffling influence of the illness which, at that time slowly stealing upon him, was destined to prove fatal; just as we may notice the extraordinary and painful change of Dickens's handwriting from its first buoyant openness to the dark mazes of those sheets which he penned just before his death. And here there is a point of the utmost importance to be remarked. It is this: when Hawthorne, in the last weeks of his life, set about preparing the first chapter of *The Dolliver Romance* for this magazine, he was as careful as of old to make the writing legible. He was no longer master of that firm, masculine, yet graceful hand which was impressed upon the printers' copy of *The House of the Seven Gables*; he was probably unable to shape the letters well, if they were small; but the manuscript of the *Dolliver*, now in the Public Library at Concord, shows that he laboriously made them much larger and rounder than usual, so that there could be no failure on the score of distinctness. This, we may infer, was because he designed the matter for publication, and it must be taken to corroborate his daughter's averment that "whatever he intended for the

press he wrote quite clearly enough." On the testimony of the handwriting alone, then, it is fair to conclude that Grimshawe and Septimius (which were written when he was less feeble than while putting the *Dolliver* into form) not only were far from ready for publication, — which their contents also prove, — but had not even been brought to the point of awaiting merely a final elaboration. For the author's punctiliousness in sending a clean copy to the printers would have necessitated somewhat more than a touching up, here and there: it would have compelled a rewriting, and a rewriting might perhaps have resulted in radical changes throughout.

That such would have been the event seems hardly to admit of a doubt; and a comparison of Doctor Grimshawe's *Secret* with Septimius and with *The Dolliver Romance* brings out points of connection, by the aid of which it becomes easy to divine how both the former books were simply abandoned drafts of a work which would, under a materially altered guise, have attained to its fruition as *The Dolliver Romance*. A variety of prompt opinions have already been brought forward as to the value of Doctor Grimshawe's *Secret* as a work of art; and in some quarters there appears to be a disposition to rank it with the finished romances that have already become celebrated, — a rash judgment, which time will not strengthen. Here, indeed, is a veritable injustice to the author, if his voluminous and rambling study for a story is to be granted equal merit with the well-proportioned structures upon which he had bestowed the final resources of his art! — unless we assume his genius to have so enlarged its scope that this incomplete experiment of his last years is, by mere force of added power, able to hold its own against *The Scarlet Letter*, which was the perfected offering of an earlier time. Such an assumption is impossible, when we observe that the newly published

volume does not contain any large moral truth, is not permeated and vitalized by any central or controlling idea, and fails to depict any one passion in a comprehensive and masterly sweep of scenes, characters, consequences. There is nothing here that can be placed on the same plane with that lesson favoring truthfulness even in sin, and condemning revenge even for a just wrong, which we find in *The Scarlet Letter*; nothing possessing the subtle attraction exercised by the study of heredity embodied in *The House of the Seven Gables*. The Grimshawe sketch offers no match for the presentation of a theoretical reformer, which constitutes a valid motive for *The Blithedale Romance*; and its atmosphere is of a more turbid kind than that through which the fine idealization and clear-cut conception of *The Marble Faun* are conveyed. In a word, it lacks intellectual cohesion; a fact which, if it were true of a finished work, would be fatal, but, in the case of a study like this one, is only what we should expect. And, as a natural consequence, the substance of the book also lacks cohesion. There is a gap in the middle, partially filled by an intercalated chapter about a secret chamber, in itself curious and impressive, but not connected with any other portion of the story except by one passing hint, until the same secret chamber is opened in the final pages; and even there no explanation is given as to the occupant, or how he came to be hidden in it. The situation is unintelligible until we consult the revisional notes, of which some have appeared in print at the time of writing these lines. In those notes, Hawthorne sets forth the scheme of presenting a man self-imprisoned by fear, to which he had been influenced through the plots of another man whom he had wronged, and who thus revenges himself. "There seems to be something in this ugly idea," he muses, "which may eventually answer the purpose; but not as I see it

now." Afterwards he fears that it is too absurd; "not only impossible, but in a manner flat and commonplace." He makes provision, however, for bringing it early into the tale, and for repeatedly alluding to it, which is not carried out in the Grimshawe as now published; and had he ever finally used this rather sensational invention in the story destined to grow out of the Grimshawe, he would most probably have softened, modified, and refined it into something having only a general kinship with the thing as it stands. Besides all this, the narrative has no ending: it breaks off abruptly; stops, simply because there is no more of it. Redclyffe, the hero, is left in an aimless position; the result of his adventures is not even shadowed forth; and Elsie, abandoned in the same way, proves furthermore to have been an entirely superfluous character. The whole figment resolves itself into a complication attending the succession to an estate, a motive falling much below those which Hawthorne usually selected. *The Ancestral Footstep* shows us how he meant to evolve from this complication a higher interest; that of the American heir's renunciation of his claim to the estate, in the belief that it would be better to stick to his own country. Even in such an interest, however, — unless he had been singularly fortunate with the treatment, — there would seem to be but little room for the deeper movement of Hawthorne's genius; and since, as it was, he had not succeeded in bringing out the idea with much force, it is easy to guess why this whole Grimshawe sketch became so unsatisfactory to him that he would not carry it out to the conclusion he had nearly reached. A sketch it remained, accordingly, an experimental fragment; for mere bulk does not alter that fact. If it were twice as long, and had no more of dramatic construction or of 'ending than it now possesses, it would still be an incomplete study.

And yet, what a study! If *The Ancestral Footstep* was the chalk outline, this was the large blocking out of the fresco upon the wall. The painting of the first scene — the old grave-yard, the Doctor's house, the two children — is close, firm, and imbued with a strikingly sombre depth of tone; the figure of the Doctor has a wild, rough superabundance of vigor uncommon in Hawthorne's creations; the portions descriptive of the English locality of the story are touched in with a charming mellowness; and the scene at the Warden's dinner, where Lord Braithwaite and Redclyffe look into each other's eyes with secret hostility over the Loving Cup, is both characteristic and effective. There are many strokes as peculiarly in the author's vein of fancy, already familiar to us, as this one where, in speaking of the old Hospital pensioners who came to inhale the savors of the kitchen, he says, "The ghosts of ancient epicures seemed on that day . . . to haunt the dim passages, snuffing in with shadowy nostrils the rich vapors, assuming visibility in the congenial medium, almost becoming earthly again in the strength of their earthly longings for one other feast such as they used to enjoy." But there are also many repetitions of effect, and a frequent recurrence to the idea that the American, coming to England, felt himself to be the self-same ancestor who had gone away two centuries before, and was now returning home. In the style, too, mingled though it is of dignity and freedom, and full of beauties, the same words or phrases are often used in close proximity, in a way to preclude the theory that the author considered this version of the story as presenting anything very near to a finished surface. Had he done so, he would hardly have allowed himself so awkward an invention as "unwipeupable" (p. 301), or an inverted construction like, "He muttered, the old figure, some faint moaning sound." Other instances

might be cited, of the same kind, which illustrate the informality of the whole study in his eyes. Precisely in its informality, of course, lies its chief value. In parts rough, in others gleaming with pure gold, it is like a rich piece of quartz, seized in its pristine state from the recesses of his mind. There is a certain fierceness of energy, an exaggeration of luridness here and there, — as in the Doctor's midnight malediction that blasted an elm-tree, in the demoniacal spiders, and in the whole secret-chamber episode, — that give it an unique interest; and the material of the story embraces a greater variety than appears in *Septimius*. Nevertheless, I think the latter sketch much the finer in its suggestions, and its quality a more penetrating one. That is one reason for supposing that it was written later than the *Grimshawe*, and had received the benefit of a clarifying process in the romancer's mind. Another reason is that when Hawthorne resolved to put his English impressions into the form of reminiscent essays he abandoned the plan of using them in a romance, as we know from his preface to *Our Old Home*. Most of these papers were published in the autumn of 1861 and in 1862, and it is improbable that after he had got well under way with them he would have devoted himself to a fictional sketch containing so many observations of England as the *Grimshawe* does. Its date, then, appears to be fixable in the winter of 1861-62, and antecedent to that of the *Septimius* fragment.

The *Bloody Footstep*, as every one is now aware, left its trail first on the pages of the preliminary sketch recently issued in *The Atlantic*; although it was not a wholly new object of imagination for Hawthorne when he heard of it at Smithell's Hall, in 1855, for in the *American Note-Books* five years before, in 1850, he had made this memorandum: "The print in blood of a naked foot to be traced through the street of a

town." Next, it appears in the Grimshawe; its stamp is also put upon Septimius; and in the last extant scene of *The Dolliver Romance* it is mentioned once more. Evidently, Hawthorne was determined to follow up the quest upon which it had so long and so perplexingly held him. Doctor Grimshawe himself was displaced, in Septimius, and another doctor, Portsoaken by name, introduced, — not quite the same character as Grimshawe, but doubtless a modification from him, and equally gifted with a predilection for spider-webs and the brandy-bottle. In the *Dolliver*, again, we find that the old Grandsir is also a doctor; totally unlike these imaginary predecessors in the other manuscripts, it is true, yet bringing to our notice another coincidence. It is significant, too, that Grandsir Dolliver should have under his protection a little granddaughter, Pansie, dwelling with him in an old house by a graveyard — like Doctor Grimshawe and Elsie, — and having for her sole other companion a kitten. Elsie also has a Persian kitten as her playmate, in addition to the boy Redclyffe. There is a further line of resemblance; slight to be sure, but illustrative of the way in which the same elements were carried over, with some change, from one tentative form of the projected romance to another. The American claimant to whom we are introduced in *The Ancestral Footstep* carries a silver key, which is to unlock some part of the mystery surrounding his inheritance; and it turns out to fit an old cabinet, which — reflecting, by an ingenious symbolism, the endless and bewildering search for the true heir — the author describes as being made in the likeness of a palace, "showing within some beautiful old pictures in the panels of the doors, and a mirror, that opened a long succession of mimic halls, reflection upon reflection, extending to an interminable nowhere." A silver key plays a part in the Grimshawe as well,

but there it is applied to an old coffer of carved oak, in the secret chamber. This chest, as a note explains, was, according to one tradition, thought to contain a treasure of gold, but when opened it displayed only "a treasure of golden locks;" and the notion of a deposit of gold is continued in Septimius Felton, where the hero has an old box of oak and iron, with rude steel embellishments on the outside, and mediæval carving of ivory figures inside. This also is unlocked by means of a silver key, which Septimius has taken from the breast of the young English officer slain by him on the day of Concord Fight.

At first glance, it is not clear how two themes so unlike as that of revived claims to an English estate and that of the search for an elixir of life came to be united; how one led to the other. But a clue is given in the last chapter but one of the Grimshawe. Redclyffe, after being drugged, on awaking in the secret chamber, and finding himself confronted with the spectre-like old man incarcerated there, was bewildered, and in trying to account for what he saw recalled the various stories he had heard about the house, wondering "whether there might not have been something of fact in the legend of the *undying old man*." No such legend has been mentioned in the body of the sketch, but it is probable that Hawthorne had intended to insert it somewhere, as leading up to the revelation of the secret chamber. Here, then, is the point of connection. When he had become convinced that the plot and purpose of the English story, as he had blocked it out, were inadequate and not likely to yield the best results, he probably turned to the germ supplied by this vision of a deathless man, and began to develop it. Now, there was a tradition that a former occupant of Hawthorne's house, *The Wayside*, had cherished the belief that he should never die; something more than a tradition, I

may say, for I have since ascertained that such a man actually did live there. So that, as the romancer sat in the little tower study which he had recently built for himself at the top of the house, looking out from the windows upon the Lexington road in front, or the low hill at the back, which had formed part of the scene of the Revolutionary conflict in 1775, nothing was more natural than for him to transfer his whole dreamy fabric to that ground and that period. And thus, bringing in a new scheme altogether, and retaining some of the old material, Septimius Felton was produced. Septimius is depicted as going, in the end, to England, where he enters into possession of an estate to which he is the lawful heir; the main current of the English romance, as it originally flowed from the pen, having in this newer channel dwindled to a very slender rill. But the manner in which he had worked out the story of a man bent upon obtaining the elixir of perpetual youth did not content him, either; and it was after this that he conceived still another mode of approach to the goal, and began the Dolliver. Why, then, did he not destroy the two discarded manuscripts? The only plausible answer to this question is that he purposed drawing upon both, — or at least referring to them, — in the composition of the freshly undertaken work from which death called him away. Having carried out two different motives in separate studies, and found that both fell short of his aim, he had, in all likelihood, discovered a practicable mode of combining them in a romance of larger and deeper drift than he had at first contemplated. The Dolliver Romance would have become the vehicle of a profound and pathetic drama, based on the instinctive yearning of man for an immortal existence, the attempted gratification of which would have been set forth in various ways: through the selfish old sensualist, Colonel Dab-

ney, who seized the mysterious elixir, and took such a draught of it that it killed him; through the simple old Grandsir, anxious to live for Pansie's sake; and perhaps through Pansie herself, who, coming into the enjoyment of an ennobling love, would desire to defeat death in order that she might make sure of keeping always the perfection of her mundane happiness, — all these diverse modes of striving to be made the adumbration of a higher one, the shadow-play that should define and direct the mind to the true immortality beyond this world. To such a plan, the instance of a person or a family endeavoring to perpetuate one particular phase of existence, as it is the tendency of English institutions to do, could have been made to minister with admirable appropriateness; hence it would not have been strange if Hawthorne, with this end in view, had interwoven with *The Dolliver Romance* a strand from the *Grimshawe* study.

An assurance that he had, in his own mind, struck the key-note, is afforded by the perfection of matter and style belonging to the only completed scene of the Dolliver. To Doctor Grimshawe's Secret may doubtless be awarded a more demonstrative vigor, but it does not follow that the strength is greater for being deployed upon the surface; rather, the contrary is indicated. In the Dolliver fragment, the strength is drawn in, concentrated, reserved, and the consequence is that its virtue is redoubled; it underlies the pensive charm, the tremulous pathos, the tender fancy, of the musical periods with an unfathomable depth. Reading Grimshawe is like looking at an opaque wall covered by a striking, half-finished design in somewhat harsh colors: the bold strokes, the sharp contrasts, and weak spots recall the broad method of scene-painting, but I get from it no sense of a spiritual perspective, leading me on beyond the external show. Into *The Dolliver Ro-*

mance, however, the mind penetrates, as the eye sinks into the permeable yet endless blue of the sky. The sentences become indefinitely symbolic; all through them there is a vibration of some deeper thought and meaning than any which the literal statement seems to embody; and when a burst of more purely spectacular incident is needed, we see from the picturing of Colonel Dabney and his death scene that the author could still throw such an element into the narrative, with a jet of intensity more startling than that which illuminates the first part of Grimshawe. Thus, then, we get a general idea of Hawthorne's method: to make at first an outline, like *The Ancestral Footstep*, — light, easy, graceful, and exploratory; then to deepen the lines, enlarge and intensify the whole composition, as in the Grimshawe and Septimius, even to the point of excess, if he felt so inclined. "Do not stick at any strangeness or preternaturality," he tells himself, in one of the notes lately printed in *The Century* magazine. "It can be softened down to any extent, however wild the first conception." And last, when it came to modeling the final form, he recovered the repose of the first sketch, but preserved at the same time all the best of that grim force and fantastic suggestion which had been gained by an untrammelled play of imagination in the blocking out. I do not feel sure that he always wrote so many preliminary versions and memoranda for a work of fiction as in this instance; I am inclined to doubt it, because so much of his meditation was done out-of-doors, while walking. But whether or not he used pen and paper, the procedure must have been in each case essentially that which we have just traced. One thing appears to be likely: that he did not spend much time in rewriting for the sake of securing a better verbal expression. He once said to his sister-in-law, Miss E. P. Peabody, in allusion to his own literary problems, "The

difficulty is not so much *how* to say things as *what* to say;" intimating that he so filled his mind with the motive and substance of a romance before resorting to the pen that, when he sat down to write, the task consisted mainly in selection, arrangement, proportioning, and so on. How it was that, from the fluent but rather colorless medium which he had used in *Fanshawe*, he was able to compound the wonderful style which the world has come to know as being his alone, no one can presume to say with confidence; but, in seeing how he labored over the theme and the inner purport of a romance, how he considered with utmost care every detail of plot or character, and with what austerity he rejected copious results of this labor when they failed to come up to his exacting standard, we obtain a hint as to how the style was formed. Such a process must have involved a constant shaping of the word to the thought, just as in the Note-Books the steady aim seems to be to put down observations of actual things with scrupulous exactness, no matter how trivial or humble the subject. But instead of setting out upon a course of reading specially calculated to manufacture a style, like the historians Prescott and Alison, for instance, or modeling chiefly upon one master, as Thackeray did upon Fielding, Hawthorne adopted the principle of searching into the interior significance of his imaginary people, and his real or fictitious scenes; and in working this out, through every sort of detail, with the unfaltering candor evidenced by his own private comments now published, he had perforce to use language with a choice as sensitive and as unmerciful as that which controlled him in the judgment of his fanciful materials. But in the choosing of the fittest phrase his decision was evidently prompt, so that erasure and substitution were rare expedients with him. Rough though this analysis be, it strikes out a distinction perhaps

worth considering, because it tends to explain why Hawthorne's style—which, instead of being applied from without, like a mould to compress the thought, sprang from the thought itself, as if it were its flower—was at once so original and so unobtrusive, so thoroughly infused with the spirit of art, yet innocent of all affectation, and as natural as if no other kind of utterance were possible. It resulted logically from the conscientious, self-scrutinizing method of working now laid bare before us. It was, we may say, a style not made but inevitable. Given the peculiar mind once fairly exercising its native insight, it must express itself so, and only so; but at the date of Fanshawe it had not learned the proper application of its power, and that knowledge was perhaps not fully gained until *The Scarlet Letter*, twenty years afterward, came into the gates of life; although in the short tales of the interim the author had made great advances.

Inexhaustible patience of genius, to wait twenty years for its first adequate fruitage! But the more we examine, the more we discern that patience, manifested in various ways, was a cardinal trait in Hawthorne, and one of the great sources of his power. I have elsewhere pointed out that the relation of Grandsir Dolliver and Pansie was obviously suggested to him by Mr. Kirkup and his little ward, Imogen, whom he had seen in Florence five years previously.¹ Imogen is described as “a pale, large-eyed little girl,” and Pansie is also mentioned as “a rather pale and large-eyed little thing.” Mr. Kirkup is not copied in the gentle grandsire, but his attitude towards the child is reproduced; for Hawthorne had spoken of the former, in his Note-Books, as “thinking all the time of ghosts, and looking into the child's eyes to seek them,” and in the Dolliver he

represents the old man as “frolicking amid a throng of ghosts” of departed female relatives, whose “forgotten features peeped through the face of the great-grandchild.” A kitten, recalling Imogen's, frisks about in the Dolliver household; and as the same animal accompanies Elsie in Dr. Grimshawe's house, we may conclude that there, also, the writer was thinking of Imogen. But whence comes the old house by the graveyard, which stands at the beginning of both these fragments? Turning to the American Note-Books, we find under date of July 4, 1838, a paragraph concerning the old burial-ground in Charter Street, Salem: “In a corner of the burial-ground, close under Dr. P——'s garden fence, are the most ancient stones remaining in the graveyard; moss-grown, deeply sunken. One to ‘Dr. John Swinnerton, Physician,’ in 1688. . . . It gives strange ideas, to think how convenient to Dr. P——'s family this burial-ground is,—the monuments standing almost within arm's reach of the side windows of the parlor.” The Dr. P—— here mentioned, there is now no harm in saying, was Dr. Peabody, father of Miss Sophia Peabody, who afterwards became Mrs. Hawthorne. His house, which is still standing, holds precisely the position relative to the cemetery assigned to that of Dr. Grimshawe, “covering ground which else had been sown thickly with buried bodies,” and to the abode of Dr. Dolliver; for it is built upon a corner nicked out of the consecrated space, and has the graves close at its back and along one of its sides. It must not be supposed that the character of Dr. Peabody had anything to do with the attributes given to Dr. Grimshawe and his mild successor, Dr. Dolliver; but the circumstance of a doctor being placed in that dwelling, in each sketch, is one of those associations with literal fact which Hawthorne seems so often to have preferred, in constructing his fiction. Only the

¹ A Study of Hawthorne, pages 278, 279. The account of a visit to Mr. Kirkup is in the French and Italian Note-Books, August 12, 1858.

other day I visited the spot. Hawthornes, Bowditches, Keyeses, Ingersolls, and other vanished representatives of old Salem families have been laid away there, under rudely chiseled headstones of slate, that still mark the repositories of their ashes; and the statement in Grimshawe, "Thus rippled and surged, with its hundreds of little billows, the old graveyard about the house which cornered upon it," still applies. A cheerless locality enough on a winter's day, as I saw it, although the mounded grass and the trees scattered here and there might impart a much pleasanter aspect in summer; but the deep gloom which Hawthorne threw over it, in his Grimshawe study, was supplied mainly from his own imagination, for the purpose of inducing a certain mood in his readers. The Note-Book record contains a trifling error; the date on Dr. Swinnerton's headstone being really 1690, instead of 1688. The name "Simmerton," given to a physician in the Grimshawe (page 129), is perhaps a misprint, or a copyist's error, for Swinnerton. He also occurs in the Dolliver fragment as the venerable teacher from whom the Grandsir had learned his apothecary's craft. But, long before that, again, he had received the honor of a notice in the Seven Gables, first chapter, where the physicians consult as to the cause of Colonel Pyncheon's death: "One — John Swinnerton by name — who appears to have been a man of eminence, upheld it . . . to be a case of apoplexy." For the original hint of the old Brazen Serpent sign which Dr. Dolliver has in his possession, we must look to one of Hawthorne's less known sketches, — that which gives some account of Dr. Bullivant,¹ an apothecary of Boston, who flourished about 1670, and is supposed to have had a gilded head of Æsculapius in front of his shop. But in the

Dolliver Hawthorne remarks that in Dr. Swinnerton's day a head of Æsculapius "would have vexed the souls of the righteous as savoring of heathendom," and therefore he had adopted the Brazen Serpent, which he bequeathed to old Dr. Dolliver. Of Bullivant, too, it is said that he advertised "a Panacea promising life but one day short of eternity, and youth and health commensurate." So, by this putting together of things far apart, by this reticulation of one web of fancy with another, Dr. Bullivant's panacea and Dr. Dolliver's cordial, Dr. Swinnerton and little Florentine Imogen all turn out to have a mysterious connection, and are landed in the house of Hawthorne's father-in-law, which he had been keeping in mind for over twenty-two years as an available accessory. "Hold on to this," says Hawthorne, in one of *The Century* memoranda, respecting a particular thread of the new romance. But had he not always been holding on? He never lost an impression worth preserving, and he could wait as long as need might be before utilizing it.

The series of longer notes just mentioned, and connected with the abortive English story, contains one or two references to real persons that go to show, in like manner, how he used models from life, not for portraiture, perhaps not even for any trait of character in the original, but as presenting one association or another consonant with the character he wanted to elaborate. Thus, he writes, "An old woman (Hannah Lord, perhaps) must be the only other member of the household." Hannah Lord was a cousin of Hawthorne's mother, remembered by her relatives in Salem as an excellent maiden lady, who devoted much of her time to serving other people; but possibly some quaintness about her, in his recollection, served Hawthorne in building up mentally the "crusty Hannah," who in *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret* does not get beyond the

¹ This will be found in the twelfth volume of the new Library edition, under the head of *Tales and Sketches*.

stage of a mere name. In thinking over the Pensioner, who is to be the true heir, Hawthorne jots down, "Take the character of Cowper for this man:" and further, "He might be a Fifth-Heavenly man . . . in figure, Mr. Alcott." Adopting these points of support from real life, he could obtain a solid basis for his personage; but after the figure had once been set in motion, it would be absurd to imagine that everything he might say or do was to be taken as Hawthorne's interpretation of the poet Cowper or of Mr. Alcott. An exactly parallel mistake, nevertheless, is constantly made by persons who say that Zenobia, in *The Blithedale Romance*, stood for Margaret Fuller. The converse might be true, — that Miss Fuller stood for Zenobia; that is, as a temporary model, until the author had constructed his heroine, who would then hold her place in his mind as a separate entity.

All these notes are extremely instructive. Some of them, alluding to the proposed course of the plot, mention incidents which may be allowed to stand "as before," or "pretty much as now;" making it evident that such memoranda were written after Hawthorne had sketched out a considerable part of the manuscript and was becoming dissatisfied with it. But others have the appearance of being preparatory and feeling the way. They suggest a poet eager to give life to his idealizations upon the stage, but compelled to consider the machinery of the theatre, to turn over the "properties" and see how far they will aid him, yet all the while cherishing a secret contempt for these mechanical devices with which he must work. Thus, when the subject is "the coffin of a young lady, which, being opened, it proves to be filled with golden locks of hair," the romancer adds, "This nonsense must be kept subordinate, however." Over and over he tries to adjust details, without success; reviews this and that possibility;

returns unwearied to the beginning, in the hope of a better issue. As the flame of the chemical blow-pipe consumes the diamond and dissipates metals in vapor, the flame-point of his imagination is concentrated upon different materials, which disappear one after another. He permits himself the most impossible and monstrous imaginings: as, of the English lord, that he shall be a worshiper of the sun, a cannibal, "A murderer — 't won't do at all. A Mahometan — psh!" — not in seriousness, but trusting by random hits to touch the right spring at last, and always bringing himself up with sharp reprimand for his vagrant absurdities. Then, at a loss, he idly strings together names of his acquaintances, and commences afresh. Sometimes a pungent reflection escapes him, like this: "That a strange repulsion — as well as attraction — exists among human beings. If we get off, it is almost impossible to get on again." But he is perfectly well aware how little he is accomplishing: "The life is not yet breathed into this plot, after all my galvanic efforts. Not a spark of passion as yet." He lays out business-like directions as to what is to be done: thus, of the Doctor, "Make his character very weird indeed, and develop it in dread and mystery." Indeed, the most striking and profitable fact about this entirely unique record is the perfect self-possession of the writer, the presence of the cool understanding, which keeps up a running fire of sarcasm against himself, at his failures.

A searching observer has said, speaking of the author generically, "He learns to bear contempt, and to despise himself. He makes, as it were, *post-mortem* examinations of himself before he is dead." Nothing could better describe the process to which Hawthorne, in these notes, was subjecting his own mind. Enemies, Leonardo thought, teach an artist more, by their criticisms, than friends; but what enemy could have

been so impartial as Hawthorne was in judging his handiwork? His supremacy in art, we discover, owed much to the stringent critical faculty which he exercised upon the product of his imagination. It is undeniable that the finest criticism must have in it something of creative genius; but apparently it is not less true that the creative writer needs, for the highest reach of his power, a solid foundation of critical acumen. And the demand for equipment of that kind, in his case, is just so much the greater by the obligation resting upon him, not merely to measure the achievement of others, but to gauge his own performance, and, on occasion, suppress it. This is precisely the crowning virtue which some authors of eminence have been unable to grasp. But Hawthorne was able to, and did it. That

which he considered unworthy to see the light has now, in the course of events, been revealed, together with his frank, informal commentary thereon. It is not a great work, in the severe artistic sense, but it is a great illustration of an artist's workings; and if the appearance of sketches, studies, fragments, and notes of this nature should disarrange that conventional posture in which, as I have said, readers like to place their favorites, a compensation is not wanting. In place of theoretical views that, even when framed by a sympathetic mind, must fall short unless complete data have been procurable, they will get a man of genius precisely as he was, — one who earned, by long-continued toil and a high fidelity to literary honor, all that he received, and perhaps more.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE LEGEND OF WALBACH TOWER.

(Scene, Fort Constitution, on the Island of Newcastle, off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, — Colonel Walbach commanding. Period, the fall of 1813.)

MORE ill at ease was never man than Walbach, that Lord's day,
When, spent with speed, a trawler cried, "A war-ship heads this way!"

His pipe, half filled, to shatters flew; he climbed the ridge of knolls;
And, turning spy-glass toward the east, swept the long reach of Shoals.

An hour he watched: behind his back the Portsmouth spires waxed red;
Its harbor like a field of war, a brazen shield o'erhead.

Another hour: the sundown gun the Sabbath stillness brake;
When loud a second voice halloosed, "Two war-ships hither make!"

Again the colonel scanned the east, where soon white gleams arose:
Behind Star Isle they first appeared, then flashed o'er Smuttynose.

Fleet-wing'd they left Duck Isle astern; when, rounding full in view,
Lo! in the face of Appledore three Britishers hove to.

"To arms, O townsfolk!" Walbach cried. "Behold these black hawk three!
Whether they pluck old Portsmouth town rests now with you and me.

"The guns of Kittery, and mine, may keep the channel clear,
If but one pintle-stone be raised to ward me in the rear.

"But scarce a score my muster-roll; the earthworks lie unmanned,
(Whereof some mouthing spy, no doubt, has made them understand;)

"And if, ere dawn, their long-boat keels once kiss the nether sands,
My every port-hole's mouth is stopped, and we be in their hands!"

Then straightway from his place upspoke the parson of the town:
"Let us beseech Heaven's blessing first!"—and all the folk knelt down.

"O God, our hands are few and faint; our hope rests all with thee:
Lend us thy hand in this sore strait,—and thine the glory be!"

"Amen! Amen!" the chorus rose; "Amen!" the pines replied;
And through the churchyard's rustling grass an "Amen" softly sighed.

Astir the village was awhile, with hoof and iron clang;
Then all grew still, save where, aloft, a hundred trowels rang.

None supped, they say, that Lord's-day eve; none slept, they say, that night;
But all night long, with tireless arms, each toiled as best he might.

Four flax-haired boys of Amazeen the flickering torches stay,
Peopling with titan shadow-groups the canopy of gray;

Grandsires, with frost above their brows, the steaming mortar mix;
Dame Tarlton's apron, crisp at dawn, helps hod the yellow bricks;

While pilot, cooper, mackerelman, parson and squire as well,
Make haste to plant the pintle-gun, and raise its citadel.

And one who wrought still tells the tale, that as his task he plied,
An unseen fellow-form he felt that labored at his side;

And still to wondering ears relates, that as each brick was squared,
Lo! unseen trowels clinked response, and a new course prepared.

O night of nights! The blinking dawn beheld the marvel done,
And from the new martello boomed the echoing morning gun.

One stormy cloud its lips upblew; and as its thunder rolled,
Old England saw, above the smoke, New England's flag unfold.

Then, slowly tacking to and fro, more near the cruisers made,
To see what force unheralded had flown to Walbach's aid.

"God be our stay," the parson cried, "who hearkened Israel's wail!"
And as he spake,—all in a line, seaward the ships set sail.

George Houghton.

TOMMASO SALVINI.

It has often been said that the great actors who flourished in the times preceding our own gave a more striking proof of genius than their successors are called upon to give. They produced their famous effects without aids to illusion. They had no help from scenery and costume; the background was nothing; they alone were the scene. Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, wandering over England, and interpreting Shakespeare as they went, represented the visions of Hamlet and the sorrows of Constance with the assistance of a few yards of tinsel and a few dozen tallow candles. The stage was dim and bare, but the great artists triumphed, so that the tradition of their influence over their auditors has been sacredly preserved. For the most part, to-day we have changed all that. There is to be seen in London at the present moment a representation of one of Shakespeare's comedies which is the last word of picture-making on the stage. It is a series of exquisite pictorial compositions, in which nothing that can delight the eye or touch the imagination has been omitted — nothing, that is, save the art of the actor. This part of the business has not been thought indispensable, and the performance is a great success, in spite of the fact that a fastidious spectator, here and there, feels vaguely that he misses something. What he misses is what Garrick and Mrs. Siddons had it in their power to give; what he enjoys is a wealth of scenic resource of which they never dreamed. It is unreasonable to expect to have everything, and we must doubtless take our choice. I mention the case of the comedy in London, which fairly glows to the eye, like a picture by a great colorist, because, besides being a topic of the moment, it is probably the most perfect example the English stage has seen of

the value of costume and carpentry. We have lately been having in Boston an illustration equally perfect of success achieved, in the old-fashioned manner, by personal art as distinguished from mechanical. The famous Italian actor, Tommaso Salvini, giving us an opportunity to admire him in far too small a number of performances, has played to us under conditions very similar to those with which the actors of the last century had to struggle. There are differences, of course, — as in the Globe Theatre being an exceedingly comfortable house for the spectator, and in the stage being illuminated by gas rather than by tallow. Apart from this, it is difficult to imagine an actor surrounded with fewer of those advantages which I have called aids to illusion. Salvini's triumph — a very great triumph — is therefore, like that of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, a proof of extraordinary power. He had no scenery, and he had no "support;" in this latter respect we feel sure that Garrick and Mrs. Siddons were very much better off. His fellow-actors were of a quality which it is a charity not to specify; unmitigated dreariness was the stamp of the whole episode, save in so far as that episode was summed up in the personality of the hero. Signor Salvini naturally played in Italian, while his comrades answered him in a language which was foreign only in that it sometimes failed to be English. It was in this manner that Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, were given. Signor Salvini uttered the translated text, and the rest of the company recited the original. This extraordinary system, which has been in operation in various parts of the country for many months past, has only to be described to be characterized; it has all the barbarism of an over-civilized age.

It is grotesque, unpardonable, abominable. It is the condemnation of a public that tolerates it. If I were capable of saying anything unkind about the admirable Salvini, I should say it was also the condemnation of an actor who could lend himself to it. But of course he is well aware of his offense, and he is equally well aware that, unpardonable as it is, he induces us to pardon it. He has discovered that, rather than not have Salvini at all, the American public will take him as he offers himself, or as his impresario sees fit to offer him, — with a mixture of tongues, with a melancholy company, with pitiful scenery. The American public is either very superficial or very deep; in the presence of the large houses to which Salvini played, it was possible to be at once exhilarated and depressed. It was to the honor of the people of Boston that they should come in such numbers to see a great actor deliver himself in a language which conveyed no meaning to the great majority of them, — should come because they had the wit to perceive his greatness through the veil of his alien speech. It was not to their honor, on the other hand, that they should gaze without a murmur at the rest of the spectacle, and condone so profusely the aberrations of his playmates. Their attitude involved a contradiction, and it was difficult to get to the bottom of it. I frankly confess I have not done so yet! That people who have a taste for Salvini should not have a distaste — I mean an effective and operative distaste — for his accessories is a proof, as I just now hinted, either of density or of self-control. Were they culpably good-natured, or were they nobly magnanimous? Two things, at any rate, are certain. One is that the way in which the theatrical enterprise is conducted leaves much to be desired; the other is, there is that about Tommaso Salvini which excites the geniality, the tenderness, I may almost say the devotion, of the

spectator. I am free to declare that, if he were to appear with a company of Hottentots, I should regret that a happier arrangement might not have been made, but I should go every night to see him.

This is as much as to say that Salvini is a charmer; he has the art of inspiring sympathy. Not the least of the drawbacks of the manner in which he appears is the consequent reduction of his repertory to five or six parts. To teach Italian cues to American actors is a work of time and difficulty; to learn American cues may be assumed to be, for an Italian, no more attractive a task. We see Salvini, therefore, in only half his range; we take the measure of only a part of him, though it possibly is the better part. The auditor who once has felt the deep interest of his acting desires ardently to know the whole artist. He is essentially a large, rich, abundant genius, capable of sounding a wide variety of notes. However, we are thankful for what is offered us, — thankful for *Macbeth*, thankful for *King Lear*, thankful for *La Morte Civile*, thankful above all for *Othello*. We scan the horizon in vain; no other artist to-day begins to be capable of giving us such an exhibition of tragic power. *Othello* headed the short list of his performances, and there is an artistic propriety in his playing *Othello* first. It is a sort of compendium of his accomplishments; he puts everything into it, and the part, as he plays it, has so full a volume that it may almost be said that it embraces all the others. There are touches in Salvini's *Macbeth*, touches in his *Lear*, very naturally, that are absent from his picture of the overwrought Moor; but it carries him to his maximum, and what he puts into it above all is an inexhaustible energy. There are twenty things to be said about it, and half a dozen criticisms which it is impossible that we spectators of English speech should not make. But the depth,

the nobleness, the consistency, the passion, the visible, audible beauty of it, are beyond praise. Nature has done great things for the actor; with the aid of a little red paint, the perfect Othello is there. But I assume too much in talking off-hand about the "perfect Othello," who is after all a very complex being, in spite of his simplicity. It may seem to many observers that Salvini's rendering of the part is too simple, too much on two or three notes, — frank tenderness, quick suspicion, passionate rage. Infinite are the variations of human opinion; I have heard this performance called ugly, repulsive, bestial. Waiving these considerations for a moment, what an immense impression — simply as an impression — the actor makes on the spectator who sees him for the first time as the turbaned and deep-voiced Moor! He gives us his measure as a man; he acquaints us with that luxury of perfect confidence in the physical resources of the actor which is not the most frequent satisfaction of the modern play-goer. His powerful, active, manly frame, his noble, serious, vividly expressive face, his splendid smile, his Italian eye, his superb, voluminous voice, his carriage, his tone, his ease, the assurance he instantly gives that he holds the whole part in his hands and can make of it exactly what he chooses, — all this descends upon the spectator's mind with a richness which immediately converts attention into faith, and expectation into sympathy. He is a magnificent creature, and you are already on his side. His generous temperament is contagious; you find yourself looking at him, not so much as an actor, but as a hero. As I have already said, it is a luxury to sit and watch a man to whom an expenditure of force is so easy. Salvini's perfect ease is a part of the spell he exercises. The straining, the creaking, the overdoing, the revelation of the inadequacy of the machinery,

which we have been condemned to associate with so much of the interpretation of the dramatic gems of our literature, — there is no place for all this in Salvini's complete organization and consummate manner. We see him to-day perforce at the latter end of his career, after years of experience and practice have made him as supple as he is strong, and yet before his strength has begun to feel the chill of age. It is a very fine moment for a great artistic nature. The admirable thing in this nature of Salvini's is that his intelligence is equal to his material powers; so that if the exhibition is, as it were, personal, it is not simply physical. He has a great imagination; there is a noble intention in all he does. It is no more than natural, surely, that his imagination, his intentions, should be of the Italian stamp, and this is at the bottom of his failure to satisfy some of us spectators of English speech, — a failure that is most marked when he plays Shakespeare. Of course we have our own feelings about Shakespeare, our own manner of reading him. We read him in the light of our Anglo-Saxon temperament, and in doing so it is open to us to believe that we read him in the deepest way. Salvini reads him with an Italian imagination, and it is equally natural to us to believe that in doing so he misses a large part of him. It is indeed beyond contradiction that he does miss a large part of him, — does so as a necessary consequence of using a text which shuts the door on half the meaning. We adore the exorbitant original; we have sacred associations with all the finest passages. The loose, vague language of the Italian translation seems to us a perpetual sacrifice to the conventional: we find *ottima creatura*, for instance, a very colorless translation of "excellent wretch." But in the finest English rendering of Shakespeare that we can conceive, or are likely to enjoy, there would be gaps and elisions enough,

and Salvini's noble execution preserves much more than it misses. Of course it simplifies, but any acting of Shakespeare is a simplification. To be played at all, he must be played, as it were, superficially.

Salvini's Othello is not more superficial than the law of self-preservation (on the actor's part) demands; there is, on the contrary, a tremendous depth of feeling in it, and the execution is brilliant — with the dusky brilliancy that is in the tone of the part — at every point. No more complete picture of passion can have been given to the stage in our day, — passion beginning in noble repose and spending itself in black insanity. Certain exquisite things are absent from it, — the gradations and transitions which Shakespeare has marked in a hundred places, the manly melancholy, the note of deep reflection, which is sounded as well as the note of passion. The pathos is perhaps a little crude; there is in all Shakespeare's sentiment a metaphysical side, which is hard to indicate and easy to miss. Salvini's rendering of the part is the portrait of an African by an Italian; a fact which should give the judicious spectator, in advance, the pitch of the performance. There is a class of persons to whom Italians and Africans have almost equally little to say, and such persons must have been sadly out of their account in going to see Salvini. I have done with strictures, and must only pay a hasty tribute to his splendor of execution. If those critics who dislike the Othello find it coarse (some people, apparently, are much surprised to discover that the representation of this tragedy is painful), there is at least not a weak spot in it from beginning to end. It has from the first the quality that thrills and excites, and this quality deepens with great strides to the magnificent climax. The last two acts constitute the finest piece of tragic acting that I know. I do not say it is the

finest I can imagine, simply because a great English Othello would touch us more nearly still. But I have never seen a great English Othello, any more, unfortunately, than I have ever seen a great English Macbeth. It is impossible to give an idea of the way in which Salvini gathers force as he goes, or of the superior use he makes of this force in the critical scenes of the play. Some of his tones, movements, attitudes, are ineffaceable; they have passed into the stock of common reference. I mean his tiger-like pacing at the back of the room, when, having brought Desdemona out of her bed, and put the width of the apartment between them, he strides to and fro, with his eyes fixed on her and filled with the light of her approaching doom. Then the still more tiger-like spring with which, after turning, flooded and frenzied by the truth, from the lifeless body of his victim, he traverses the chamber to reach Iago, with the mad impulse of destruction gathered into a single blow. He has sighted him, with the intentness of fate, for a terrible moment, while he is still on one knee beside Desdemona; and the manner in which the spectator sees him — or rather feels him — rise to his avenging leap is a sensation that takes its place among the most poignant the actor's art has ever given us. After this frantic dash, the one thing Othello can do, to relieve himself (the one thing, that is, save the last of all), he falls into a chair on the left of the stage, and lies there for some moments, prostrate, panting, helpless, annihilated, convulsed with long, inarticulate moans. Nothing could be finer than all this: the despair, the passion, the bewildered tumult of it, reach the high-water mark of dramatic expression. My remarks may suggest that Salvini's rage is too gross, too much that of a wounded animal; but in reality it does not fall into that excess. It is the rage of an African, but of a nature that remains generous to the end;

and in spite of the tiger-paces and tiger-springs, there is through it all, to my sense at least, the tremor of a moral element. In the *Othello*, remarkable in so many respects, of Salvini's distinguished countryman, Ernesto Rossi, there is (as I remember it) a kind of bestial fury, which does much to sicken the English reader of the play. Rossi gloats in his tenderness and bellows in his pain. Salvini, though the simplicity, credulity, and impulsiveness of his personage are constantly before him, takes a higher line altogether; the personage is intensely human.

The reader who has seen him in *La Morte Civile* will have no difficulty in believing this. The part of Conrad, in that play, is an elaborate representation of a character that is human almost to a fault. Before speaking of this extraordinary creation in detail, however, I must give proper honor to Salvini's *Macbeth*, the second part in which he appeared in Boston. This is a very rich and grave piece of acting; like the *Othello* it is interesting at every step. Salvini offers us a *Macbeth* whom we deeply pity, and whose delusions and crimes we understand, and almost forgive. Simple, demonstrative, easily tempted; pushed and bitten by the keener nature of his wife; dismayed, overwhelmed, assailed by visions, yet willing to plunge deeper into crime, and ready after all to fight and die like a soldier, if that will do any good, his picture of the character preserves a kind of gallantry in the midst of its darkness of color.

This *Macbeth* is sombre enough, of course, but he is wonderfully frank and transparent; he gives us a strange sense of being honest through it all. *Macbeth*, like *Othello*, but unlike *Lear*, to my mind, is an eminently actable character; the part is packed with opportunities. Salvini finds the first of these in the physical make-up of the figure; presenting us with a fair-col-

ored, sturdy, rather heavy, and eminently Northern warrior, with long light hair, a tawny beard, and an eye that looks distractedly blue, as it stares at the witches, at the visionary dagger, at the spectre of Banquo. In the matter of dress I venture to remark that our actor is not always completely felicitous; something is occasionally wanting to the artistic effect of his costume; he is liable to wear garments that are a little dull, a little conventional. I cannot help regretting, too, that in four out of the five parts he played in Boston he should have happened to be so profusely bearded. His face is so mobile, so living, that it is a pity to lose so much of it. These, however, are small drawbacks. For, after all, his vigorous person is in itself a picture. His *Macbeth* deserves the great praise of being temperate and discreet; much of it is very quiet; it has a deal of variety; it is never incoherent, or merely violent, as we have known *Macbeths* to be; and there is not a touch of rant in it, from the first word to the last. It changes, from scene to scene; it is really, broadly rendered, the history of a human soul. I will not declare that with the scene of the murder of Duncan, which would be in its opportunities the great scene of the play if the scene at the banquet were not as great, I was absolutely satisfied. I thought that a certain completeness of horror was absent, that the thing was not as heart-shaking as it might have been. When the late Charles Kean — an actor to whom, on so many grounds, it is almost a cruelty to allude if one is speaking of Salvini — staggered out of the castle, with the daggers in his hands, blanched and almost dumb, already conscious, in the vision of his fixed eyes, of the far fruits of his deed, he brought with him a kind of hush of terror, which has lingered in my mind for many years as a great tragic effect. It is true that that was many years ago, and that if I were to have seen Charles

Kean to-day I might possibly be ashamed to mention him in this company. In the scene in question, prodigious as it is, however acted, everything hangs together; the lightest detail has much to do with the whole. We are usually condemned to see it with a weak Lady Macbeth, and we always feel — we felt the other night — that the effect would be doubled if the Thane of Cawdor should have a coadjutor of his own quality. Perhaps, therefore, it was the short-comings of the actress alone that made us feel we had lost something; perhaps it was the fact that the knocking at the gate was by no means what it should be. That knocking is of great importance, — that knocking is almost everything; this is what I mean by saying that everything in the scene hangs together. Signor Salvini should have read De Quincey's essay before he arranged those three or four vague, muffled, impersonal thumps, behind the back scene. Those thumps would never have frightened Macbeth; there is nothing heart-shaking in those thumps. They should have rung out louder, have filled the whole silence of the night, have smitten the ear like the voice of doom; for the more they break into the scene, the more they add to the tension of the nerves of the guilty couple, to say nothing of the agitation of the spectators. This, however, is more than I meant to say. In the rest of the play Salvini is admirable at a hundred points; admirable in sincerity, in profundity, in imaginative power; and in the scene of the banquet he is magnificent. The banquet was grotesque — so grotesque as to bring out the full force of the analogy I have suggested between our great Italian and his handful of lean strollers and those celebrated players who flourished before the introduction of modern improvements; but the actor rose to a great height. He keeps this height to the end. The last part of the play is the wonderful picture that we all know, of the blind effort of

a man who once was strong to resist his doom and contradict his stars, and Salvini rides the situation like a master. His Macbeth is less brilliant, less prodigious, than his Othello, and it is not so peculiarly and exhaustively successful as his portrait, in *La Morte Civile*, of the escaped convict who finds himself without social, almost without human, identity. But it comes third, I am inclined to think, in the list of his triumphs, and it does him, at any rate, the greatest honor.

I place Macbeth third on the list, in spite of the fact that the principal event in Signor Salvini's short visit to Boston was his appearance for the first time as King Lear. He achieved an immense success, and his rendering of the most arduous and formidable of Shakespearean parts was as powerful, as interesting, as might have been expected. It is a most elaborate composition, studied with extreme care, finished without injury to its breadth and massiveness, and abounding in impressive and characteristic features. It is both terrible and touching; it has remarkable beauty. But for all that, I do not put it before the Macbeth. I should make haste to add that I saw the representation of Lear but once, and that on a single occasion one can do but scant justice to a piece of acting so long, so rich, and, I may add, so fatiguing to the attention. One can do very little toward taking possession of it; one can only get a general impression. My own impression, on this occasion, was more than ever that King Lear is not a play to be acted, and that even talent so great as Salvini's, employed in making it real to us, gives us much of the pain that attends misdirected effort. Lear is a great and terrible poem, — the most sublime, possibly, of all dramatic poems; but it is not, to my conception, a play, in the sense in which a play is a production that gains from being presented to our senses. Our senses can only be afflicted and overwhelmed by the immeasurable com-

plexities of *Lear*. If this conviction is present to us as we read the drama, how much more vivid does it become in the presence of an attempt to act it! Such an attempt leaves the vastness of the work almost untouched. At the risk of being accused of shameless blasphemy, I will go so far as to say that in representation the play is tremendously heavy. I say this with a perfect consciousness that the principal part gives extraordinary opportunities to a great actor. Almost all great tragic actors have attempted it, and almost all have won honor from it, — as Salvini did, the other evening, when a theatre crowded from floor to dome recalled him again and again. The part, with all its grandeur, is monotonous; the changes are constantly rung on the same situation; and something very like a climax is reached early in the play. Regan, Goneril, Edgar, the Fool, are impossible in the flesh. Who has ever seen them attempted without thinking it an unwarrantable violence? When all this has been said, Salvini's *Lear* is, like everything he does, magnificent. We miss the text at times almost to distraction; for the text of *Lear* is one of the most precious possessions of our language, and the Italian version is a sadly pale reflection of it. Allowing for this, and for the way that the play resists the transmutation of the foot-lights, it has elements which will probably give it a foremost place henceforth in the great actor's repertory. The tenderness, the temper, the senility, the heart-broken misery, the lambent madness, the awful desolation of the king, — he touches all these things as a man of genius alone can touch them. He has great qualifications for the part, for he has reached the age at which an actor may lawfully approach it, and his extraordinary bodily and vocal powers give definite assurance of sustaining him. I have no space to dwell on particular points, but I may mention his delivery of the curse that the infuriated king

launches on the head of Goneril, at the end of the first act, — "Hear Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!" In this there was really a touch of the sublime, and the wild mixture of familiarity and solemnity that he throws into the "*Ascolta — ascolta!*" with which, in the Italian translation, the terrible invocation begins, was an invention quite in his grandest manner. The third and fourth acts are full of exquisite strokes; the manner, for instance, in which he replies to Gloster's inquiry, "Is't not the King?" is a wonderfully bold piece of business. He stares for a moment, — his wits have wandered so far, — while he takes in the meaning of the question; then, as the pang of recollection comes over him, he rushes to a neighboring tree, tears off a great twig, grasps it as a sceptre, and, erecting himself for a moment in an attitude intended to be royal, launches his majestic answer: "Ay, every inch a king!" I do not say that this touch will commend itself to every taste. Many people will find it too ingenious, and feel that the noble simplicity of the words is swallowed up in the elaboration of the act. But it produces a great effect. All this part of the play is a wonderful representation of madness in old age, — the madness that is mixed with reason and memory, and only adds a deeper depth to suffering. The final scene, the entrance with the dead Cordelia, is played by Salvini in a muffled key, — the tone of an old man whose fire and fury have spent themselves, and who has nothing left but weakness, tears, and death. The "Howl, howl, howl!" has not, on his lips, the classic resonance; but the pathos of the whole thing is unspeakable. Nothing can be more touching than the way in which, after he has ceased to doubt that Cordelia has ceased to live, he simply falls on his face on her body.

The unhappy hero of *La Morte Civile* is, however, the character which he has made most exclusively his own, and in

which we watch him with the fewest mental reservations. Here is no sacrifice of greater admirations; here is none of the torment of seeing him play a Shakespeare that is yet not Shakespeare. It is Salvini pure and simple that we have; for of Giacometti there is, to begin with, as little as possible. Signor Giacometti's play has but a single part (to speak of), and it is Salvini who makes that part. The play is none of the best; it is meagre and monotonous; but it serves its purpose of giving the great actor a great opportunity. It deals with the unfortunate situation of an honest man, who, in spite of his honesty, has had the folly to kill his brother-in-law. The circumstances were of the most extenuating character, but he has been condemned (with a degree of rigor to which Italian justice resorts, we fear, only on the stage) to penal servitude for life. After fifteen years of imprisonment at Naples, he succeeds in escaping; and, having eluded pursuit, he feels a natural desire to see what has become of his wife and daughter. They are getting on perfectly without him: this fact, simply stated, is the great situation in Signor Giacometti's play. The child has been adopted by a benevolent physician, and by the mother's consent passes for the daughter of her benefactor. The mother, meanwhile, for whom there is no honor in her relationship to a murderer, lives under the same roof in the character of governess to the young girl, who is not in the secret of these transformations. When Corrado turns up, with a legitimate wish to claim his own, he finds that for these good people he has quite dropped out of life; they don't know what to do with him; he is civilly dead. How can he insist upon his paternity to his innocent child, when such paternity must bring her nothing but anguish and disgrace? How can he ask his wife to leave their daughter, in the tender care of whom she finds her one compensation for past shame and suf-

fering, to go and live with him in hiding, and share at once the dangers and the infamy of his life? The situation is without an issue; it is the perfection of tragedy. At last poor Corrado, after a terrible struggle, determines to sacrifice himself to accomplished facts, and, since he is dead civilly, to die personally as well. He relieves his embarrassed relatives of his presence; he expires, abruptly and publicly, as people expire on the stage, after hearing his daughter, who is still not in the secret, but who obeys the pitying adjuration of his wife, address him for the first and last time as her father. Such is the subject of *La Morte Civile*, which is very effective in matter, though not very rich in form. It is interesting to compare Signor Giacometti's piece with the successful compositions of contemporary French dramatists, and to observe what the French would call the extreme *naïveté* of the Italian writer. It is not with the latter that we are dealing, however; for, after all, Signor Giacometti has provided Salvini with an occasion which an infinite infusion of French cleverness could not have improved. His Corrado is a most remarkable, most interesting, most moving creation. This is the great point, that it is really a creation; the conception, from the innermost germ, the construction, the revelation, of an individual. Corrado is a special nature. We live in an age of psychology; and it is not going too far to say that Signor Salvini's exhibition of this character has in it something of psychological research. Given a simple, well-meaning, generous, hot-blooded, uncultivated, and above all affectionate, Sicilian; a man personally sympathetic, but charged with the perilous ingredients of his race and climate, — given such a nature as this, how will it have been affected by years of suffering, by the sting of disgrace, by the sense of injustice, by the reaction that comes with recovered freedom, by the bewilderment of a situation unexpected,

unconceived, unendurable? Salvini undertakes to show us how, and his demonstration, in which every step is taken with the security of a master, is a triumph of art, of judgment, of taste. His acting is absolutely perfect: the ripeness, the sobriety, the truthfulness of it will remain in the minds of many people as a permanent standard. There is a piece of acting with which the American public has long been familiar which has something of this same psychological quality, as I have ventured to call it; but the material of Mr. Jefferson's admirable *Rip Van Winkle* is infinitely lighter and more limited. There is something extraordinarily affecting in the impression we get that Corrado was meant to be a good fellow; that he feels himself that he is a good fellow; that he eloped with his wife, it's true, but that, after that little adventure was over, he would so willingly have settled down to domestic felicity. He was not intended for false situations, for entanglements and agonies and insoluble problems; though he is all of one piece, as it were, he is not aggressive, and all that he asked was to be let alone and to let others alone. He is dazed and stupefied, although his southern blood spurts up occasionally into flame; he doubts of his own identity, and could easily believe that the whole story is a bad dream, and that these horrible things have not happened to himself. The description of the manner of his escape from prison, which he gives to his old friend Ferdinando and to the treacherous ecclesiastic, Don Giacchino, a long, uninterrupted narrative, which it takes some minutes to deliver, is the most perfect thing in the play. He begins it with difficulty, with mistrust, with diffidence; but as he goes on, his excitement, his confidence, a sense of doing it all over again, take possession of him, and he throws himself, as it were, with a momentary sense of freedom and success — it breaks out in a dozen touches

of nature, of rapture, of familiarity — into the hands of his listeners, one of whom is only waiting to betray him. He not only describes his flight, he lives it over again; for five minutes he is off his guard, and his native good faith is uppermost. I have used the word which sums up the whole of this masterly performance. Corrado is a living figure.

In leaving *The Gladiator* to the last I have left myself no room to speak of it. This, however, I do not particularly regret, as there is little good to be said of the play, and there is less good to be said of Salvini's acting of the principal part than his performance of other characters would lead us to suppose. He can do nothing that is not powerful and interesting; but, all the same, I cannot help thinking his devotion to this feeble and ridiculous piece rather a mistake. The play is full of the incongruous, the impossible; if it had no other fault, it would be open to the objection that it is neither English nor Italian. With a text translated into one language for Salvini, and into another for his assistants, the polyglot system seems peculiarly vicious. *Le Gladiateur* of Alexandre Soumet, of the French Academy, was produced for the first time at the *Théâtre Français*, in 1841; but it had little success, and has, to the best of my belief, never been revived in France. It treats of a Roman empress, whose proceedings are incomprehensible; of a Christian young girl, a slave, of whom the empress is jealous, and whom she dedicates to a martyr's death; and of one of the heroes of the arena, who, when he is on the point of slaying the young girl, — a peculiar task for a gladiator, — discovers, from a scar on her arm, that she is his long-lost daughter. All this is terribly conventional and awkward, and even Salvini's vigorous acting fails to carry it off; there is a terrible want of illusion. The mounting of the play presents insuper-

able difficulties, and the scene in the arena makes a fearful draught upon the imagination without giving us anything in return. An Italian audience will rise to such occasions; it has good faith, a lively fancy, an abundant delight in a story, and a singular absence of perception of the ridiculous. But we poor Americans are made of sterner stuff, and there was something very dull in the house the night *The Gladiator* was played. What I mainly brought away was a recollection of Salvini's robust figure, invested in a very neat *maillot*, of the always magnificent tones of his voice, and of the admirable delivery of several speeches. It did not seem to me the gladiator killed his daughter so well as Salvini does some of his killing; but this young lady was a very difficult person to kill. It is a curious fact that Salvini's make-up in this piece gave him a striking resemblance to the late Edwin Forrest, who also used to represent a gladiator. It need scarcely

be added that the resemblance was superficial.

Salvini's performances in Boston were lamentably few, and we take leave of him with the ardent hope that he will come back to us. We even go so far as to hope that he will, in that case, as on the occasion of his first visit to this country, bring with him an Italian company; though we are sadly afraid there is little ground for either of these hopes. We part from him, at any rate, in admiration and gratitude, and we wish him a continuance of triumphs and honors, with plenty of rest at last. Our American stage is in a state of inexpressible confusion; our American taste is sometimes rather wanting in light. It can do us nothing but good to have among us so noble and complete an artist. His example must be in some degree fruitful; his influence must be in some degree happy. And, fortunately, it is not to be said that we have not appreciated him.

Henry James, Jr.

ONE WOMAN.

THOU listenest to us with unlistening ear;

Alike to thee our censure and our praise:

Thou hearest voices that we may not hear;

Thou livest only in thy yesterdays!

We see thee move, erect and pale and brave;

Soft words are thine, sweet deeds, and gracious will;

Yet thou art dead as any in the grave—

Only thy presence lingers with us still.

With others, joy and sorrow seem to slip

Like light and shade, and laughter kills regret:

But thou—the fugitive tremor of thy lip

Lays bare thy secret—thou canst not forget!

PORT ROYAL.

PORT ROYAL is the old name of a little valley about twenty miles to the west of Paris.¹ As early as 1204 it was made over to pious uses by a crusading baron, lord of the estate, or by his wife, and was long occupied by a convent of nuns, of the order of St. Bernard. The religious house thus founded has linked the name of the little valley with a remarkable movement of thought in the Roman church, as well as with one of the most interesting chapters of monastic life to be found in all Christian history.²

In the year 1599, there was inducted as novice among the nuns of Port Royal a child eight years old, grave and precocious, second daughter of a celebrated advocate named Arnauld, and grandchild of an equally celebrated advocate, Marion. In the view of both father and grandfather, this was simply a convenient way of providing for one of a family of children, which in course of years increased to twenty. To secure for the child the succession to the convent rule, they did not even scruple, a little later, to state her age at least six years more than it was; and, further, to disguise her name by giving, instead, that which she had taken as a sister in the little community. This pious fraud had its effect, not only on the king's good-nature, but also upon the grave dignitaries of the church. At the age of eleven the child Jaqueline Arnauld, famous in religious history as *La Mère Angélique*, became abbess, invested with full authority over the twelve or fifteen young women who then constituted the religious house. Until her death in 1661, at

the age of seventy, the story of Port Royal is almost the personal biography of her who was, during all that time, its heart and soul.

For the first few years we may well suppose that it was something like playing at the austerities of convent life. Very quaint and pretty pictures have come down, to illustrate this period. A morning call of that gay and gallant king, Henry IV., who, knowing that her father was visiting there, came, curious to see the pious flock under their child shepherdess; the little maid herself, in full ecclesiastical costume, and mounted on high pattens to disguise her youth, at the head of her procession to meet her royal visitor at the gate; the kiss he threw over the garden-wall, next day, as he passed by on a hunt, with his compliments to *Madame la petite Abbesse*, — these are bright and innocent episodes in the stormy story of the time.

But a great and sudden change occurred, a few years later. The young abbess, now nearly eighteen years of age, became converted to the most serious and rigid view of the duties of her calling. Gently and kindly, but without an instant's wavering of purpose, inflexible to all temptation and entreaty, she resolved to restore the primitive austerity of the rule of the pious founder, St. Bernard. For one thing, this rule demanded that the time of morning prayer should be carried back to two o'clock from the self-indulgent hour of four; and, for another, that all little personal treasures and belongings should be given up for that perfect religious poverty

histories. A more condensed narrative, composed with excellent skill and knowledge of the ground, by Rev. Charles Beard (*Port Royal, a Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France*, 2 vols., Longman, London), leaves nothing to be desired by the English reader.

¹ The original name is said to have been *Porrois*, and to signify, as near as may be, a bushy pond, or swamp.

² The admirable study of the whole subject by *Sainte-Beuve* (5 vols., Hachette, Paris, 1860) is well known as one of the most perfect of special

which is the ideal of monastic life. In this, the example of the girl abbess, cheerful and resolute in choosing the hardest task always for herself, easily won the day. The crisis of the reform was when, with passionate grief, with tears and swooning, she steadily refused admittance to her own father and brother, hardening herself against their entreaties, anger, and reproach, and would see them only at the little grating that separated the life within from the life without.

The true history of Port Royal dates from this crisis, Wicket Day, September 25, 1609. Just one hundred years and a few days later, early in October, 1709, the malice of the Jesuit party, which for more than half that time had shown a strangely persistent and malignant hostility, had its way. The grounds were laid waste. The sacred buildings were destroyed. Even the graves were dug open and the bodies that had been tenderly laid in them were cast out to be torn by dogs. All was done which insult and wanton desecration could do, to show that the heroic and eventful life of Port Royal was no more.

So far, it is simply the fortunes of one religious house, perhaps no more famous than many others, and not greatly different from them in the sort of story it has to tell. In this view, it is chiefly notable for being, as it were, a family history, connected at every point with the character and fortunes of a single household. Not less than twenty of the family of Arnauld — Angélique herself, her brothers and sisters, and children of a brother and sister — belonged to it, whether as simple nun, as official head, as lay brother, champion, director, or adviser. Of these, the most eminent in the lists of theology was "the great Arnauld," youngest child of the twenty: famous in controversy; indefatigably busy as a writer, scholar, logician, and polemic; staunch in persecution and in

exile to the very close of his long life of eighty-two years (1612–1694). But there is hardly a day or an event in that story, for more than ninety of the hundred years, in which the most conspicuous name on the record is not that of a son or daughter of the family of Arnauld.

A very characteristic feature in the history is the single-hearted fidelity and unwavering courage of the female members of this religious community, which quite surpasses, at one and another crisis, that of their chosen champions and advisers. At least, these religious heroines would neither understand nor admit certain terms of compromise which theological subtilty found it easy to frame and accept. The point at issue was not so much one of opinion as of conscience and honor; and, to the amazement of friend and enemy, a score of these gentle and timid women went without hesitation into prison or poverty for what, in humility of spirit, they made not the least pretension to understand; or, if they did waver, turned back with agonies of remorse to share the poverty or the prison of the rest. It came at length to be a mere question of fact whether five given propositions were contained in certain Latin folios they had never read and could not have understood; but the Pope and the Jesuits had challenged the conscience of the little community, and to give way on one point was to be guilty of all.

This unique fidelity on so fine drawn a line of conscience has to do in part with the general discipline of Port Royal, and with simple loyalty to a religious house. But, in particular, it was created by the singular confidence and weight that were given in that discipline to the counsels of the spiritual director. The confessional had been developed to a system inconceivably vigilant and minute, touching every step of daily conduct. The skill trained under that system had become a science.

It had its recognized adepts, masters, professors, as well known as those of any other art or mystery. No less than three,¹ each of whom may be called a man of genius in this vocation, are identified with the history of Port Royal. That passive heroism which is the great glory of those humble confessors is a quality most certain to be bred and strengthened in the air of the confessional. It goes naturally with the tender piety and the vow of implicit obedience, which are the atmosphere of monastic life. One of the saints of the period, a man of great emotional piety, of fertile and poetic fancy, charitable and tender-hearted to those who might be gained to the faith, and of pitiless rigor to those who would not,² — St. Francis de Sales, — had set that mark deep upon the mind of Angélique Arnauld, and through her it became a quality of the house. Nothing in the religious life, as we see it under such a discipline, is so foreign to our notions as the abject submission of a strong and superior mind to one inferior perhaps in every other quality except the genius and the tact of moral guidance. But nothing is so near the heart of that wonderful power held and exercised by the Roman priesthood.³

A special circumstance brought this religious community more conspicuously to the front, in the history of the time, than its humble locality might promise. As the fame of its discipline spread, the numbers grew. The narrow cells were crowded, and the unwholesome damps bred fever. Sickness and death the pious recluses were content to accept

for their appointed discipline. But good sense prevailed, and an estate in the edge of Paris was bought, built on, and occupied. The most critical events in the story, accordingly, have their place not in the rude valley, but in the tumultuous capital. There are two Port Royals, one "in Paris," one "in the Fields;" and the scene keeps shifting from one location to the other.

Then, too, it was Paris of the Regency and of the Fronde, where some of the most critical years were passed. This brought the religious house upon the scene of sharp conflicts, in church and state, and so exposed it to dangers which in time grew threatening. Some of the famous women of the day, who had been pets of society, or had been deep in political intrigue, found shelter and comfort among the nuns of Port Royal, — notably the famous and too charming Madame de Longueville, sister of the great Condé; drawn, perhaps, by ties of old friendship, or reminiscence of early pious longings, or that recoil of feeling deepening to remorse when a course of vanity and ambition has been run through. Such guests might easily bring upon the most devout of monastic retreats a perilous suspicion of disloyalty to the court.

These are the points of interest we find in the annals of Port Royal simply as a monastic institution, or a group of persons bound by a general sympathy in religious views. These alone make it a unique chapter of religious biography. But these alone are not what make its real importance in Christian history. The hundred years

¹ Saint-Cyran, Singlin, and De Sacy.

² As shown in the exile forced upon those who were not won by his persuasions, who fled in the night across the lake from his parish of Annecy, in Switzerland. In 1599, "he got the Duke of Savoy to expel the Protestant ministers from several districts." He is said to have made 72,000 converts to the Roman faith.

³ Here is the way it looks to the Catholic eye: "The Catholic religion does not oblige one to discover his sins indifferently to all the world. It

suffers him to live concealed from all other men; but it makes exception of one alone, to whom he is commanded to disclose the depth of his heart, and to show himself as he is. It is only this one man in the world whom we are commanded to undeceive, and he must keep it an inviolable secret; so that this knowledge exists in him as if it were not there. Can anything be devised more charitable and gentle? Yet the corruption of man is such that he finds hardship in this command." (Pascal's *Thoughts*, chapter iii. 8.)

covered by the life of this community are the chronological frame which incloses a very remarkable phase in the development of modern Romanism. The obstinate religious controversy on the doctrine of grace, brought so sharply to the front in the conflicts of the Reformation; the long and bitter warfare of Jesuit and Jansenist; the vivacious and eager debate on the ground and form taken in the intricate science of casuistry; the acrimonious discussion as to the exact meaning and import of papal infallibility, — these, no less than the heroic and indomitable temper exhibited by a group of pious recluses in defense of what was to them a point of conscience as well as a point of faith, are what give the story its significance to us.

Port Royal was the centre and soul of what is known as the Jansenist controversy. Jansenism was the last great revolt in protest against official domination, within the lines of the Roman church; and it was effectually suppressed. The story of its suppression is the most striking illustration we find anywhere of that unyielding hardihood in the assertion of authority which that church has deliberately adopted for its policy; of that unrelenting centralism, which does not stick at any inhumanity or any sacrifice, to secure the servile perfection of ecclesiastical discipline. The best intelligence and the truest conscience of the time were clearly on the side of the Jansenist protest; but such reasons weighed not one grain against the hard determination of Pope, Jesuit, and king to crush in the most devout and loyal subjects of the church the meekest and humblest assertion of mental liberty.

For the origin of this controversy we must go back a little way, to the earlier polemics of the Reformation. The doctrine of divine decrees had come to be not only a main point in the creed of Calvin, but a test of fidelity in the Prot-

estant faith. Its strong point, morally, was in setting a direct and explicit command of God to the conscience over against the arbitrary and minute directions of the church, which were sure to run out into a quibbling casuistry. Its weak point was that it declared, or seemed to declare, a downright religious fatalism. The church, on the other hand, in demanding obedience to its rule, must allow something for the liberty of the subject to obey or disobey; while the doctrine of moral freedom, known as Pelagian, or even the semi-Pelagian compromise of it, had always been stigmatized as heresy. Here was a fair and open field for never-ending controversy.

A topic so inviting to scholastic subtlety and polemic ardor could not be neglected by the Jesuits. They became eager champions of free will. Their skill in the confessional had made them masters of the art of casuistry. The whole drift of their method was to make religion a matter of sentiment and blind obedience, rather than of conscience and interior conviction. They must at the same time repudiate the Pelagian heresy, in terms at least; and it was a party triumph when the Spaniard Molina, an eminent doctor of their order, published, in 1588, a treatise to reconcile the sovereignty and foreknowledge of God with the moral liberty of man. The key-word of his argument we shall express accurately enough by the phrase *contingent decrees*. Our acts themselves are not, in fact, predetermined, though the divine foreknowledge of them is infallible. This fine point was seized as a real key to the position. The name "Molinist" is used to define a system of thinking which holds that "the grace of God, which giveth salvation," is not *sufficient* of itself, but requires, to make it *efficient*, the coöperation of the human will. And this may be understood to be the position of the Jesuits in the debate that followed.

But an uneasy sense was left, in many pious minds, that this was not the genuine doctrine of the church. In particular, two young students of theology at Louvain were drawn, about the year 1604, into deep discussion of the point at issue. These were Saint-Cyran, afterwards confessor of Port Royal, and Cornelius Jansen, a native of Holland. They were well agreed that the point must be met by the study of St. Augustine; and the one task of their lives, particularly of Jansen's till his death in 1638, was little else than the exploring and the expounding of this single authority. Jansen is said to have studied all the writings of St. Augustine through ten times, and all those pertaining to the Pelagian controversy thirty times.

The strict Augustinian doctrine of the divine decrees thus became the firm conviction of these two friends, and through them the profession of Port Royal. It differs barely by a hair's-breadth — if indeed any difference can be found — from the Calvinistic dogma. Jansenism is accordingly often called Calvinism, or Protestantism, within the church of Rome. Professing to be the most loyal and sincere of Catholics, the Port Royalists denied that charge. The distinction they made was this: ¹ The fatalistic doctrine, or Calvinism, asserts that there is no such thing as moral liberty at all. The Pelagian doctrine, or Molinism, holds that man's natural freedom suffices to take the first essential step to his own salvation. The true Augustinian doctrine is that man's freedom is (so to speak) dormant and impotent, till it has been evoked by divine "prevenient" grace; then, and not till then, it is competent to act. In short, in the most literal sense, "it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do." ²

The controversy broke out upon the publication, in 1640, of the heavy folios

in which Jansen had summed up the labor of his life; and these folios were searched with jealous eyes, till five propositions were found in them, or were said to be found in them, on which a charge of heresy could be laid. Only two are important enough, or clear enough of technicality, to occupy us here. They are these: (1) that there are duties required of man, which he is naturally unable to perform; (2) that Christ died not for all mankind, but only for the elect.

In the course of the debate, these "five propositions" became very famous. Whether they did or did not exist in Jansen's folios was the point on which, as we have seen, the faithful women of Port Royal staked their loyalty, and underwent their martyrdom. The Pope's bull condemning the volumes asserted that the heresies were there. As good Catholics, the Port Royalists condemned the propositions, but, as loyal members of the community, declared that they were not there. The Pope, they said, was doubtless infallible on a point of faith, but not on a point of fact. To this it was replied that religious faith was demanded for the one; only ecclesiastical or human faith for the other.

On such poor quibbles as these all that long story of persecution turns. It was, to be sure, the proverbial rancor of theological hate that made the attack so bitter. But what rendered it effectual and deadly was that a Jesuit confessor held the conscience (such as it was) of the young king; and that vague dread of disloyalty, with memories of the time when he and his mother were barred out of Paris by the Fronde, made the point a test not only of religious but of political soundness in the faith.

It would be a weary and needless task to trace the changes of fortune that befell the little community during those

¹ See the Provincial Letters, Letter xviii.

² One of the anecdotes of the time when Port Royal was under the darkest cloud is that a Jesuit

prelate, happening to come into church when this text was being read, at once silenced the utterance of the flagrant Jansenist heresy.

fifty evil years. Our concern is only with the movement of thought in which those fortunes were involved. A group of very cultivated, able, and devoted men had gathered in close relations with the religious house. They included brothers, nephews, friends, of the women who had assumed its vows, as well as their clerical advisers. They had founded a famous school at Port Royal in the Fields, and made the estate beautiful and productive by the labor of their hands. We find among them, as pupils or associates, several of the eminent men of letters, including Racine, Boileau, and La Fontaine, who reflected back upon the religious community something of the lustre of that famous and brilliant age.

Bright on the list is the illustrious name of Blaise Pascal, certainly the most vigorous and original genius of the day. At twelve, he was feeling his own way, in his play hours, in the forbidden field of mathematics,—forbidden, because his father wished first to make him master his Latin and Greek; and, when detected, he was trying to prove to himself, what he seems to have divined already, that the three angles of a triangle make just two right angles. At eighteen, to save his father labor in accounts, he devised, and with infinite pains—making with his own hands something like fifty models—constructed, a calculating machine, which was held a miracle of ingenuity, as if he had put mind into brass wheels and steel rods, and actually taught machinery to think.¹ At twenty-four he was in advance of all the natural philosophers of the day, including Descartes, then in the height of his fame, in devising the true test of Torricelli's theory of the weight of the

atmosphere, in the famous experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme, a high hill in his native Auvergne: the mercury, which had stood at something over twenty-six (French) inches at the foot of the hill, showed less than twenty-four inches at its summit. Later in life, he relieved the distresses of an agonizing disease by working out the true theory of the cycloid, and challenging the mathematicians of the day to a solution of its problems.

These feats of a singularly sagacious and penetrating intellect interest us, as showing the high-water mark of the science of the day; but still more, in this particular connection, as a contrast or relief to the share which Pascal had in the religious life of Port Royal, and to the unique place he holds as a religious thinker.

He was by nature seriously inclined. His health broke down early under the strain of study and discipline, and for more than half his life he was a nervous dyspeptic and a paralytic. "From his eighteenth year to the hour of his death, he never passed a day without pain." At one time he had partly recovered under a change of habit, and seems even to have enjoyed the gay life of Paris, with a touch of extravagance. For he chanced, one day, to be driving a carriage with six horses, when the leaders plunged over an unrailed bridge into the river Seine, and only the breaking of the traces saved him from being drowned. He appears never to have recovered from the shock of this accident; and the tradition afterward current was that he always saw a bottomless pit close at his left hand, and could not sit easy in his seat unless a chair or screen were set beside him.

only clockwork, and the cries they uttered when they were beaten were no more than the noise of some little spring that had been moved: all this involved no sensation. They nailed the poor creatures to boards by the four paws, to dissect them while still alive, in order to watch the circulation of the blood, which was a great subject of discussion." (Quoted in Beard's *Port Royal*, from Fontaine's *Memoirs*, iii. 74.)

¹ This notion (if it were really held) was a logical result from the Cartesian dogma which then prevailed, that animals were mere machines. "There was hardly a solitary [at Port Royal] who did not talk of *automata*. To beat a dog was no longer a matter of any consequence. The stick was laid on with the utmost indifference, and those who pitied the animals, as if they had any feeling, were laughed at. They said they were

The impression went deep and strong, naturally enough, in the way of a profound piety and contrition. A younger sister was already one of the religious community of Port Royal. He himself, at twenty-four, in a time of religious revival, came under the powerful influence of the confessor Saint-Cyran. At thirty-one, in the autumn of 1654, after experiencing all the intensity of that spiritual crisis which is termed "conversion," he devoted his life, with absolute power of conviction, to the tasks and disciplines of piety. This rare mind, prematurely great and prematurely lost — for Pascal died at the age of thirty-nine, worn out with cruel austerities¹ and long disease — is the radiant centre in that circle of genius, of profound and devout thought, which makes the intellectual glory of Port Royal.

The story of this religious crisis would not be quite complete without some mention of the famous "miracle of the holy thorn," which took place in the spring of 1656. A fragment of the crown of thorns had come into the possession of a pious enthusiast, who was not content till he had passed it about through several religious houses, to receive their veneration as an inestimable relic. A little niece of Pascal, pupil at Port Royal, was suffering with a "lachrymal fistula," which seemed incurable; but when touched by the holy thorn, it presently discharged, and "the child was healed in the self-same hour." Pascal had no doubt that the miracle was real. The mocking sarcasms of the enemies of the house only made belief in it more fixed and dear. It was the beginning of what grew into a long series of extravagances and scandals, which disfigure the later history of Jansenism,

¹ As if all the rest were not enough, his sister relates that he wore an iron girdle next his skin, armed with sharp points, which he would drive into his flesh with his elbow, if he ever detected himself in any thought of vanity. In short, he as eagerly courted pain for its own sake as the Eastern monks had done in their fanatical austerities.

² In the earlier editions of the Thoughts, very

down to its dregs in the story of the *convulsionnaires*. But now the faith was natural, genuine, and sincere; and it marks the starting-point of that remarkable volume of fragments which we know as Pascal's Thoughts.²

A full descriptive title of Pascal's Thoughts would be, Hints and Fragments of an Essay in Defense of the Christian Religion. Some of the hints are expanded into chapters, or brief essays; and some of the fragments consist of broken phrases, or even single words, written almost illegibly as loose memoranda, and faithfully preserved as they were left by the writer at his death. In the earlier editions, some of the keener points were trimmed away, so as not to disturb the "religious peace" by thorning the Jesuit sensibilities; many of the fragments were omitted, and the whole was made over into an artificial order. Even this smooth manipulation, however, did not disguise the vivacity, the emphasis, the shrewdness and point of these famous paragraphs, which have kept, in the line of theology, a repute something like that of the contemporary *Maxims* of La Rochefoucauld. With equal vigor, they often have almost equal acridity and sharpness. This quality comes from what might almost be called the keynote of the essay, — an incessant brooding on the paradoxes of human nature. Whole pages may be described as an expansion of those vigorous lines in Young's Night Thoughts: —

"How poor, how rich, — how abject, how august, —

How complicate, how wonderful, is Man!"

Pascal puts this paradox in the figure of a self-conscious and sentient reed, — a figure which, after repeated revision, much was altered, suppressed, transposed, or added from other sources. A convenient summary of the literary history may be found in the *variorum* edition of Louandre. (Charpentier, Paris, 1854.) A comparison of texts is absolutely necessary, to see how the precision and vivacity of Pascal's style have often been smoothed into vague commonplace by the early editors.

ion, he has brought at length into this shape : —

“Man is but a reed, the frailest thing in nature, — but a reed *that thinks*. To crush him it does not need the weapons of all the universe : a breath, a drop of water, is enough. But though the universe should crush him, yet man would still be nobler than his destroyer ; for he knows that he is mortal, while the universe knows nothing of its own dominion over him.” (Chapter ii. 10.)

Another aspect of the paradox is given, pungently enough, in this statement of Pascal’s political faith : —

“*Summum jus summa injuria*. The rule [*voie*] of the majority is best, because it is visible, and has strength to make itself obeyed ; still, it is the rule of the incompetent. If it could have been, force would have been put into the hands of justice. But, since force will not let itself be handled as one would, because it is a material quality, while justice is a mental quality, which is directed as one wills, justice has been committed to the hands of force ; and so we call that just which we must obey. Hence comes the right of the sword, — which is, indeed, a veritable right ; for without it violence would be on one side and justice on the other.” (Chapter vii. 8.)

One other example of this epigrammatic turn : —

“Who would fully know the nothingness of man has only to consider the causes and effects of love. The cause is a trifle (*je-ne-sais-quoi*) ; the effects are frightful. That trifle, so slight a thing that you cannot trace it, stirs up all the earth, — princes, armies, the world itself. If Cleopatra’s nose had been a little shorter, all the face of the earth would have changed.” (Chapter viii. 29.)

That there is something cynic and saturnine in this contemptuous wit there is no denying. But there is nothing in the character of the essay, taken broad-

ly, to show Pascal as a skeptic in matters of faith, as is sometimes said, or to hint that his austerities were a sort of penance, to exorcise the spirit of unbelief. Not only are a very large part of the Thoughts a defense of Christianity on the familiar ground of the modern apologist, — the argument from history, prophecy, and miracle, — but in all this portion the tone has absolutely the calm and glad assurance of a pious believer. The very simplicity with which the argument is put, free from all suspicion of the flaws which a later time has found in it, is token of a faith which, in this direction at least, has not yet learned to question.

I think we should state the case more fairly thus. The mind of Pascal had been brought to feel with singular keenness the contrast between the two forms of assurance which we call knowledge and faith, — one reposing on outward evidence, the other on interior conviction. In geometry, he followed precisely, even as a child, the line of mathematical demonstration. In physics, he demanded and desired the most accurate processes of experiment to prove the theory which he already held as a truth of reason. It is a waymark of the advance we have made in Christian history that just here, in the keenest and most reflective intellect of the time, the contrast of those two methods, scientific and intuitive, had come sharply and clearly into consciousness. Pascal was in the very front rank of the scientific advance of his age, — an age of widening discovery and exact observation. But there is no reason to think that religious belief was not just as real and true to him as scientific. The whole method of the life he had adopted, the experiments in living which he saw constantly close about him, made that life as real, and the foundation it rested on as sure, as anything that could possibly be proved in the way of natural science.

In fact, Pascal seems to have held natural science very cheap. It was far, in that age, from having reached the point where it begins to furnish a serviceable law of life. Its widening fields of discovery served for little more than intellectual expansion and delight. To him the system of Copernicus and Galileo was simply a wider void, over against the intense reality he was conscious of in the world of emotion, belief, and hope. Nature, he said, confounds the skeptic; reason confounds the dogmatist.

Nay, it was not that contrast of the outward and inward world — so clear to us as we look back on the mental conditions of his day — which really impressed his mind. It was rather the moral contrast between methods alike purely intellectual. This he discusses with genuine interest under the names of Epictetus and Montaigne. The stoic method he admires, but condemns because it leads to pride. The skeptic or epicurean method he hates, because it leads to contempt. "Epictetus is very harmful to those who are not persuaded of the corruption of all human virtue which is not of faith; Montaigne is deadly to those who have any leaning to impiety and vice." How far science is from giving him any light he shows in the following words: —

"I had spent much time in the study of abstract sciences, and was weary of the solitude I found in it. When I began the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences do not meet his case; that I was more astray in exploring them than others were in ignorance of them, — and so I pardoned their little knowledge. But I thought at least to find many associates in the study of man, and that this is the proper study of mankind. I was deceived. There are still fewer who study that than geometry. It is because we do not know how to study this, that we search out other things. But the truth is that that [natural sci-

ence] is not the knowledge which man needs, and, for his own welfare, he had best be ignorant of it." (Chap. viii. 11.)

All this implies, to be sure, a certain skepticism as to the grounds of intellectual belief, and of its sufficiency for the real wants of human nature; but it does not appear that Pascal ever wavered in the least as to the grounds of religious verity. In truth, was not that for which those humble devotees were so loyal to live and die at least *as real a thing* as that which Galileo saw afar off through a glass darkly?

The fame of Pascal as a writer rests not on the Thoughts, which are broken and incomplete; but on the Provincial Letters, which, for both style and argument, are reckoned among the most perfect of literary compositions. They are claimed, in fact, to have created, as it were, by one master stroke, that clear, graceful, piquant, and brilliant prose style which is the particular boast of the charming language in which he wrote.

These Letters give us, so to speak, the interior history of the conflict of Port Royal against the Jesuits. That is, without telling any of the incidents, they give the line of debate on morals and dogma which shows the course and the spirit of that controversy. To the charges of the Jesuits a labored reply had been made by Arnould, which fell very flat and dead when he read it, by way of trial, to his colleagues. Pascal saw the point, and was persuaded to try his hand. And so came, at due intervals, this series of inimitable Letters Addressed to a Provincial, — probably the most perfect example of grave, sustained, and pungent irony in all literature.

Specimens would not exhibit their quality, as in the case of the Thoughts. The impression, like the expression of a face, must be caught, if not by studying, at least by glancing at, the whole. A large part is taken up with those details of casuistry which have given an evil odor to the very name of what is

really nothing but a study of "cases in morals," — as if it meant apologies for what is immoral, — and have added the word "jesuitry" to the world's vocabulary of contempt. And these are given in the blandest of dialogue between the modest inquirer on one part, who represents the author, and the Jesuit father on the other, who brings out, with a droll complacency, all the ingenious apologies for usury, perjury, theft, and murder to be found in those famous casuists, Molina, Sanchez, and Escobar. Another large part is taken up with those fine-drawn distinctions of philosophic dogma which define the true faith between the Calvinist peril on the right hand and the Molinist on the left.

Now that the glow of controversy has gone out of these Letters, they in their turn have grown tame and dull. It is as impossible to recall the helpless and smarting wrath that chafed under the keen whiplash of moral satire as it is to revive the polemic interest of the debate on sufficient and efficient grace, or on the question — which Richelieu himself had turned aside to argue — whether *attrition* without *contrition* entitles the penitent to absolution. The interior conflicts of Roman Catholic theology two hundred years ago have small interest for us now.

But there is another aspect of the case, which has a very vital meaning to our history, take a view of it as surface broad as we will. The century which embraces the heroic and tragic story of Port Royal is also the century of splendor to the French monarchy; of chief pride and strength to the Gallican church, which sunned itself in the rays of that glittering orb. When our story begins, Henry IV. was concerting an armed league of European powers, which should break the strength of Spain and compel a religious peace. The next year he was stabbed to death by a Jesuit assassin; and the way was opened that led into the horror of the

Thirty Years' War on one side the border, and on the other to the long tragedy of the extermination of Protestantism in France.

It was the age of the great court preachers. Bossuet and Bourdaloue died five years before, and Fénelon six years after, the final desolation of Port Royal. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes — which drove half a million Protestants into exile, hunted out by the terrors of search-warrant and *dragonnade*; which carried misery and dread unspeakable among a whole population, pious, thriving, and pathetically loyal — took place during the height of Jesuit persecution and the exile of the great Arnauld. To make the tragedy more sombre, these horrors were approved, if not incited, not only by those great prelates, but by the exile Arnauld, who was the victim of their hostility. To enhance the irony of the situation, the same alliance of court and Jesuit which persecuted the women of Port Royal for not consenting to the Pope's infallibility in matters of fact as well as in matters of faith had nearly made the church of France independent of the church of Rome. It was heresy not to sign the formulary in which Jansen's five propositions were condemned by Alexander VII.; it was disloyalty not to uphold the king in the four articles of the Declaration, which had been condemned and annulled by Alexander VIII. Nothing, in short, is wanting to proclaim the absolute divorce of ecclesiasticism from humanity or from faith.

To make this evidence of that divorce complete it needed only the tragic and pitiful story of the latter days of Port Royal. It is only at a distance, and very imperfectly at that, that we can know how the cruelty struck into those patient hearts. To be debarred for years from that "frequent communion" which was both the joy and the most sacred duty of their lives; to have the sacraments withheld through suffering months

of sickness, because they would not sign with the hand what was a lie to the heart; to come to the hour of death, and still submit to the cold refusal of the words which to them were passwords and the comforting assurance of eternal blessedness, — all this was reality to them, in a sense we can hardly understand. It is quaintly touching to hear, too, how they flocked as doves to their windows near the convent wall, in midwinter nights, to listen to the voice of their confessor, as he preached to them, perched in a tree outside, — and that by stealth and as it were in flight, for fear of the Jesuit persecutor. Scenes of this sort prove to us, indeed, that the faith of that day was not dead. But they seem to show that when we would

find it we must look for it quite outside that circle illuminated by the burning and shining lights of the official faith.

This judgment would not be quite true. We know that Bossuet was an able, and in his way an estimable, champion of the church he believed in. We can read for ourselves the words of Bourdaloue, that come home genuine and straight to our own conscience. We know that Fénelon was an angel of charity in the diocese to which he had been exiled from the court. But we know, too, that the church which these men served had lost "that most excellent gift of charity;" and even while they served it, it was treasuring wrath against the coming day of wrath, which overtook it in the Revolution.

J. H. Allen.

THE CITY OF EARTHQUAKES.

THE observations of the International Weather Bureau have established the curious fact that storms move in beaten tracks, and that, from their starting-point and general direction, it can be pretty accurately predicted where they will spend their maximum force. But it seems yet stranger that the mysterious underground storms called earthquakes should follow a similar routine, and repeat their dreaded visits with more than the regularity of certain epidemics. In many parts of South America, the natives need no signal bureau to foretell (from the data of the first symptoms) the duration, as well as the direction and the average destructiveness, of an earthquake; and during a five years' residence in Northern Venezuela I had various opportunities to ascertain the accuracy of these predictions.

There are several seismic highways, with pretty well defined boundaries. On the whole, the western coast plain is

more liable to disturbances than the plateau of the Andes. Some of the lateral branches of the main chain enjoy a perfect immunity, while others are rarely out of trouble, like the Cordillera Geral, in Western Brazil, and the coast range of Venezuela. But the most shaky localities are the intersection points of two different earthquake tracks, as the valley of Rio Bamba, in Ecuador, and the coast plain of Caracas. The latter region, comprising the valley of the Rio Arauco, the hills of San Sebastian, and the immediate neighborhood of the capital (Caracas), is perhaps, in all South America, the most favorable locality for the study of seismic phenomena. The Arauco has changed its course three or four times in the course of this century. It is a very Acheron, a central stream of the Plutonic region, and so begirt with sulphur caves, hot springs, and mud geysers that the citizens of Caracas have to get their drinking-water from

the Catucho, six miles further south-west.

Caracas has got used to earthquakes, as Mexico to revolutions. Their frequency has developed a special nomenclature. *Terremoto*, the literal translation of our comprehensive term, would here be as insufficient as the word hurricane for the description of all kinds of atmospheric disturbances; *temblor*, *vibración*, *tremor*, *golpe*, *rasgo*, *rasgada*, *terremoto*, express only a part of the wide scale between a faint vibration and a wall-breaking shock. Of temblors the city has at the very least a semi-weekly supply; golpes (involving broken windows and fractured brick walls) occur about twice a year, in some years every month. This year Caracas weathered fourteen or fifteen of them. During the disastrous first week of September I had a remarkable proof how familiar long experience has made the populace with the attendant and prospective phenomena of the various kinds of earthquakes, and also how impossible it is to predict the day of their advent.

As a general rule, a turbulent spring is followed by a quiet summer; and when I deposited my surveying instruments in the Posada de San Gabriel the landlord congratulated me on the prospect of a *tiempo mas pacífico*, a period of more than usual peace. There had been two severe shocks in the preceding month, and no end of temblors, and the probabilities were that the rest of the year would make amends. The atmospheric indications were also more favorable: the ominous mist of the coast range had cleared away, and for a week or so we could hope to sleep in peace.

That was on the 5th of September. The following day was even brighter. A light haze veiled the horizon of the Orinoco Valley, where the rainy season still resisted the influence of the trade-winds, but not a cloud approached the coast plain. The air was both clear

and cool. But in the afternoon, about an hour before sunset, I heard a sound of hurried footsteps on the front stairs of the hotel, and the guests on the veranda put their heads together.

"What is it?" I inquired. "The stage from Guarenas?"

"No; I wish it was," said the landlord. "The driver could tell us about it, I suppose. They say there has been another temblor on the river, all the way from Guarenas to Pao."

"Yes, and clear across to the coast," added one of the new-comers. "The Artigas in Santa Rita [the northern suburb of Caracas] are quite sure that they felt it in their own garden. It jarred the glass in their garden house."

"Well," said the landlord, "if it is not a *local* shake, we need not care. The uplanders have not had their fair share, anyhow."

The stage was late, that evening. Between Santa Rita and the hotel, the driver had been stopped at nearly every street corner, and his arrival filled the house with newsmongers. There had been two very perceptible jars at Guarenas, and half an hour after he had left the village he had heard a many-voiced shout, very likely a signal of something worse than a temblor. Guarenas is the alarm station of the Arauco track. Its valley seems to be the very centre of the Caracas earthquake region, and an alarm cry, or sometimes the boom of an old howitzer, is a well-understood danger-signal for the neighboring villages.

"Yes, that settles it," said the landlord. "It's a *golpe de fuera* [a shock from the outer regions, a non-local disturbance], and it may reach all the way to Cumana."

The local earthquakes seem to have their centre in the mountains of Caracas, and seldom reach the coast, while the pandemic shocks are supposed to originate in the Andes of New Granada, and often shake the continent from the Isthmus to the mouth of the Orinoco.

"At what time to-morrow" I inquired, "do you think we shall have another shake?"

"It will be sooner than to-morrow, if it comes at all," said the *posadero*; "but it will not ruin us, or we should have had a share of it before this."

The night was clouded, but certainly not sultry, and at nine o'clock the streets were still full of promenaders. Two hours later I was awakened by the rattling of a passing carriage, mingled with the hum of so many voices on the veranda that I was not quite sure if the sudden vibration of a window-shutter came from below or from the window of my bedroom. The next moment all was absolutely still. Was it the expectant silence of a whole city listening for a repetition of the tremor? I do not know if the heavier earthquake shocks are preceded by any sensible, though inaudible, symptoms; but I remember that in walking towards the window I clutched the bedpost just a second before the house was shaken by a violent concussion, directly followed by several short, sharp jolts, such as the occupants of a heavy coach might feel if the freak of a runaway horse should jerk the vehicle to the top of a narrow platform, and then rattle it down a flight of steps on the other side.

There was a general rush down-stairs, and my first impulse was to gain the open street without a moment's loss of time; but the mere sound of a calm human voice has a marvelously reassuring effect.

"Never mind the bottles, Frank," I heard the landlord call out to one of his waiters. "Just move the cupboard back, and shut the windows."

I closed my own window, and walked down-stairs. There was nobody in the office, but in the dining-room several waiters were running to and fro, removing the plates and glasses. The hall was empty; nearly all the up-stairs boarders were foreigners, and most of

them had actually rushed out in their stocking-feet. But on the veranda I found several late guests, besides the landlord and Professor S——, of the Geological Survey, who had accompanied me on my return trip from Cumana.

"*No hay cuidado*, — no danger, no danger," repeated the landlord. "This house was built for that very kind of accident, and the roof-girders are mortised all around."

But that might be a routine speech; for in talking to somebody in the hall I heard him add, in a whisper, "Say, run back and tell Pablo [his youngest son] to hurry up." "No, it is not over yet," he replied to a *sotto-voce* remark of the professor's. The people of Caracas seemed to share that opinion. There was a light in nearly every window, and the square was full of refugees, while a number of *serenos*, or night-watchmen, ran from house to house, and knocked hurriedly at every unopened door. The capital of Venezuela signalizes its loyalty by the consumption of native wines, and the sleep of some extra patriotic burgher might be earthquake proof.

"Yes, that was a *golpe transversal*," remarked the landlord, "a transverse shock, that did not come from our mountains, but merely crossed them on its way to the coast. If it goes in its old track, I am afraid the people of Rio Chico will have to build their cabins over again, this third time since last February."

The sky had cleared up, and a late moon brightened the house-tops with its peaceful light; but now and then the windows rattled ominously, and the watchmen were still hammering away from door to door, when Nature found a way to second their efforts in a very effectual manner. A shock like the thump of an explosion shook the town, and on the lower steps of the veranda (resting on nearly level ground) I felt a push, as if the flag-stones under my feet had been dislodged by a *sideward*

blow. All along the street pieces of broken glass and stucco rattled down on the pavement; the assembly on the plaza swelled suddenly to a vociferous crowd; the great bell of the Alta Gracia rang out a booming alarm peal; and a minute after a six-horse carriage came tearing down the street with the impetus of a firemen's team, — the patrol wagon, going to the penitentiary to remove and guard the prisoners. The bells paused for a moment, and "Dios, Dios, ten piedad!" (Have mercy, Lord!) resounded through the streets as plainly as words spoken in a closed room; for I believe that the prayer was uttered by half the inhabitants of the populous town. There was no kneeling in the streets, and no ceremonies; the cry came from their hearts, and, though nobody shouted, the thirty thousand voices swelled the chorus, above all the dim and tumult of the distracted city. For the next ten minutes the clatter of falling *débris* continued, as if the buildings were still vibrating from the after-effects of the first concussion; for the occasional underground rumblings felt rather like the recoil of a distant shock. But presently the multitude crowded towards the up-town quarters. There was a panic in one of the river suburbs, and even through the tramp of the general flight we could hear the distant echo of an outcry that meant something more than the yells of an idle mob. The warehouse of the associated foreign merchants had fallen, and the custom-house building was *dislocado*, — disjointed and top-heavy, and going to collapse. Rumor added that the Plaza de la Torre was a mass of ruins; the mischief was spreading; the prophecy of Dr. Ortiz — a local Venor — was coming to pass.

"All possible," said the landlord; "but we are safe. It's spreading northward; it has passed us, and the golpes de fuera never turn back."

He said this in a tone of calm conviction, and, indeed, soon after locked his

office door, and sent his children to bed. Several of the city guests went home, and after waiting another quarter of an hour, during which the rumbling of the subterranean forces seemed to recede, like the muttering of a retreating storm, I lighted a candle, and returned to my bedroom.

The next morning the crowd around the telegraph office almost blocked the street. Caracas has no Associated Press, and the telegraph companies issue official bulletins at five or ten cents each, according to size and import. This morning their middle-men charged a *real* (about twelve and a half cents), and twice as much to buyers who would not wait, for the demand exceeded the supply. The earthquake had shaken the whole north coast of South America, besides five of the seven Isthmus States, with the main axis of its progress along the track of 1826. The shock at 2.20 A. M. had traveled three thousand miles in less than half an hour. Guayaquil, Ventura, Maracaibo, Caracas, Aspinwall, and San Juan de Nicaragua had been visited by a coast wave, that tore ships from their moorings, and buried hundreds of shore-dwellers under the ruins of their houses. In Venezuela the Arauco track had deflected the main wave, and the coast towns had suffered comparatively little, with the exception of Rio Chico (the very place my host had mentioned when he recognized the shock as a golpe transversal), where half the buildings, mostly adobe cabins, had been prostrated by the first concussion. In Caracas itself the total loss amounted to eight persons killed, twenty-six wounded, sixty-two buildings totally destroyed, and sixty-seven "disjointed" or badly cracked. The serious damage was confined almost wholly to the river suburb. The up-town quarters had escaped with broken stuccoes, and the famous Calle de San Martin was again entirely unharmed.

In 1812, when *fourteen thousand* persons were killed by the fall of their

dwelling, the San Martin district got off with four shattered brick houses, and in 1826 with a few broken windows. The current explanations of this immunity vary from the most fanciful conceits (as the prophylactic influence of a votive tablet at a certain corner of the favored street) to Professor McKinney's theory, that the formation of the subjacent rocks isolates that part of the table land from the surrounding strata. Several smaller streets, and even single buildings, irrespective of their architectural distinctions, pass for earthquake proof, and experience has generally justified that confidence. The north side of the Plaza del Presidio has never sustained any serious damage, while the west and east sides of the same square are as liable to accidents as the worst parts of the river suburb. The *puntas tremolosas*, the shaky districts, are likewise well known, but, in consequence of the lower rents, not less well inhabited; some of them being, indeed, in the very centre of the business part of the town, — like the "factory quarter" and the river-side taverns. The old cathedral, too, seems to have been founded on an extremely tremulous basis, and in its present condition is perhaps the strangest-looking minster in Christendom. The earthquake of 1812 had cracked its west wall so badly that the dome threatened to collapse, and as a provisory measure the building was propped up with massive, but rather unsymmetrical, buttresses. Soon after, the top of the dome *did* fall, and was imperfectly repaired, while the buttresses not only remained, but now support the least grotesque-looking part of the structure; for on the east side and above the façade large breaches in the masonry have been patched up with brickwork, at the expense of a pious tiler, who, during the catastrophe of 1826, had made a vow to repair the sacred edifice with his own hands.

The foreign residents of Caracas generally prefer the southern (up-town)

quarters, whereas the natives take the cheaper lodgings and the additional risk. But the experience of the last fourteen generations has somewhat diminished that risk. Caracas was founded in 1567, and has been visited by eighteen terremotos, or earthquakes of the first magnitude. Golpes, rumblings, and tremors are never counted, but must amount to an average of sixty appreciable shocks per year; involving an average yearly damage of three hundred thousand dollars, or the equivalent of a per capita tax of four dollars. This impost has taxed the ingenuity of the inhabitants, and taught them some useful lessons. Projecting basement corners (giving the house a slightly pyramidal appearance) have been found safer than absolutely perpendicular walls; mortised cornerstones and roof-beams have saved many lives, when the central walls have split from top to bottom; vaults and keystone arches, no matter how massive, are more perilous than common wooden lintels, and there are not many isolated buildings in the city. In many streets broad iron girders, riveted to the wall, about a foot above the house door, run from house to house along the front of an entire square. Turret-like brick chimneys, with iron top ornaments, would expose the architect to the vengeance of an excited mob; the roofs are flat, or flat terraced; the chimney flues terminate near the eaves in a perforated lid.

Every house has its *lado seguro*, or safety side, where the inhabitants place their fragile property; and there is a supposed and not altogether imaginary connection between *north sides* and security. The transcontinental shocks move from west to east, the local ones from east to west, and sometimes from north-east to northwest; so that in two out of three cases the west and east walls have been stricken broadside, while no shock has ever approached the town from the north, that is, from the direction of the sea. A native of Venezuela would laugh

at the idea that a terremoto is an *upheaval* of the ground. The movements of dislodged rocks, the disjointment of house walls and their way of falling, the motions of a tidal wave during the progress of an earthquake, all prove that the shock is a *lateral push*, and that its operation could be imitated on a small scale by covering a table with loose pebbles, card houses, etc., and striking the edge of the board.

For some less obvious reason, walled cellars are supposed to be unsafe, or "unlucky," as the Spaniards express it. Subterranean storehouses, they hold, ought to have board partitions, or should not be immediately under the house. Bedsteads, experts say, should not be placed too near a window; for if the wall gives way it is apt to split along the weakest line of the masonry. For the same reason, it is unlucky to stand in an open door. The safest place, during the progress of an earthquake, is the north side, or the centre of a room, or else the middle of the open street. The slightest sensible vibration is more ominous than the audible collapse of an adjoining house; for the safety districts are bounded by sharp-drawn lines, and often comprise only a portion of a square, and even of a single building, as in the case of the Mint and Assaying Office, whose eastern wing has never been damaged. On the whole, I noticed that the owner of a lucky house is apt to overrate its stability; for even in the perilous districts the markets are often crowded with buyers and sellers, while an adjoining street resounds with the crash of falling bricks. In some cases, however, this apparent recklessness can be ascribed to a certain constitutional stoicism of the Spanish race. On the day before I left Caracas, I saw one of the victims of the river suburb, a Catalan guitar virtuoso, who had lost his younger brother, a *trobadero*, or ballad singer, and, with the exception of a still younger sister, his only relative on

this side of the ocean. He was playing in a public garden, and strummed away, with half-closed eyes, but in perfect tune and time, though the sobbing little girl at his feet sometimes obliged him to avert his face. It was no "tragedy combination," for I was assured that the circumstances of the accident were well known, and that the poor fellow played against his will, and only in preference to paying the forfeit of a broken engagement!

Intermittent dangers stimulate the spirit of augury, and the burghers of Caracas have a whole system of earthquake prognostics; but it is a significant circumstance that all the more plausible portents refer to the local disturbances. On the day before a heavy shock a hot spring near Plan del Cura, some twenty miles north of the capital, has often suddenly failed. The valley of the Rio Arauco has a Delphic cave, where the rumbling of the subterranean Titans can be heard sooner than elsewhere. Low water, not preceded by an unusual drought, is a suspicious sign; and if the Cura spring fails at the same time, true believers go to bed with their boots on, although skeptics assert that both phenomena are apt to prophesy after the event. A mist in the afternoon is regarded as a harbinger of mischief, and in order to distinguish it from a common dust haze the natives watch the wooded heights of San Sebastian; for during the dry season the *paramos*, the treeless table-lands north of the city, are in a chronic state of haziness.

Transcontinental shocks sometimes announce their approach by slight tremors, that can be observed only in special localities. Of the various vibration gauges, the most popular is the *cruz sonante*, a T-shaped frame, connected with a little bell, and attached to the centre of the ceiling. Foreign scientists have contrived more delicate indicators, which, however, are apt to prove too much, by indicating the approach of every rum-

bling street car, — as barometrical portents may announce a thunder-shower as well as subterranean thunder; and the natives generally prefer to rely on their bell-frames, or else on the verdict of an approved *tembloron*, a person endowed with a gift of prescience, varying from the presentiments of a nervous organization to a sort of seismic second-sight.

There are native savants, who base their auguries on systematic observations, but in the river suburb nearly every street has an earthquake Cassandra or two, who would scorn the aid of a signal bureau, and anticipate the course of nature by weeks and months; and a Pythian huckster on the Plaza de la Torre goes so far as to predict the vicissitudes of special streets, and ascribes her talent to a hereditary gift of clairvoyance, and tradition admits that her mother foretold the very hour of the great earthquake of 1826. There are dogs, cats, and jerboas (a sort of kangaroo-shaped rodent) that anticipate the shadow of coming events by methods of their own, and manifest their feelings by a peculiar kind of restlessness. Several intelligent natives of my acquaintance boast the possession of an oracular quadruped of that sort, but the trouble is that auguries by that channel give so very short notice.

Tender-footed cats may *feel* a vibration before it becomes distinct enough to affect a bell-frame, but most animals are as indifferent to such portents as to their fulfillment. Nature, in fact, has no special reason to warn them; for to the creatures of the wilderness an earthquake is, after all, a rather unimportant event, as compared with a storm or a frost. A moderately well-rooted forest tree can stand an earthquake better than any building, and to the inhabitants of the prairies the most violent trembling

of the ground can cause nothing but a trifling inconvenience, a momentary difficulty to preserve their equilibrium. On the pastures of Venezuela cattle graze peacefully the year round, except in the mountains, where the noise of falling rocks sometimes stampedes a whole herd. Still, there is a tradition that, a few hours before the catastrophe of 1812, a Spanish stallion broke out of its stable in the river suburb, and took refuge in the eastern highlands.

That horse could have taught the founders of Caracas a valuable lesson. They began by grading the terraces along the banks of the Rio Arauco, and it was a bad mistake to bridge the river at a point where countless caves and crevices proclaim the activity of the subterranean forces. A little further east, or below the junction of the Catucho, the city would have been comparatively safe. Between the Plaza de la Torre and the foot of Santa Marta Street nearly every house has been destroyed and rebuilt five or six times; and, further west, a large tract of land has been entirely deserted, and is now a military drill-ground. Caracas is moving eastward; the upper (northeastern) suburbs grow from year to year, while the streets below the mint exhibit manifold signs of neglect. The agricultural population of the surrounding country has steadily increased; for crops are not materially the worse for a periodical instability of the ground, except perhaps in the orange district of Valencia, and at the mouth of the coast rivers, where tidal waves have often submerged the littoral plantations.

Intelligent observers therefore predict that, in spite of local and imported earthquakes, the population of Northern Venezuela will continue to increase, but that the present site of Caracas will ultimately be abandoned.

Horace D. Warner.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS.¹

IN the long-expected work of which the first part lies before us, Professor Child undertakes to give every existing version of every popular English ballad, together with its comparative history, including an analysis of all forms in which the song may appear on the continent of Europe, and an account of such traditions as may illustrate its principal traits. The preparations undertaken in order to carry out this project have been commensurate with the extent of the plan: gleanings have been made of the scanty remains of the ancient song still traditional in Great Britain and America; all unpublished ballad-manuscripts which it was possible to reach have been either purchased or copied, and have found a secure lodging in the library of Harvard University; while a collection of folk-lore, aiming at entire completeness, and probably the richest in the world, has been gathered by the same library; so that if the admirable talent and system which have lately rendered that institution most convenient for working purposes are taken into account, it is certain that no other scholar in this department of knowledge has had such means at his disposal.

The present work comes to fill a disgraceful vacancy in English literature. There exists, indeed, no edition of English ballads having claims to critical excellence, except that put forth by Professor Child in 1857-58, under the name of *English and Scottish Ballads*, consisting of eight volumes. It is curious to contrast the small stock of foreign material then at hand with the vast range of popular lore now available for comparison. The editor could even at that time refer to the great work which has served as a model for the present

edition, — that of Svend Grundtvig, *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser*, which, begun in 1853, with the support of the Danish government, finished its second volume in 1856, but yet remains incomplete. Beside the older Danish and Spanish books, and several modern German collections, he had before him the Swedish of Arwidsson, of Afzelius, and of Cavallius and Stephens; the songs of modern Greece were represented by Fauriel, Servian ballads by Talvj, while the volumes of Villemarqué, not yet discredited, professed to contain ancient Breton lays. His sole predecessor in the comparative treatment of folk-song, Robert Jamieson, was acquainted only with Scandinavian parallels. Jamieson had very just views of the relationship of Scottish and Scandinavian folk-lore, and has supplied subsequent writers not only with much of their knowledge on the subject, but with ready-made errors; for, happening to allude, in his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806), to well-known Danish collectors by the names of Sæffrensen and Say, instead of (Sørensen) Vedel and Syv respectively, he is religiously followed by Mr. William Allingham in *The Ballad-Book*, and by Professor Veitch, the last British writer on the subject, in his *History and Poetry of the Scotch Border* (1878), although Jamieson had done his best to correct the faults in *Northern Antiquities* (1814). Perhaps if Professor Veitch had taken the trouble, as part of the preparation desirable for writing on ballads, to read the latter book, he would not have informed us that the song of the Border land has been a pure growth of the soil. After Jamieson, only one British comparative student of popular poetry need be mentioned, Dr. Prior,

¹ *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Edited by FRANCIS JAMES CHILD. Part I. Bos-

ton: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

whose translation of Ancient Danish Ballads, published in 1860, despite faults of taste and an erroneous view of ballad origins and dates, is characterized by sound and extensive learning. During the last twenty years, strange to say, no English work of any consequence has been done. The whole wide field has been left to be occupied by the present editor alone.

The most remarkable addition to the literature of the subject within this quarter of a century has been made in France. In 1853, the celebrated Ampère drew up a remarkable paper of instructions on the part of the Comité de la Langue de l'Histoire et des Arts, directing the collection of the popular songs of France. It had generally been supposed that no French ballads survived, even that none had ever existed; but, as a result of this effort, several excellent publications appeared, proving the continued life of the ballad on French soil; and a great manuscript gathering of popular poetry remains in government possession, of which a copy has been taken for the library of Harvard University. Of late years, every civilized country of Europe has joined in the task of preserving the ancient national poesy. The work of Arbaud revealed the existence of old ballads in Provence; that of Milá y Fontanals showed that such still abound in Catalonia; the publications of Ferraro and many others have established that a limited number of such songs are to be found in Italy; Spanish literati, though late in the field, are now pursuing the same object, their land being rich in every species of traditional lore; while nowhere have such investigations been pursued with more ardor or success than among Slavic peoples. As a consequence of this activity we find that, in treating of the single ballad of Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight, Professor Child is able, in the course of a discussion of thirty pages, to point out Dutch, Flemish,

Danish, Icelandic, Swedish, Norwegian, German, Polish, Wendish, Bohemian, Servian, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Breton, and Magyar equivalents, citing (if we count correctly) eighty-five collections.

It must not be supposed that the attempt to exhibit side by side all obtainable versions of a popular song is one of those scholarly enterprises in which the value consists more in the completeness itself than in any direct result. The ballads taken down from recitation in Scotland, or on the Scottish border,—commonly called Scottish, although they are such only in so far as they have been longest preserved and finally recorded in that dialectic form,—have been transmitted to us by the earlier editors in a sadly mangled guise. Not all of these, indeed, were as reckless correctors and rewriters as Percy, who had no more hesitation about providing an ancient song with a beginning, middle, or end, suitable to his own ideas of literary propriety, than he had in introducing into his work “a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing,” “to atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems.” But, unfortunately, all of them were more or less poets on their own account, and saw no reason for omitting to improve a barbarous composition with a smooth line, now and then, or neglecting to fill up any gap as fancy suggested. Almost all of them, from Scott down, had a secret or avowed contempt for the “rude” compositions which they reproduced, and considered that a great part of the value of these was to set off as a foil the immense progress which had been made by their own “polished age,” as they chose to term it, and which we, in impatience and disgust, are often inclined to characterize with very different epithets. It is indeed difficult to accept the taste of the time as a sufficient excuse for these mutilations, when we observe that nearly all these editors made profession of an accuracy which

their practice was far from exemplifying. But an account of the changes of popular taste, as exemplified in the treatment and estimation of English folk-song, would be a curious and melancholy chapter of the records of intelligence, which we have no space to set forth. It is enough to say that the state in which English ballads have reached us often renders necessary, for their appreciation, all the illustration available from every known version, as well as the light which an examination of parallels in other languages may cast on their original character.

There will never be any more popular ballads. Made to be understood through the ear, not the eye; characterized by the inimitable freshness, sweetness, and simplicity of oral tradition, they present a pleasant contrast to the poetry of thought, which constantly tends to become more abstruse and subtle. The most recent (if we except a few lays of local history, composed at a comparatively late day in isolated districts, where the ancient style of poetry continued in vogue) have remained for centuries on the lips of the people; changing, indeed, linguistic form from generation to generation, but in the main preserved with marvelous persistency, as the vehicle of the pleasures and sorrows of a nation. We hold that this very use and diffusion put popular ballads on an entirely different footing from literary productions, which may represent only the fancy of a single individual, who has perhaps chiefly in view his own literary reputation. The national song must be taken for what it is; its many and immortal beauties reverently owned; its traits, unpleasant, or even at times repulsive, to modern sentiment, tolerated as the property of a different social state. Every fragment must be gathered up; and when the modern relics of the ancient treasure present, as they often do, inconsistencies and absurdities, we must consider these as results of the impurity

of the soil through which the once crystal water has percolated. If we may be allowed a comparison, it is as with the violets of the wood, gathered late in the season, which are fairest in clusters; even half-withered blooms may add somewhat to the impression of color, and assist to express the character of the flower.

Independently of the pride which an American may properly take in every enterprise which shows how rapidly scholarship in this country is progressing, there is a special reason why he may be pleased that the English folk-song should have first received adequate attention and study in the United States. It seems to attest his claim of co-proprietorship in the treasures of the language. In particular, many of these ballads have been handed down and sung, from generation to generation, in the New England as well as in the Old. Halliburton, in the *Attaché*, makes Mr. Hopewell, an aged clergyman, educated before the Revolution "at Cambridge College in Massachusetts," say, "Our nursery tales taught our infant lips to lisp in English, and the ballads that first exercised our memories stored the mind with the traditions of our forefathers." The assertion is much more literally true than we had, until lately, supposed. In the last generation, the usual amusement at evening gatherings in New England country towns was singing; and among the "love songs" then current were, without doubt, many ballads. A gentleman, born in Massachusetts during the first quarter of the century, has assured us that his nurse, an American woman, was in the habit of singing to him such lays, often treating of heroes, who, as he expressed it, left their country "for a year and a day," returning, perhaps, in time to save their deserted mistresses from wedding another. So nearly has this lore perished that it must always remain uncertain how large a measure of the ancient ballad poetry

Puritans brought with them to American shores; yet it is our impression, founded upon the remnants which exist, and upon information similar to the foregoing, that a very tolerable ballad-book might have been made in New England about the beginning of the century. The present volume includes two such pieces, one the ballad of Lord Randal, or, as it seems to have been known in Massachusetts, Tiranti, which has remained familiar on account of the character it assumed as a nursery song.

Only second in importance to the undertaking of a complete publication of ballad texts are the results — as remarkable as unpretentiously stated — of the editor's comparative research of the twenty-eight ballads contained in the first part (about one eighth of the designed whole), almost every one (the five or six exceptions being fragments) has equivalents in other tongues, either in the form of song or tale. As an example of the wonder and romance with which the subject abounds, take the ballad of Earl Brand, who has fled with "the king's daughter of fair England;" the song proceeds: —

"They have ridden o'er moss and moor
And they met neither rich nor poor.

"Until they met with old Carl Hood;
He comes for ill, but never for good."

The lady advises her lover to put to death the "old carl;" but he replies, —

"O lady fair, it wad be sair,
To slay an old man that has grey hair."

The aged stranger accuses Earl Brand of carrying off the maid, and will not be put off with the assertion that she is only his sick sister, whom he is bringing from the cloister.

"If she be sick, and like to die,
Then why wears she the gold on high?"

The seeming beggar reports the elopement at the castle, and the knight is pursued, and in the end mortally wounded.

Most curious are many traits of the English (and Scandinavian) ballad, which

may possibly (though we cannot regard it as made out) be a mediæval echo of the lay of Helgi Hundingslayer, in the Edda of Sæmund. But however this may be, Professor Child has shown that the "old Carl Hood" of the song is none other than Odin himself, who thus, disguised as a (presumably blind) beggar, plays exactly the same part of a mischievous tell-tale which we find him assuming in the heathen poesy of a thousand years earlier. How full of instruction and suggestion, how replete with food for thought and fancy, is this wonderful survival of the figure of the capricious deity once worshiped in England!

We must cite an instance of a different character. The story of Orpheus and Eurydice was turned into a mediæval romance, in which the king of fairyland plays the part of Pluto, the faithfulness of love is rewarded, and Eurydice (or Heurodis) restored to the light of day. The oldest form of the tale is found in the Auchinlech manuscript, dating from the beginning of the fourteenth century. At the end of this copy it is stated that harpers in Britain heard this marvel, and made a lay thereof, which they called, after the king, Lay Orfeo. Wonderful to state, it is but three years since this very ballad was recovered in the Shetland Isles, in a beautiful dialectic version, from which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving a few verses; the refrain, as Scandinavian and nearly unintelligible, we omit: —

"Der lived a king inta da aste,
Der lived a lady in da wast.

"Dis king he has a hunting gaen,
He's left his Lady Isabel alane.

"Oh, I wis ye'd never gaen away,
For at your home is döl an wae.

"For da king o Ferrie we his daert,
Has pierced your lady to da hert."

The king, having thus learned from his

retainer the fate of his queen, sets out in search of the fairy castle.

"And aifter dem da king has gaen,
But whan he cam it was a grey stane.

"Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,
Bit sair his hert wi döl an wae.

"An first he played da notes o noy,
An dan he played da notes o joy."

He is invited into the hall, plays for the fairy king, and is asked at last, —

"'Noo tell to us what ye will hae:
What sall we gie you for your play?'

"'What I will hae I will you tell,
And dat 's me Lady Isabel.'

"'Yees tak your lady, an yees gaeng hame,
And yees be king ower a' your ain.'

"He's taen his lady, an he's gaen hame,
And noo he's king ower a' his ain."

Has the beautiful classic tale ever inspired any minstrelsy in its way more pleasing than this song, taken in the nineteenth century from the lips of an illiterate peasant?

The mechanical execution of the volume demands the highest praise. The typography and paper and all the externals of this sumptuous quarto challenge comparison with the very choicest work of foreign presses.

MR. ISAACS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

MR. ISAACS¹ is certainly a very unusual character; we had almost said a character new to fiction, but reminiscences of Bulwer make it difficult to go so far as that. The novel of which he is the hero has, with strange perversity, been heralded as an "American novel;" but there is nothing whatever in it relating to America, beyond incidental reference and the circumstance that the sub-hero, who is the ostensible narrator, is an American born in Italy, and very much Europeanized. Half the characters are English, and the scene is laid in India. If such a principle of announcement were to become common, we might naturally expect the next effort at an exhaustive New World romance to be described as an Irish story, should one of the *dramatis personæ* happen to hail from the unhappy island. Ignoring this point, however, for which the author is not to be blamed, we may as well say at once that the story is one of remarkable power and originality;

meritorious beyond the average good novel of the day, not only by its graphic method and verisimilitude, but also by the impressiveness of its central, regnant idea. The name of the author, who is a son of the American sculptor Crawford, is not familiar in the literary field, but we are disposed to think that an enviable reputation will, before long, attach to it; and although he has not yet given us an American novel, he makes an appreciable addition to the brief catalogue of American novelists. His story starts off with sundry paragraphs on freedom and despotism as affecting the growth of adventurers, which seem rather to prelude a historical essay than a concoction of imaginary occurrences; yet when the narration has been entered upon, the book proceeds with signal energy, and can hardly fail to keep the close attention of any one who is susceptible to pungent, healthy writing, and to that swift truth of picturesque touch which belongs to trained observers.

The chief personage is an enormously rich merchant of jewels, who is not, as would at first be supposed from his

¹ *Mr. Isaacs. A Tale of Modern India.* By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

name, a Hebrew, but a Persian; and his true appellation, which he has dropped for the sake of business convenience, is Abdul Hafiz-ben-Isäk. A most extraordinary creature he is, too. Although he has never been in England, he speaks English like an Oxford graduate; he is a marvel of strength and grace, having a body which displays a "perfect harmony of all the parts," a "noble face and nobler brain," and eyes the brilliancy of which, the author says, would but imperfectly be reproduced by a jewel of six precious stones which he once saw. These orbs "blazed with the splendor of a god-like nature, needing neither meat nor strong drink to feed its power." His face, of "a wondrous transparent olive tint," in one instance "seemed transfigured with a glory, and I could hardly bear to look at him." His voice is sweet, or rings like a trumpet; he goes into a cataleptic trance; he has command of an occult remedy, the influence of which cures a hurt at a certain moment, though if allowed to continue active one hour longer it would be fatal. But, besides having the most exalted thoughts and the finest intuitions, he is a crack shot and a prime polo-player; so that he escapes being a prig, — if, indeed, there can be such a thing as an Oriental prig. Insistence upon perfections so numerous threatens, during the first half of the story, to make the man unendurable; and in overcoming the fatigue that impends from this source, Mr. Crawford exhibits genuine force and skill, since it requires both to enlist one's sympathies for a hero apparently so little in need of them. The situation helps the novelist here. This paragon is a Mussulman, and has three wives; but he has become dissatisfied with their pettiness, their bickerings and want of intellectuality, and has adopted unflattering views of women in general. Just then it happens that he meets a finely typical English girl, almost as perfect in her Western way as

he is in the Eastern, — beautiful, physically strong, gentle, and brave, — with whom he falls in love; and she, although aware that he is a triple-wedded man, cannot forbear returning the attachment. The difficulty of this position is alleviated by the Mahometan system, which provides for easy divorce; so that Islamic marriages are regarded by the English as hardly marriages at all, — mere unfortunate errors, into which a man has been deluded by his religion. But the author's purpose in taking so peculiar a subject is not that he may depict any struggle between passion and occidental propriety, or obtain an effect without value other than that of *bizarrie*. Through his love for Miss Westonhaugh, Isaacs is raised to a higher conception of the feminine nature. Hitherto he had "accepted woman and ignored womanhood," as the Buddhist Ram Lal is so well made to say, but he now rises to a higher perception. Fate interposes to prevent his union with Miss Westonhaugh; and then it is that Isaacs reaches a still profounder insight into the relation of man to woman, arriving at the knowledge of a spiritual union which may subsist after death has divided the lovers. Casting off the fetters of Islam, he retires with Ram Lal; whither is not stated distinctly, but to enter upon a life of devotion to the purely spiritual, — to become a Yogi, perhaps, one of the "brethren," an adept, awaiting translation to a higher existence, — and leaves all his wealth to one who had befriended him. With this partial echo of Edwin Arnold's Great Renunciation the book closes. The author has at command an abundant paraphernalia of local details, that give novelty to the scene, — chuprassies, saices, shekarries, khitmatgars, sowars, pipe-bearers, and narghiles. There is a spirited description of a polo-match, and a long account of a tiger-hunt, which has an important function in the story, but usurps attention for itself, though couched too

nearly in the special-correspondent style. Everything is subordinate, however, to the main issue, which we take to be the presentation of a higher form of human development in the perfected Oriental, Isaacs, than we of the West permit ourselves to aspire to at all; and at the same time to suggest the limitations in both types of civilization, and hint the desirability of uniting them in the tendency to a supreme something better than either. Mr. Crawford has a philosophic mind, as the conversation between Isaacs and Griggs concerning Asiatic and European thought, in the sixth chapter, bears witness; and it may be taken for granted that he has written this book with no merely superficial aim. In pursuance of his object, he has employed elements of mystery and the semi-supernatural; he introduces second-sight; causes a man to disappear from a room without going through door or window; and, in the expedition undertaken by Isaacs, Griggs, and Ram Lal for the release of Shere Ali, the Buddhist displays inexplicable power over the forces of nature. These things are impressive at the moment, but in retrospect they lose their cogency, and even cast a degree of discredit on the rest of the story and enhance the improbability of Isaacs' existence; so that they must, we think, be rated as flaws in the work. What we may call the machinery of astonishment, if it involve the unaccountable, will always be found to belong to a secondary order of art: one sees this clearly, on a calm consideration of Bulwer's *Strange Story*, the tales of Hoffmann and Tieck, or some of Gautier's fantasies; and even in Poe those stories which avoid it are the best worth remembering. But notwithstanding his use of it, and whatever stress he may have laid on the esoteric meaning of the novel, Mr. Crawford has succeeded in diffusing through the whole drama a common-sense atmosphere. People and events stand out vividly, as if we had

known the one and experienced the other, ourselves. Miss Westonhaugh, though she says little, and is not rounded into much more than a sketch, is a striking example of good portraiture, done with a few masterly strokes; and for a bit of work minutely finished as a Meissonier in words, yet broad and dramatic, and denoting genius, we commend the reader to that scene with the Maharajah of Baithopoor, where, with his long, crooked fingers winding around the mouth-piece of his hookah, reveling in the touch of its gems, he is struck by terror, and the mouth-piece drops like the head of a snake back among the coils of the pipe-tube. The author's style, in the main studiously practical, modern and familiar without being colloquial, moves easily and strongly; has a kind of cosmopolitan readiness and adaptability. We should call it agile, rather than flexible. It sometimes ascends into eloquence, occasionally slips into extravagance, and is capable of large and graphic effects in small space, among which is the fine description of scenery in the Himalayas. His humor is agreeable, if somewhat sophisticated and evanescent. Whatever Mr. Crawford's faults may be, it is not too much to say that he exemplifies the best sort of realism, — the realism, we shall venture to call it, of the future. It is not cramped by a fear of incident; it does not lose itself in a microscopic study of details; there is no morbid anatomizing about it, and no space is lost in discoursing upon the characters: these are simply placed before us with a bodily distinctness that cannot be evaded. All particulars of the actual are treated with zest and fullness, but combined with them is an ideal interest just as immediate and tangible. By means of such a realism the author is enabled to perfect the illusion of an extremely absorbing series of events, until at the end we discover that, while we have had an occasional glimmering sense that we were

reading a novel, we have really been engaged with a daring romance.

Artlessness, at the opposite extreme from art, sometimes produces cognate effects; and Margaret Lee accordingly succeeds in giving to her new book¹ somewhat of the reality which Mr. Crawford has imparted to his, although she is seemingly quite ignorant of those manifold resources of delineation which he applies with so much skill. The material surroundings in which her characters move are not once brought before us with definiteness; and, what is much more serious, we are introduced to a numerous family, who are miscellaneously shuffled together under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Gus Morgan, and so on, without anything to fix their individuality; so that it is only by a gradual process that one is able to sort them out and establish their identity. They are not described, even by a few words; they all talk alike; and as they manifest themselves only in conversation, the result is confusing. It is to be inferred from the peculiar phrase "He made a light" — the equivalent of *Il fit une lumière* — that the authoress has studied French novelists; but she has not learned the secret of the best among them, which is to fill in the whole background, and give the material adjuncts and a mental picture of the individual actors, without seeming to do so of set purpose. Mrs. Lee does not vex us by obvious filling-in, because no filling-in is attempted. She has, notwithstanding, a sincerity and an occasional incisiveness that entitle her work to favorable recognition. The authoress believes thoroughly in her heroine, whose works and days and bitter trials and unfaltering sweetness are all set forth without the slightest admixture of that feminine bravado common in our

recent women novelists: the writer's mood with regard to her approaches, in fact, the devout. Briefly, Constance Morgan marries one Gilbert Travers, and becomes his victim; he being a selfish monster, who has originality enough to admit and analyze his own selfishness, and is thereby made doubly appalling. He is indifferent to his children, neglects his wife, fails in business, is ruinously extravagant, mortgages all her property, entangles himself with the divorced wife of a friend, and at last coolly proposes to Constance that they obtain a divorce. In doing so he confesses that he is incapable of loving any one but himself, and adds these trenchant words, which really strike the key-note of the whole divorce question to-day: "Education is freeing women from bondage, as well as men. *Expediency is the new morality*. You and I have tried marriage for ten years, and it is a dead failure. Now let us seek some better method." Constance, however, is a devout churchwoman, and the repugnance for divorce which she feels primarily as a loving woman is intensified by her religious faith. Now, in thus opposing the disciple of expediency to a sincere Christian, Mrs. Lee, who has not a hundredth part of Mr. Howells's literary art, has really gone much closer — whether consciously or not — to the heart of the situation than Mr. Howells has done in *A Modern Instance*; because the increasing tendency to throw off marriage bonds when they chafe is one of the logical results of the general emancipation which has been going on in this century, — emancipation of thought from tradition, of woman from subserviency to man, and, by consequence, emancipation of men from the irrevocable obligation they once held to individual women, when that was sanctioned by an unquestioning religious obedience. The various bearings of this fact we are of course not called upon here to weigh and judge: we merely observe that the authoress of

¹ *Divorce*. By MARGARET LEE, Author of Dr. Wilmer's Love, Lizzie Adriance, etc. New York: John V. Lovell Company.

Divorce has seized upon a case typical of all the various modifications of this problem, however distantly related to the general principle some of them may appear to be. There are many traits of insight in the book; and it is a fine turn that is given when Gilbert, after practicing every other form of insult, raises his hand to strike Constance, but is stayed by her throwing herself upon his breast with the irresistible appeal of absolute love, begging him not to disgrace himself. The long conversations between the various women of the piece are naïvely natural in their dullness and discursiveness, through which, however, some point of value is always gained. But the force of the sad story and its conclusion is undeniably diminished by the circumstance that Constance, in her devotion to Gilbert, is weakly obtuse. For example, when she accidentally found Gilbert at the house of Mrs. Leavitt, reclining upon a sofa and "toying with the stray ringlets on her neck," while that separated matron sat beside him, reading, Constance was not jealous and offered no reproof; "but she wished that he would respect himself, and not touch Mrs. Leavitt's hair."

It is time that stout protest should be made against the new order of American novels, which, within the last four or five years, have been put forward with much blowing of trumpets as important political studies, in addition to being great historical and dramatic pictures of life in the United States. An accomplished scholar, a member of the Cambridge circle of literary men, almost a generation ago, cherished the fond scheme of writing a novel the scene of which was to be laid in the Mountains of the Moon, and the purpose, to present a convenient review of the world's history in a few volumes, with a thrilling plot thrown in *gratis*. The new order of fictions, to which we have just referred, threatens to carry out, so far as this country is concerned, that alarm-

ing design; and Mr. Clay's *Modern Hagar*¹ is an instance in point. It dabbles with the Indian question, enters with intolerable prolixity into the partisan discussions preceding the civil war, introduces a large section of the struggle itself under the heading "the panorama of war," and meanwhile carries on by fits and starts, and with cavernous intervals, the story of a slave-girl wronged by a man who has bought her on condition of freeing her, and adds to his crime by re-selling her into slavery. Nearly eight hundred pages are devoted to this strange heterogeny, which is divided up with great elaborateness into "books" and "parts," bristling with quoted mottoes. The term chosen by the author for a portion applies to the whole: it is not a work of art, nor a "drama," nor a novel, but is simply a panoramic view of incidents without form or perceptible purpose. It is in vain that, among other foot-notes, Mr. Clay appends one excusing his repetition of facts in the history of party, to this effect: "Fiction is often the most truthful and faithful conservator of history." His fiction does not conserve anything of value, or that might not, for its purpose, have been put into a better form. There is no doubt a legitimate and extensive field for the novelist in the political life of this country as related to other phases of human action and feeling; but it will never become incorporated with the domain of art, until the belief has been abandoned that a mere lumping together of material, with no more integration or meaning than satisfies newspaper reporters, will produce a genuine novel. The *Tourgée* agglomerations have encouraged this belief; but in time it will be seen that when a re-hash of latter-day affairs is palmed off upon the public, with a modicum of imaginary events accompanying it as a "chromo"

¹ *The Modern Hagar. A Drama.* By CHARLES M. CLAY, Author of *Baby Rue* New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882.

inducement, neither the chromo nor the article of supposed solid value is worth having. Still, as Carlyle wrote, we may here say, "Of no given book can you predicate with certainty that its vacuity is absolute; that there are not other vacuities which shall partially replenish themselves therefrom."

There could hardly be a greater contrast to *The Modern Hagar* than that presented by the unostentatious recital of a blasted life, called *Luser the Watchmaker*.¹ Recital, we call it, because it appears to be a chronicle of something which the author knows to have actually happened. It recounts the untoward fortunes of a Polish Jew, by trade a watchmaker, and voluntarily an instructor in the *Beth-hamidrash* (an institution for teaching Jewish youth, and also for worship); a high-minded, upright man; generous to the poor, whose prosperity is wrecked by the tyranny of Russia and by the Polish Revolution. Gradually, through accident and injustice, the ingratitude of others, and his own unwillingness to receive help, he is

borne down to the ground, and perishes tragically. Unreasonable though he is in his independence, when his own family must suffer for it, his character maintains a noble integrity throughout, and constitutes a fit subject for the writer. The tale, moreover, secures to itself a peculiar interest by the careful pictures of Jewish manners and customs which it contains. Its tone is old-fashioned in the extreme, even to the allusion in one place to love as "*Eros the enchanter*;" it is badly arranged, loaded with irrelevant matter, and at times diffuse. But, in spite of all, it has a kind of charm, exercised by its perfectly simple and unaffected tone, — a tone recalling that of Auerbach and Björnson, although the author lacks the pungent condensation of those masters, which in the Norwegian novelist especially is so noticeable. He is not ashamed to give free vent to emotion, and does not fear to touch the most familiar chords of human sympathy, sure of a response. Current fiction would be all the better for a more generous infusion of these qualities.

TWO WOMEN OF LETTERS.

SEX in literature is as subtle and pervasive as in any other manifestation of life. Doubt may arise, in the case of single works of art whether a man or a woman was behind them, but a *Chevalier d'Eon* has hard work of it in literature. It is even more noticeable that when woman is triumphantly brought forward as man's equal in the republic of letters, her life and her work reveal unmistakably the truth that her position has been obtained through the retention, and not the subjection, of her

womanly qualities. We may claim stoutly that art knows nothing of sex, but nature is too much for us, and the deeper we look into woman's work in literature the more of the woman we find.

A curious parallel might be drawn between Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford, involving many considerations of English literary and social history. Each led her life contemporaneously with men of letters, who respected her and associated with her. Each was in

¹ *Luser the Watchmaker*. An Episode of the Polish Revolution. By REV. ADOLF MOSES. Translated from the German for the Author, by

Mrs. A. DE V. CHAUDRON. Cincinnati: Bloch & Co.

a degree a force in literature. They had friends in common, and their periods overlapped. Each, again, was somewhat an exponent of the finer life of her time, for both performed that function so attributive of woman, of catching quickly the current wind, and showing its direction, before duller men had adjusted their more scientific anemometers. Even in minor details there were points in common: each had a father who receives the derisive criticism of the world, but had much to do with the determination of the daughter's literary life. Miss Edgeworth's father, indeed, is represented as a blundering theorist, who kept his larger-minded daughter in humiliating subordination; while Miss Mitford's father was a gay spendthrift, who encouraged his daughter's industry, with a mingled pride in her achievement and content at the ease it brought him. But in each instance the objectionable father brings out more emphatically the womanly and affectionate nature of the daughter, and the very circumstances which may make a biographer indignant serve to increase our admiration that the woman triumphs over the author.

Mrs. Oliver's work on Maria Edgeworth¹ is called a study, perhaps because the author wishes to emphasize the fact that she has not written a biography, but has collected the material for an acquaintance with Miss Edgeworth and her associates, and a knowledge of what her contemporaries thought of her. There is scarcely any attempt at a study of Miss Edgeworth's contributions to literature, but we have what is, on the whole, more acceptable, — an opportunity to know in a pleasant manner the surroundings of a writer who has been a familiar friend to her readers. Mrs. Oliver makes copious extracts from the memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth, and from the reminiscences and descriptions of

contemporary writers, and is not always careful to save her readers the labor of reading the same general descriptions of Miss Edgeworth's home twice over; but if she has erred in the plenitude of her material, she has selected the most fruity portions of Mr. Edgeworth's garrulous memoirs, and given them a new and convenient setting. She has also collected industriously from a number of sources, and has arranged her collection in a methodical manner. Her own writing is not very graceful, nor always very clear, as in the passage, "Miss Edgeworth was always pleased to make friends; but she had not that disagreeable characteristic of modern literary people, — a desire to meet new people, and make new conquests, and an inordinate capacity for being bored by old friends, who were not literary, or sufficiently useful in helping one on in a career." We have tried to believe that by a change of punctuation we could relieve Miss Edgeworth from the aspersion now cast on her in the last clause, but we find no way to save Miss Edgeworth except by throwing Mrs. Oliver overboard.

What a delightful picture one forms of Miss Edgeworth, and from what a singular background it is projected! Her much-married father and the ingenious Mr. Day fill a large part of the frame, and it is only by remembering the unconquerable good-nature of Miss Edgeworth that we can refrain from pitying her, under the experimentation of the fussy theorists who presided over her education. She was an artist who had fallen among philosophers, and they came near stripping her of her genius; but they did not wholly succeed, and the best parts of her stories are not the surplusage of her father's educational whims, but the creation of a mind singularly susceptible to influence, and ready to receive the impressions which human nature made upon it. Not to give Mr. Edgeworth too much blame,

¹ *A Study of Maria Edgeworth. With Notices of her Father and Friends.* By GRACE A. OLIVER. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1832.

the whole tone of thought which prevailed was of the school-master order ; and we come to respect Miss Edgeworth's power as a character-painter all the more, when we discover how emphatically her best work was an escape from the toils which bound her. She had a large, cheerful spirit, and her art was healthy and free. The priggishness which appears in her work was accidental. Under other influences, it might have been absent.

The old-fashioned, mannered air, which clings about the Edgeworth school, has a faint continuation in Miss Mitford's work, but in any comparison between the two women as writers it would quickly be seen that the earlier woman was far more vigorous and genuine ; that the later had greater delicacy and sweetness. It is with their lives and circumstances, however, that we have to do. Mr. L'Estrange had already edited the *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, and he now furnishes a supplementary volume,¹ devoted chiefly to letters addressed to her by various literary friends. We cannot wholly praise this sectional treatment of biography. The most satisfactory form would show the two sides of the correspondence at once. As it is, one has a little the feeling, in reading this book, that he is overhearing one end of a telephonic conversation. So far as Miss Mitford herself is concerned, the book gives us nothing more than a renewed impression of her affectionate, attractive nature, and that her books and her life had already shown. The testimony, indeed, to the power which she had of drawing friends to herself is very emphatic. Miss Mitford lived in a retired country village, and rarely showed herself in the city. Friends more than once found their way to her, yet her true *salon* was in her correspondence, and the range which her friendship took indicates well the

strong side of Miss Mitford's nature. She was not a creative artist, like Miss Edgeworth, but she was a woman of literary sympathy and taste. It had become easier to be a woman of letters when Miss Mitford took up the pen, and the genial relations which existed between her and her English and American friends belonged to an order of things very different from that existing in Miss Edgeworth's day. There is a spirit of comradeship apparent in this volume, which is absent from the other, and one feels that the feminine element in literature, equally positive in both cases, here intimates delicately that finer, freer intercourse of men and women which modern society aims to secure. Miss Edgeworth's career was slightly revolutionary ; at any rate, it was contemporaneous with a state of society when a Miss Edgeworth was somewhat of a phenomenon. Miss Mitford's gentle part in literature was a quiet expression of feminine forces which had already gained a right of existence.

We suspect, indeed, that it was the woman quite as much as the writer in Miss Mitford who called out the confidences and gallantries of the gentlemen who paid her court. There were ladies with them, — Lady Dacre, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Trollope, and others, — but men of letters had the more important place. It is curious to observe the gradation of epistolary style from the somewhat pompous letters of Sir W. Elford and Mrs. Hofland to the frank and familiar notes which she exchanged with her more immediate contemporaries. There are letters from Miss Barrett, before she married Mr. Brownring ; from De Quincey's daughter ; from Ruskin, Talfourd, Howitt, Kenyon, and others less known among the English ; and from Mr. Fields, Mr. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, N. P. Willis, Mr. George Ticknor, and others on this side

¹ *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, as recorded in letters from her literary correspond-

ents. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'ESTRANGE. New York : Harper Brothers. 1882.

of the Atlantic. The editor, by the way, has erred in attributing to Bayard Taylor the letter on page 320. The circumstances mentioned in the letter do not fit the facts in Mr. Taylor's life, and the style of the letter is quite foreign from his style.

One may spend an agreeable evening over each of these books. Possibly the study of Miss Edgeworth would send one to re-reading some of her stories. We are not sure that as much would be said of the Mitford volume, for Miss Mitford's work was not so distinctively

new and strong as Miss Edgeworth's; but there lingers on the mind a grateful sense of the pleasure which *Our Village* gave when it was published. One might well wish to cool his tongue with that book, after a too liberal taste of the work of some contemporaneous women of letters. The best side of any phase of life always contains the prophecy of enduring elements, and the student of modern society may take courage, after the glimpse which he gets of the literary coterie of which Miss Mitford was the unconscious centre.

RECENT WORKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE study of English literature has received a great impetus within the present generation. The impetus has come in part from the expansion of educational systems; the number of those who seek or are invited to pass beyond the limits of elementary education has been swelled, and it has been found impossible to attract or satisfy such with humane letters in the antique form, or even with contemporary foreign letters. English literature is, in a vast number of schools, made to serve as a substitute for the Greek and Latin classics; the very methods which rule in the teaching of those works have passed over into the teaching of English. The analytical, the philological, and now the historical and philosophical are applied, and it has been the hasty judgment of enthusiasts that the study of English is capable of banishing the study of Greek and Latin, at least of relegating it to the confines of a specific university curriculum. Happily for good letters, the revival of interest in ancient literature and the application of new methods in teaching are quite as significant phenomena as this increased attention

to the study of English literature, and we may dismiss from view any alarm lest one shall supplant the other.

The impetus has come also from the development of the critical faculty, and especially from the steady rise of historical methods of study. If it be somewhat difficult to detect, either in England or America, the existence of great creative powers in literature, it is not at all difficult to see on all hands an access of zeal in historical criticism; and it would seem to be a special function of this generation to review what has been done, to revive the study of past periods of literary activity, and to increase immensely the critical apparatus at the service of the young student. We may point, as evidence of this, to the several series of books dealing with the men of letters in England and America, with philosophical writers, with surveys of ancient and foreign classics, and to the primers, selections, critical editions of English classics, special dictionaries, grammars, and hand-books. Much admirable work has been expended in these directions, and it may be said, in brief, that it is much more common to

find acute and learned criticism than it is to find books which have inspiration in them. Certainly, the books which deal in the criticism or history of other books rarely have a spirit which fires the reader with zeal to read the literature discussed.

The present season brings to our notice several works which have for their aim to guide the student through English literature, and we shall confine ourselves to those of American origin, and thus presumably fitted for the use of the American student. The whole field of the subject is so vast that scholars may easily find enough in any corner which they may fence off; but the fascination of a comprehensive survey is so great that there are few writers who do not attempt to put the reader into possession of the whole subject. Moreover, there are so many modes of ingress that every one fancies his own path has a special charm. Here, for example, is Professor James Baldwin, who has laid out his work systematically, and publishes a section¹ devoted to the consideration of English poetry. "This book," he says in his preface, "is not a History of English Literature. It aims rather to serve as a guide to the acquirement of a practical acquaintanceship (why not acquaintanceship in invoice?) with all that is the best and the most worthy in our literature. The chronological arrangement, usually adopted in books upon this subject, has been in most part abandoned for the more natural arrangement by which works of a similar kind are grouped and studied together, and compared with each other. This, in the author's judgment, is the only true method of study. To those who may find fault with his classification he will only say that he has chosen that arrangement which he considers the most convenient for giving aid and informa-

tion to those in search of a certain kind of knowledge. One man may call a particular poem a Romance, another may call it an Epic; but it matters not so much what we call it, as how and in what connection we present it to the attention of the reader or student."

Mr. Baldwin is consistent with himself, therefore, when he sweeps the leavings of his poetical study into a final chapter headed *Miscellaneous Poetry*; but if names like epic or romance indicate anything, they indicate great natural divisions of poetry, and not merely convenient groups, under which poems may be classed and studied. The only justification of this author's method falls to the ground, if the names of his divisions of poetry represent his personal judgment. The weakness of this method lies in its emphasizing the form which poetry takes. It is true that one may make a study of the development of dramatic poetry in English literature, because there has been an historic connection between the early and the later forms, and because of the implication of the theatre; but what dependence is there of narrative or lyric poetry at any one time upon previous exhibitions of the same order? No thorough study of poetry, at any time or in any form, is possible without an examination of the influences, whether native or foreign, which have determined both spirit and form. Mr. Baldwin attempts very little of this, and hence his book is scarcely more than a collection of external facts about poetry, arranged upon an artificial, and not a natural, system. It gives very few hints to the student of poetry, and even the illustrative criticism from many sources is so fragmentary as to have little value. A thorough, searching examination of one great poem would be worth a whole volume of this miscellaneous information.

¹ *An Introduction to the Study of English Literature and Literary Criticism.* Designed for the use of schools, seminaries, colleges, and universities. VOL. LL. — NO. 305. 27

ties. By Professor JAMES BALDWIN. Volume L. Poetry. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

Mr. Tuckerman has more reason on his side when he undertakes a study of the development of English fiction;¹ for he takes a form which has had a steady growth, and of which the latest manifestation bears some relation to the earliest. The historical method, also, is a very desirable one to apply to such a subject; and although Mr. Tuckerman does not interpret very fully the transitions from one period to another, or show the process by which one form passed into another, he does give with tolerable fullness the materials out of which one may develop a consecutive study. His characterizations of the older fiction are generally just, and, if not especially acute, are not marred by whimsicality; but we fear he has shirked the hardest part of his work. At any rate, he has stopped short at the very point where the reader's strongest interest begins. "The novels of the nineteenth century," he says in his preface, "are so numerous and so generally familiar that in the chapter devoted to this period I have sought rather to point out the great importance which fiction has assumed, and the variety of forms which it has taken, than to attempt any exhaustive criticism of individual authors, — a task already sufficiently performed by writers far more able to do it justice." Mr. Tuckerman's modesty cannot save him. It was his business to give his readers a clue through the mazes of contemporary fiction; and he has made but one contribution to the subject which is of any interest, and that is when he says of the advance in refinement of manners, "When we think of our improved morality and refinement, we must temper our pride with the reflection that we may be simply more hypocritical, and not more virtuous, than our ancestors. . . . This advance has left plainly marked traces on the fic-

tion of our time, where, too, we shall find plentiful evidence of that hypocrisy which has become our besetting sin." There was an excellent opportunity here, which Mr. Tuckerman missed, of contrasting the real refinement, which has its tendency to morbid casuistry, and the specious refinement, which is a mere thin sheet of ice, over which the reader is swiftly borne, in momentary danger of breaking through.

Mr. Tuckerman has by his somewhat ineffective book indicated a solid and substantial subject, which waits for a masterly treatment; and the true historian, when he comes, will do more than trace the consecutive steps in English fiction. Let us hope that he will not fall into the snares which have beset the way of Mr. Welsh, who, in two octavo volumes,² has undertaken to reveal the development of English literature and language. The subject was large enough, the books are large enough; it is only the man who is deficient, and his deficiency, to speak in a paradox, lies through his superabundance. If it is unreasonable to ask that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, it is surely a simple requisite of a writer on English language and literature that his own language should be correct, and his literary style good. There is altogether too much of Mr. Welsh. His intellectual energy carries him too far. The very beginning of his work is marked by an impetuous, headlong rush into words, which argues ill for a pace to be kept up through a thousand pages. "We are to think of England," he says on his second page, "in those dim old days, as, intellectually and physically, an island in a northern sea — the joyless abode of rain and surge, forest and bog, wild beast and sinewy savage, which, as it struggled from chaos into order, from morning into prime, should be-

¹ *A History of English Prose Fiction from Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot.* By BAYARD TUCKERMAN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

² *Development of English Literature and Language.* By ALFRED H. WELSH, A. M. In two volumes. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1882.

come the residence of civilized energy and Christian sentiment, of smiling love and sweet poetic dreams." If Mr. Welsh can drive his thought, four in hand, like that, we can only venture to jump on behind; we should never think of taking the reins. Let us follow him, in his wild career, through another sentence: "Time is a camera-obscura, through which a man, if great while living, becomes tenfold greater when dead. Henceforward he exists to society by some shining trait of beauty or ability which he had; and, borrowing his proportions from the one fine feature, we finish the portrait symmetrically. That feature is the small real star that gleams out of the dark vortex of the ages, through the madness of rioting fancy and the whirlwind chaos of images; expanding, according to the glass it shines through, into wondrous thousand-fold form and color." We think it safer to get down from Mr. Welsh's chariot, after that. He is not to be trusted as a literary guide, nor as a literary gardener either. Here is one of the flowers of his fancy. The legendary stories, he says, "may, and doubtless do, contain germs of truth, left on the shifting sands as wave after wave of forgotten generations broke on the shores of eternity." We never tried to propagate germs under such trying circumstances, but Mr. Welsh seems to think that his came up and flourished.

If it be said that these are blemishes in diction, and that the real consideration is whether or no Mr. Welsh has done what he essayed in tracing the development of our language and literature, it might be enough to add that no one with so vicious a style can be a safe guide in the study of style, and the worst examples of his work are to be found in his characterization of the masters. This voluble showman stands before the procession of English-speaking authors, and makes it pass slowly enough to permit him to cover each individual

in the procession with words as with a garment. When Spenser, for example, comes in sight, Mr. Welsh, after his customary division of the subject into biography, appearance, writings, and versification, refers to his style, and says, "Luxuriant and spacious, yet simple and clear, seldom rivaled in the charm of its diffusion, the orient flush of its diction, and the music of its recurrent chimes. Many passages, it may be needless to observe, are beautiful, harmonious, combining a subtle perfection of phrase with a happy coalescence of meaning and melody." One would like to have Mr. Welsh on the stand, that he might explain exactly, and not vaguely, what he means by this last sentence. He flourishes his showman's stick when Irving appears. "Our veteran chief of Letters was the amiable and gifted Irving, in whom the creative vigor, that, breathing and burning in the bosom of the nation, had found issue in action, blossomed into art. All his life a desultory genius, reading much, but studying little." For a man so prodigal of words, Mr. Welsh is often singularly economical in his use of the simple copula. How Irving would have shuddered at such a pair of sentences: Of Bryant, who never used words unless he knew what they meant, Mr. Welsh remarks, "There [in the quietude of nature] he saw only the tokens of creative beneficence, and from every scene could elicit some elevating inference or cheering sentiment." It would be easy to multiply instances of Mr. Welsh's obscure rhetoric, but we should like to know, in passing, just what he means when he says of Emerson, "He has founded no school, he has left behind him no Emersonian system, but fragments of him are scattered everywhere,—germs of bloom that will perish never. A great book is a ship deep freighted with immortal treasures, breaking the sea of life into fadeless beauty as it sails, carrying to every shore seeds of truth, goodness,

piety, love, to flower and fruit perennially in the soil of the heart and mind."

Mr. Welsh, with all his swash of words, says some good things, and we have a species of respect for a writer who carries through the task of reading many books, appropriating many fine sentiments, and allowing his enthusiasm to run riot from Cædmon to Tennyson. Unfortunately, the mischief begins when Mr. Welsh is done. His book is printed, and its dignified appearance commands attention. We fear that young students will plow through it, and imagine that they are cultivating their minds. We find ourselves, after reading the book,

under the spell of its incessant metaphor. From the heralding which the work has received, unsuspecting teachers and conscientious students will be likely to take it as a substantial guide in the study of English literature. It is one of the worst examples we have met of the false system which substitutes books about English literature for English literature itself. The careful study of two or three really great works in literature is worth something. To read Mr. Welsh's big, philosophical, bloated treatise is to vitiate one's taste for fine literature, and to become an amateur omniscience.

RECENT POETRY.

ACCORDING to their predilections, readers will be pleased, or the reverse, with Mr. Edwin Arnold, for having given to his new book of Eastern rhymes a title which implies that Islam is a belief at least deserving the same respect which we pay to Christianity.¹ But the intention is not serious; it is only that the book may have an attractive name, and one in consonance with the author's attempt to present the religious convictions of Mussulmans from their own point of view. The plan which he has adopted is to supply some piece of verse—a rhythmic maxim, a short hymn, or a legend (generally involving some miracle)—to illustrate the meaning of each attributive name applied to God by the Moslems, and represented by the beads in their three-stringed chaplets, that have thirty-three beads on every string. We are presented, by consequence, with ninety-nine brief compositions, some of which suf-

fer from the necessity under which Mr. Arnold placed himself at the start, by "taking a contract" to produce a few lines in every instance, whether or no the mood should favor. What, for example, could exceed in rapidity this stanza, which forms the entire "comment in verse" on the name Wāhid (The "One")?—

"Say: 'He is God alone,
Eternal on the Throne.
Of none begotten, and begetting none,
Who hath not like unto Him any one!'"

As a statement of one point in Mahometan belief, put into prose, this would have its use for a student of comparative theology; but it is impossible, by any stretch of terms, to make it poetry, and its value as a comment is perhaps open to question. Each piece in the series is preceded and followed by a couplet, emphasizing or echoing the particular phase of definition therein given to the divine principle. These, how-

¹ *Pearls of the Faith; or Islam's Rosary. Being the Ninety-Nine Beautiful Names of Allah (Asmā-el-Husnāh), with Comments in Verse from*

various Oriental Sources (as made by an Indian Mussulman). By EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1893.

ever, are at best intrusions, and in one instance the closing couplet quite destroys the effect of a fine fancy by repetition. The quatrain under the head of Al-'Hali ends:—

"See! at the hour of late and early prayer
The very shadows worship him, low laid."

Whereupon, the keen touch of that similitude upon the mind is instantly blurred by an inferior restatement, as follows:—

"Most High! the lengthening shadows teach,
Morning and evening, prayer to each."

Sundry of the verses are inspired by texts from the Koran; others are little fables inculcating the wisdom of charity, toleration, and like virtues. These have point and subtilty, as the anecdotes in Saadi's *Gulistan* have, and in fact all similar Oriental tales; but they grow monotonous, because the scenery is in most cases the same, and the reward of virtue is brought on so promptly and without fail by angelic intervention, as to make them untruthful. There are lines, stanzas, and single passages of considerable merit scattered through them, and in the blank-verse account of King Sheddâd's Paradise an opportunity for opulent description, and the depiction of a sudden, petrific doom, has been improved; but it is impossible not to be conscious that these iambic parables are too often strictly imitative, being modeled on Leigh Hunt's *Abou-ben-Adhem*, which, by constant copying and unwearied travesty, stamps upon everything that resembles it an impression as faint and worn as that of an old stereotype plate. Among the isolated felicities that one may pick out, are measures like this:—

"The cool wet jar, asweat with diamond drops
Of sparkling life;"

or the *alto riliero* in which Nimrud stands out, where

"Eminent on his car of carven brass
Through foeman's blood nave-deep he drave his wheel."

In Muhammad's Journey to Heaven,

there is a strong climax sustained by a splendid image. The Prophet, passing up through the several heavens, reached at last the highest, and there

"The Throne! the Throne! he saw; our Lord
alone!
Saw it and heard! but the verse falls from
heaven
Like a poised eagle, whom the lightnings blast."

But, when all is said, it must be admitted that—excepting King Sheddâd's Paradise—the volume does not contain a single poem, in any adequate sense of the word. We cannot except the much-admired Message from the Dead,—

"He who died at Azan sends,"—

which has been published before: its proportioning is defective, its movement mechanical, and it contains this exceedingly poor rhyme,—

"'T is an empty sea-shell, *one*
Out of which the pearl is *gone*,"

where it is necessary to pronounce the last word, *Scotticé*, "gun." There are many imperfect rhymes and other evidences of haste and shallowness in the collection. Mr. Arnold explains that it was "composed amid Scotch mountains, during a brief summer rest from politics." But if he thought the design worth carrying out, why did he not devote two brief vacations to it, instead of one, and make his workmanship better? When an author seeks to acquire a factitious repute for his work as something thrown off in haste, from the exuberance of power, it often happens that people forget it in haste; and readers of *The Light of Asia*, who take up this book with anticipations aroused by that strong and persuasive poem, will be disappointed.

Mr. Boyesen has wisely named his book of poems with reference to the most characteristic of the contents;¹ and in so far as these answer to the title, they have a freshness and a distinctive

¹ *Idylls of Norway, and Other Poems.* By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

interest which give the modest volume a separate place. Brier-Rose, Hilda's Little Hood, and Thora are charming pastoral love stories, vigorous, youthful, sweet with the vernal breath of the northern forest, and told in melodious verse, the shaping of which somehow connects itself with the graceful curves of vine-tendrils; for the writer, in his less formal moods, responds with impulsive alacrity to his theme, and apprehends delicate analogies which at once find facile expression, giving the lines naturalness and finish together. "Trim and graceful like a clipper" is one of his rather untamed heroines; and in another place he says, —

"And the night was bright with splendor, music,
dance, and feast, and play,
Like a golden trail that follows in the wake of
parting day."

A good specimen of this natural aptness occurs in the ballad of Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve: —

"And the scalds with nimble fingers o'er the
sounding harp-strings swept;
Now the strain in laughter rippled, now with hid-
den woe it wept;"

though it is to be remarked that if "their" had been substituted for "with," in the first line, we should not have had the awkward spectacle of the bards sweeping their entire persons over the strings. Another delightfully fit characterization is that of the voices of the elf-maidens as being "delicious, languid, vague, like a poppy's breath in sound." There is no great profundity in the numerous happy turns of Mr. Boyesen's ballads; but we need not demand profundity in the dewdrop or the budding leaf, which, apart from the meaning they take on as microcosmic phenomena, in our minds, are simple and refreshing things. It is more profitable to enjoy the obvious excellences in Mr. Boyesen, among which must be reckoned the candid and boyish humor that occasionally peeps out. Here is an instance: —

"Now the moon, who had been hiding in a veil
of misty lace,

Wishing to embarrass no one by the shining of
her face,
Peeped again in modest wonder" —

at a pair of young lovers on the sea-beach. In the same ballad (Thora) is this rustic touch: —

" 'Oh, thou wouldst not love me,' sobbed she, 'if
thou knew'st how bad I am.
Once—I hung—a great live lobster—on the tail
of—Hans—our ram.' "

These idyllic narratives are not without blemishes. To speak of maidens "With ribbons in their sunny hair, and milk-pails on their heads," makes an unfortunate confusion of plural and singular; and it is a somewhat prosaic explanation of the young swain's, who has chased the object of his affections until she has dropped in exhaustion: —

"For I wanted to assure her I intended no offence."

The Norwegian method of courtship, by the way, appears to be peculiar, according to the ballads under notice: The young man gets a glimpse of the young woman, and on the first convenient occasion gives chase to her through the woods or along the sands. When she is fairly run down, she confesses that she loves him. Little Sigrid, Earl Sigurd, and The Elf-Maidens have the spirit of ancient balladry in them, and in some degree the form; they strike with no uncertain hand the chords of old warrior life, of superstition, terror, and pathos. The final stanza of the poem on Norway likewise carries with it a legendary reverberation: —

"And the fame which curbed the sea,
Spanned the sky with runes of fire,
Now but rustles tremblingly
Through the poet's lyre."

It is when we pass to the other pieces which the author has bound up with his Norse sheaf that we doubt his judgment of his own successes. The first six poems would have been better omitted.

The last number in the collection is Calpurnia, a mournful but elevating episode in the early history of the Christians at Rome, the narration of which is

admirably sustained, in hexameters of much clearness and beauty. Still, we hardly think there is warrant in it for ranking Mr. Boyesen as anything more than a receptive mind, possessed of a true but not original poetic tendency, serving art with reverent hands and conscientiously. The claim to something higher would have to rest, if at all, on the five sonnets upon Evolution, — the best things in the book, except the poems of Norway, — in which he has gathered up and remoulded with deep, imaginative grasp the scientific views of the day, and given them a purely poetic and ideal scope. That is a superb opening of one of them, where he exclaims, —

"I am the child of earth and air and sea!
My lullaby by hoarse Silurian storms
Was chanted; and through endless changing forms
Of plant and beast and bird unceasingly
The toiling ages wrought to fashion me."

When one singer has struck this note, it seems natural enough that another should decide to make Monte Rosa the central figure of an epic;¹ but in truth Mr. Nichols's epic is such in name only, since it possesses neither the form nor the motive of an epic poem, properly so called. Consisting of ten divisions, in two books, it is confined to a mapping-out and construction of the mountain as an object of thought, and to the description of an ascent and descent of the peak, together with reflections that arise incidentally during that perilous operation. Neither has it the epic drift and tone; there is very little action, and there is a great deal of reflection. Avalanches, lights and shadows, the legion beams of the morning sun, the winds and frosts and lightning that took part in the first rearing of the mountain, and "the stealthy depredations of gray rain," — these we must accept as the characters; and their action is necessarily somewhat vague and general. A passage con-

cerning the glacier may be quoted, to show the mode of treatment: —

"But reaching suddenly the frightful brink
Of a sheer precipice, the glacier halts
As stiff with horror, all its steely spines
Erect in regiments of glancing spears
And bayonets of broken soldiery."

But matter and force are heroic only as we attribute to them something personal; and therefore their movement in Mr. Nichols's poem is not so much action of theirs as a fanciful description by him. Geologic growth, the place of man, and cosmic development of course have a large function to fulfill, in the working out of his design, and for a time it seems as if the elements and the sun, which the author calls "the Lord of lords," are going to have it all their own way; but at length, on the pinnacle of the *arête*, he reaches the climax of his thought: —

"And still a God! a God! rapt feeling cries;

His hand weaves splendors of that flimsy mist,
He builds a magic into crag and glen,
And with his living presence cunningly
Blends scene and seer to one accordant joy."

With fine penetration Mr. Nichols calls the wild snow-fields, "Ancestral acres lapsed but for a time," because they belonged peculiarly to our progenitors many a century back, and now are recovered as an inheritance by our new sense of the kinship with them that existed in those ancestors, and still remains in our blood. A dangerous accident, which comes near a fatal issue, occurs on the way down, and forms the only noticeable barrier to the volumed flow of meditation and description, from cover to cover; at the end an elegiac mood supervenes, in the contemplation of cycles of endless creation, destruction, and change. The concluding lines are weak. "We stand," says the poet,

"upon the outmost rim
Of matter vague, eternal, infinite,"

in trying to imagine what future phases the earth may be going to pass through. But how can infinity have a rim, — that

¹ *Monte Rosa. The Epic of an Alp.* By STARR H. NICHOLS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1883.

is, a limit? And if matter is eternal, it were desirable to know whether Mr. Nichols considers God to be matter, or matter to be an outgrowth of everlasting spirit. In general, it may be said of the poem that it lags heavily upon its way; that the author's expression is often rambling and vague, and his blank verse cold and difficult as Monte Rosa itself. He is guilty of a surprising number of deficient, redundant, and hobbling lines, as these few selections, made at random, unfortunately testify:—

"Of dauntless violets, when young March."

"And half-displayed, while lights and shadows changefully."

"Flames and glows through all the curtained vapors."

This last is wholly trochaic; there is not a single iambus in it.

"Now cling by thinnest crevices, where fingers, toes,"

is an iambic hexameter, instead of a pentameter. It is strange, also, that he should have overlooked so gross a grammatical offense as "*So goeth* all things," on page 147; and we are not sure that the Gaelic noun *scread* warrants him in saying "louder screeds the gale," though the verb is doubtless one for which there ought to be an opening. On the other hand, Mr. Nichols at times condenses a great deal into a single sonorous verse; as where he tells how the climber may stand on the mountain-peak

"And zone the world with solitary gaze."

The Epic of an Alp would have been improved by depletion to one half its present length; but after all, we have read it not without profit, since, in spite of crudity and diffuseness, it leaves in the memory the large, dominant shape of Monte Rosa as a symbol of the human aspiration which has scaled the icy height, and sought to lift others to a corresponding eminence of thought and feeling.

The suspicious prejudice of scientific

¹ *The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems.* By S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D. Boston: Houghton,

men, and of the public towards them, does not often allow members of their guild to give imagination freedom in poetic activity, however much that same power of imagination may be exerted in researches of the laboratory and the theories of naturalists. Dr. Holmes, luckily, did not permit his existence as a poet and a wit to be suppressed by the unemotional vacuum in which the medical professor has to work; and now Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose fame as a specialist in troubles of the nerves stands high, demonstrates once more, by his delightful but slender volume of poems,¹ how persistently the fount of Hippocrene will sometimes bubble up beneath much incumbent weight of useful dryness, percolating at last, and gurgling forth as limpid and as careless as if nothing had ever hindered its flow. It is really a charming series of lyrics and tales and *Stimmungs-Gedichte* that Dr. Mitchell has placed before us, beginning with the weird and misty legend of The Hill of Stones at Fontainebleau, and passing on through songs of nature, and lyrics strong with repressed vehemence, like Kearsarge and How the Cumberland Went Down, and quiet reveries over pictures in foreign galleries of art. These last we have less liking for than the pieces in which Dr. Mitchell's quaint fancy and quick sympathy with nature assert themselves. The Shriving of Guinevere, which is a strong and tenderly conceived poem, contains four lines that have a Herrick-like quality:—

"When as the priestly evening threw
The blessed waters of the dew,
About her head her cloak she drew,
And hid her face from every view."

We fancy we have found another Marvell, as we read,—

"When in the first-born morning breeze
Take exercise the stately trees,
With great limbs swaying full of strength."

But we are quite sure that, in other pas-

Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1883.

sages, we discover only Dr. Mitchell himself, the possessor of a skill to throw into refined and acceptable form sentiments familiar to us all, but in his hands invested with a magic that gives them new meaning. How flawless is the adaptation of an old image in these lines! —

"The trust in honor, faith, and truth
That fails in after years;
The perfect pearls of life's young dream
Dissolved in manhood's tears."

Every one will appreciate the pleasant conceit by which the author makes a pipe-bowl "the wanderer's only hearth," glowing with hospitable fires, and the appropriate fancy of his allusion to stunted firs and cedars by the beach,

"Which heard in infancy the great sea moan,
And so took on the wilted shapes of fright."

There is a much greater depth in the question and answer which form the theme of that curiously analytic poem called *The Marsh*, yet the easy and lucid utterance bring out the thought here as plainly as it does the fancies just referred to. The writer asks, —

"Have the leaf and the grass no conscious sense
Of what they give us, — no want or cloy?"

and then answers himself: —

"Not so unlike us. The words that weight us
With keenest sorrow and longest pain
Fall off from lips that rest unconscious
If that they give us be joy or pain."

The most original and attractive of all these short poems are, we think, the *Camp-Fire Lyrics* and the one on *Elk County*. We cannot do better than by

quoting a few lines from the latter, which excite a regret that the author's other occupations have prevented him from following out this vein of interpretation of native scenes: —

"The land has no story to tell us, —
No voice save the Clarion's waters,
No song save the murmurous confusion
Of winds gone astray in the pine-tops,
And the roar of the rain on the hemlocks.

And deft little miserly squirrels
Are hoarding the beech-nuts for winter.

Canst hear, as I hear, the gay hum of
The bright whizzing saw in the steam-mill,
Its up-and-down old-fashioned neighbor
Singing, 'Go it!' and 'Go it!' and 'Go it!' —
As it whirrs through the heart of the pine-tree."

The dactylic and trochaic measure here employed Dr. Mitchell handles with much success, producing a novel and breezy effect, which has about it an aboriginal zest. In the same kind of verse is cast the *After Sunset* camp lyric, which we recognize as an old friend, first met in one of the magazines a few years since, where it was published over an assumed name. Although there are details of his verse that might be criticised, Dr. Mitchell is on the whole a deft and polished artificer, displaying a degree of skill somewhat rare in those who take up the composition of poetry as amateurs. One does not feel that he is an amateur, and it is ground for satisfaction that his poems should have been placed within the reach of appreciative readers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A GREAT deal has been said about the disadvantages of newspaper reading. Some philosophers have become persuaded that it will cause the reading of books to go out of fashion by slow degrees, and that the modern mind grows less and less capable of consecutive

thought, or of evolving and maintaining its own opinions; that the intellect brings itself to bear on the various aspects of life and the theory and practice of every-day affairs only in a disjointed and paragraphical sort of way.

We feel ourselves to be on the brink

of a literary precipice, and remember with sorrow how apt one is to skip the editorials of the morning paper, if they appear too long, or too full of thought and reasoning. We see that we have not been reading, but merely getting the news, and the newspaper is only our welcome gossip.

With most persons, in this hurried American life, reading is the thing that is surest to be crowded out. We find time for the work or play we like best, and some people, in the midst of the greatest activity, will contrive to find a quiet space in which to follow literary pleasures; but many of us take up a book only as an amusement, and when there is nothing else to be done. Reading belongs to our idleness, to our holidays; it makes an agreeable approach to an afternoon nap, or, supplied from the train-boy's collection, it beguiles the dull hours of a railway journey. The phrase "improving the mind" has been degraded into something almost like slang. Few of us make a business of having anything to do with books, and few of us remember that it is as wise to make sure of taking some good literary food every day as it is to have our regular breakfasts and dinners for the sake of our bodies. Within the last few years we seem to have demanded that our books should be divided and subdivided, and arranged so that we can take our mental sustenance in the least possible time and with the slightest effort. This state of things has come in with Liebig's Extract of Beef, and has followed the druggist's efforts to compress and condense the old-fashioned great doses of medicine into quickly disappearing pellets and globules, which are slipped down our throats without a shudder or regret. Our favorite authors are being minced finer and finer every year, as our tables are being served with croquettes and patés, to the shameful neglect of saddles of venison and lordly sirloins of beef. We take even our Bible-

reading from books that look as if they belonged to baby-house libraries: Daily Foods and Pearls of Sacred Thought, one verse of the Bible for each day, as if it were all our spiritual constitutions would bear, in their present weak condition. One would think that the Bible Society had succeeded well enough, in its endeavors to print the Scriptures in portable form, to allow us to keep the New Testament, at least, within reach, so that we could sometimes read an entire chapter.

There was formerly a book called Oracles from the Poets, made for the purpose of telling fortunes; and one is often reminded of the evenings it used to enliven in the old days by the comparatively new invention of birthday books. We are equally curious to see if these new selections of prose and verse are satisfactory expressions of our characters, and appropriate to the day on which we celebrate our arrival in this sphere of existence; and nobody takes up one of these small volumes without looking to see what success it has in its personal allusions. It is impossible to resist a feeling of pleasure at finding that the great author apparently had us in mind when he made a flattering remark, or an appreciative recognition of some rare virtue. But aside from the personal interest in birthday books, it is impossible to disguise the truth that most people read their George Eliot, their Longfellow and Dickens and Emerson, and even their Swedenborg, from birthday books and almanacs and calendars. It is vastly better than not reading them at all. These disconnected morsels may lead stray searchers after truth to follow the great masters and leaders more closely and reverently; and the hunger for this good food may become harder to satisfy, until the reader, after having tasted one sentence from an essay, is forced to rush to the nearest book-case, and embark upon a wild revel of reading the whole masterpiece.

The business of publishing still goes on, but even the people who buy many books are forced to confess that they usually have time for only a short scurry between the covers. They are always deluding themselves into a belief that they will presently find out all the author has to say. But soon a new bundle of books arrives, and the earlier comers are put away to make room for the strangers. We maintain large standing armies of these volumes at great expense and very little good to ourselves. It is only in long convalescence, or withdrawals from the world on account of some accidental hindrance to our every-day affairs, that we get much time for reading. It seems to me that it would be a good thing to occasionally go into retreat for the sake of our minds, after the same fashion that good Catholics retire from the distractions of worldly existence for the sake of their souls.

We cannot give up reading altogether, but we take smaller and smaller doses of it. By and by we may come round again to the custom of the Egyptians, and make one hieroglyphic stand for a sentence: we shall tear off a leaf of our calendar and see a little circle, a fat O, and on that day contemplate eternity. Reading from symbols has its advantages; but what will become of the misguided persons who love the lazy, loitering books of some authors who wrote when there was still time for reading, and it was not driven to the wall by other things far less important?

It is a great thing to be sure of having one fine thought, or bit of character study, or glimpse of scenery, put into the midst of our eager or tiresome, hurried or lazy day. It is all very well to be assured of a text every morning; but we cannot afford to starve our minds, and though the calendar and birthday books may keep us alive, they cannot make us flourish. Few of us think very much for ourselves, and we are all more or less

dependent upon the thoughts and observations and opinions of other people. Many of us pay so little heed to the laws of intellectual improvement that, we get our mental growth at a needlessly early age. We are like those animals which hibernate: they afterward come out of their dens very thin and meagre, however well satisfied they may have been with the sustenance derived from their own paws.

— I read in one of our newspapers, the other day, a very gloomy and tearful statement of the literary situation, and was malicious enough to find a great deal of quiet enjoyment in the pessimistic views of the writer. A good pessimist is as fine a thing in his way as a good hater, and vastly more useful. Pessimism is an excellent corrective — taken in moderation. The distressed person of whom I am writing — he not inaptly described himself as being in a state of “spiritual orphanage” — unfolded no new idea in saying that the present is a fallow period in our literature. The present is always a fallow period in literature. The assertion is one of those fossils of criticism which are unearthed with mechanical regularity, and are to be predicted with as much certainty as the eclipse of the sun or the advent of the potato-bug. The stage was a degraded stage in Shakespeare’s time. It is so difficult to get the right perspective when objects are too near. While Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Hawthorne, and the other brilliant men of that cycle were doing some of their best work (the marvelous *Twice-Told Tales* fell for nearly two decades upon unlistening ears), the literary pessimist of the period was shedding tears over the non-existence of a national literature. Forty years from now he will still be lamenting and weeping, and throwing what little wet blanket he can over the poets and novelists and essayists of 1923. I imagine him holding forth somewhat in this fashion: —

"American literature has gone up. All our great authors are dead. You may cast your eye (it is a quite painless operation) over the whole of North and South America, and the dislocated optic will not encounter a single poet, storyteller, or essayist in any way worthy of being perched upon. Howells and James and Warner and Harte and Cable and — and Jones have passed away, and who is left to fill their places? Where will you find among the writers of to-day (February 1st, 1923) the pathos and humor of *A Foregone Conclusion*, the keen analysis of *The Portrait of a Lady*, the rich vein of *The Grandissimes*, the strength of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, . . . the broad critical insight of *The Victorian Poets*? What histories and biographies and books of travel and science were given to the world in those times! To what perfection the art of writing short stories was brought in the period extending from 1860 to 1883! What a fine lyrical quality also characterized that same period! There were no great epics produced, — *altera tempore alteri mores*, — but what a cluster of great little lyrics! The silvery chords struck then are still vibrating; but, alas! the hands of the musicians are dust, and the present race of performers are merely banjo-players. The fact is, we are fallen upon evil days, we have lost our spectacles and misplaced our ear-trumpet, and our digestion is not what it used to be."

— The modern guide-book certainly deserves the gratitude of every traveler; but, without disrespect to Murray or Baedeker, it must be confessed that even their most ardent admirers experience, occasionally, a feeling of relief when some unexpected event, "not in Murray," occurs, to break for a time the tyranny of their guide. The celebration at Madrid of the two hundredth anniversary of the death of the Spanish poet Calderon was such an event, and

came to me as a relief, after weeks of sight-seeing in Spain. The *fête* was advertised to begin on Monday, but that day and the next were devoted by the inhabitants of Madrid to preparation: hundreds of workmen were busy decorating the streets, houses, and shops; strangers came flocking to the city from all parts of the country; booths were erected along the Prado, and articles of every description, from a penny whistle to an India shawl, exposed for sale; benches were hastily put up in some of the streets through which the processions were to pass, and seats rented, as at Rome during the Carnival. All was excitement and expectation. The theatres were crowded every evening, and Calderon's plays were enthusiastically received. A loan collection was opened, under the auspices of nobility, if not royalty, and many were the objects of interest displayed to the public. I saw in a case full of fine old Spanish fans one, exquisitely painted, which had belonged to a lady in waiting at the court of Philip II.; and as if to recall that court more vividly to me, a worn and time-stained missal, once used by the bigot king, and the sword of the great and terrible Alva were placed near it. The fan, the missal, and the sword were good specimens of an age renowned for its intrigue, intolerance, and cruelty. Beyond the Prado, in a small wooden building, there was an exposition of modern Spanish pictures. These were, however, but side-shows; the great *fête* was opened on Wednesday by the celebration of high mass in one of the principal churches, attended by the royal family and dignitaries of state. Then followed a military procession, with the usual display of soldiers to be seen in every large city on great occasions. In the evening, I went with the crowd to see the decorations and illuminations. The *Puerta del Sol*, the grand square, was one blaze of light. The Spanish national colors, red and yellow, added to the gayety of the

scene; flags were flying; tapestries covered the balconies of the houses, brilliant with colored lights; Chinese lanterns hung in festoons across the streets; and the name of Calderon was everywhere.

But the greatest display of all — the historical procession — was reserved for Friday afternoon. It was opened by six heralds, dressed in the costume of the time of Calderon; yellow satin cloaks, with the Spanish coat of arms embroidered upon them in black, forming the most conspicuous part of their attire. It was a splendid sight, as was also the "Yellow Guard," that came some time later: those on foot wearing dark olive-green coats over their yellow breeches and vests, while the mounted guard wore bright yellow suits bordered with alternate checks of black and red. There were horsemen in old armor; knights with their retainers; an old printing-press associated with the early works of the poet; cars, on which were represented the different trades busy at their work; the Spanish colonies, with their peculiar characteristics; and, the crowning glory of all, the apotheosis of Calderon. After these came the carriages of state, carrying the magnates of the different cities of Spain, with their respective banners unfurled, and, following them, the richly-carved black coach of Jeanne la Folle. This latter, connected with the story of the sad wanderings of the poor queen, who, refusing to be separated from her dead husband, the handsome Philip, carried his coffin with her in this same carriage, seemed out of place amid these festivities and not even the white horses and gayly dressed postilions could relieve it of its sombre aspect. It was like the mummy at the Egyptian feast. The joyous faces of a party of Salamanca students, however, who came next in order, soon dispelled all gloomy thoughts. Looking down from the balcony of the hotel upon the great square, whose central fountain re-

flected the bow of promise in its crystal water, and through whose many diverging streets a living tide was flowing, I saw below me the customs and costumes of 1681 vividly contrasted with those of 1881, and recognized what an advance even Spain has made in the last two centuries.

All the processions, after leaving the Puerta del Sol, passed by the royal palace, where they were greeted by the king and queen from one of the balconies. Opposite the palace is the grand equestrian statue of Philip IV., the patron of Calderon. Here the little girls had left their green wreaths on Thursday, which almost concealed the base of the statue. The weather during the festival was perfect, — a blessing not often enjoyed in a city proverbial for its extremes of heat and cold. When there was nothing else to do, the strangers crowded around the booths and shops, while the water-carriers in the street were so besieged with customers that they had little need to utter their shrill cry of "Agua, Agua," — a cry that may generally be heard above all others, especially in the Puerta del Sol. Never was a greater variety of costumes collected in one city. The eye wandered from the bright dresses of the peasant women to the lace mantillas so gracefully worn by the Spanish ladies; from the velvet breeches and short embroidered jackets of the men of Segovia to the cloaks of the Spanish hidalgos, and found an artistic pleasure in all. The picture-gallery on the Prado being free to the public on one of the festival days, I followed the crowd; but my object was not to gaze, as usual, at the wonderful creations of Velasquez or Murillo, but to look at the living pictures, which the peasants unconsciously made as they stood before the works of the old masters. I sat for half an hour on the little bench, covered with red velvet, in front of Velasquez's *Topers*, without observing the marvelous bacchanalian king, or

his merry, half-clothed subjects. I was too much interested in the peasants who stopped before it, and, watching them, I saw the picture reflected in their faces, and, listening, heard contagious bursts of laughter, which may have come from the canvas or the spectators. Certainly no art critic could have interpreted the picture better. The favorite dwarfs of Philip IV., whose portraits, painted by the court painters of his reign, are scattered through the gallery, afforded much amusement to these simple peasants. They never tired of gazing at one by Carreño, a curious female dwarf, dressed in a robe of gaudy flowering chintz, and many were the jokes called forth by the apples, one in each hand, which she seemed to be offering them. Among the women in the crowd, I noticed three dressed in the style characteristic of the age of Calderon, — the hideous hooped skirt, that I had thought only a Velasquez could make me tolerate; but, strange to say, the dress was very becoming to one of the dark-eyed beauties who wore it. The hoop was a trifle less exaggerated than in the great painter's portraits, but it was without doubt the peasant costume of that period. The most picturesque group, however, that I saw during the morning was one standing before that exquisite picture of the Lord's Supper, by Juanes, the Raphael of Spain. The men in the prime of life, the women carrying their babies in their arms, and hushing the little creatures who clung timidly to their skirts, were listening attentively to an aged woman in their midst, as with tremulous voice she repeated the sacred le-

gends of the Apostles, designating each with her trembling finger. But when, after making the sign of the cross, she pointed to the figure of the Saviour, holding in his hand the Holy Chalice, now in the cathedral at Valencia, made of agate and adorned with precious stones, a reverential awe settled upon the faces of her audience, and the men, taking off their hats, bowed solemnly. The reverence of the peasants recalled the devout spirit of the artist; for Juanes, like Fra Angelico, depended upon divine guidance in his art, and no praise from royal lips would have been as grateful to him as this recognition of the sacredness of his work. Notwithstanding the number of people in the gallery, and the freedom with which they expressed their opinions of the pictures, there was very little noise or confusion. The guards, with true Spanish politeness, answered questions and pointed out objects of interest with as much readiness as if they were dealing with well-known connoisseurs of art. Indeed, this politeness was one of the prominent features of the festival. Though there were said to be over sixty thousand strangers in Madrid during the week, no serious disturbance was reported, and amusement never degenerated into license.

What becomes of a crowd, when the object which calls it together is accomplished, is always a matter of conjecture. When, therefore, at the close of the historical procession, the last act on the programme, the curtain fell, the spectators of the Calderon fête mysteriously disappeared, and Madrid soon settled into the routine of ordinary daily life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fine Arts and Illustrated Books. In Putnam's series of Art Hand-Books, edited by Susan N. Carter, are two volumes: one, *Drawing in Black and White*, by the editor; the other, *Hints for Sketching in Water-Color from Nature*, by Thomas Hatton. The former supposes the beginner to be remote from teachers and other helps, and simply aims to prevent a false start; the latter is intended for those who already know something of the water-color methods, and also of sketching from nature in black and white. — A second series of William Hunt's Talks on Art, compiled by Helen M. Knowlton (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), strikes us as showing Mr. Hunt even better than the first series. The style of printing and binding, which may be described as Orientalized American, agrees with that of the first series. — Art and the Formation of Taste is the title of a volume of six lectures by Lucy Crane. (Macmillan.) It is preceded by a memoir all too short, yet attractive by its very modesty, and it has illustrations by her brothers, Thomas and Walter Crane. The spirit of the book and the personal characteristics suggested by it would alone preserve it, but the matter itself is worthy of the charming dress which has been given to it. — The thirty-first volume of *L'Art* (Bouton, agent) continues the high character of the periodical which it represents. We justly applaud ourselves for the refinement to which we have carried the execution of engravings on wood, but when one opens such a work as this he confesses at once the wealth of resources which lie back of art in an old country. *L'Art* performs a most important function in making this wealth accessible in many ways to American students. Considerable space is given to majolica and to the salon of 1882, while contemporary English art is illustrated in the case of Ford Madox Brown, the interesting but somewhat disappointing painter of historical cartoons, and now engaged upon the decoration of the Manchester Town Hall. It is a pity that the articles contain no examples of his work.

History. The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York, by George W. Sheldon (Harpers), is a substantial and well-illustrated work by an enthusiast, who has preserved in his chapters an interesting phase of our social history. The volunteer department gave place in 1865 to a paid department, and this volume closes at that date. It is largely personal and anecdotal. — Orderly Book of Sir John Johnson during the Oriskany Campaign, 1776-1777, annotated by William L. Stone (Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany), contains also an historical introduction by J. Watts de Peyster, illustrating Johnson's life, and an appendix by T. B. Myers upon the Loyalists in America. The Johnson episode has already received much historical illustration, and as it is one of the most romantic of our colonial affairs any new light thrown upon it is desirable. — Mr. Bancroft has begun the reissue of his

History of the United States of America, of which the first volume has now been published. (Appleton.) The title-page bears the words "the author's last revision," and the work, when completed, will be a monument not only to the author's industry and lifelong application, but to his respect for the undertaking, and his determination to leave the best, and not the easiest, results of his labor. The external dress of the book is admirable. — The Jesuits, a Complete History of their Open and Secret Proceedings, from the Foundation of the Order to the Present Time, by Theodor Greisinger (Putnams), is a two-volume work, which is boldly partisan. That is to say, the author, who speaks of it on the title-page, as told to the German people, makes no secret of his bitter hatred of the Jesuits; and though it is not necessary for an impartial historian to part with his conscience, it is necessary that, if he selects his enemy for his subject, his readers should bear the fact in mind as they read.

Biography. Traits of Representative Men, by George W. Bungay (Fowler & Wells, New York), is a volume of sketches of American men of the times, furnished with atrocious wood-cut portraits for the most part. The sketches differ from the portraits. These have a wooden savagery of expression; those are charged with an excess of laudation and fine writing. — Pioneers of the Western Reserve, by Harvey Rice (Lee & Shepard), is the title of a book by a Cleveland gentleman, which will be found very attractive by those who would catch at some of the marks of the great Western migration. Mr. Rice has treated his subject as an elderly gentleman might who should tell the story of the early days to a group of listeners, and the book is much more entertaining than many novels. — Memoir of Annie Keary, by her sister (Macmillan), is one of the books forced from a family by the urgency of friends, who valued the life, and were earnest that the bushel should be removed from the candle.

Fiction. Cupid M. D., by Augustus M. Swift (Scribners), is a light piece of fiction in the form of correspondence and journals, a mode which requires more delicacy of touch than Mr. Swift possesses. — Uncle Gabe Tucker, or Reflection, Song, and Sentiment in the Quarters, by J. A. Macon (Lippincott), is a mild imitation of Uncle Remus in a more diversified but less entertaining form. — The Colonel's Daughter, or Winning his Spurs, by Colonel Charles King, U. S. A. (Lippincott), is a story of frontier life. The author, in a somewhat disdainful preface, professes to leave conversation to other authors, and confine himself to incident; and incident in plenty there is, but we do not see that the author has invented any new style of novel. — Portia, or By Passions Rocked (Lippincott), is by the author of Molly Bawn, which is a recommendation; but then it is also by the author of Beauty's Daughters. — Barrington's Fate is the latest in the No Name series. (Roberts.)

The story is one of English life, but presumably by an American.

Sports. New Games for Parlor and Lawn, by George B. Bartlett (Harpers), is a capital hand-book, by an old stager, who pays his readers the compliment of supposing them as clever as himself. — Footlight Frolics is the title of a little hand-book devoted to entertainments for home and school, by Mrs. Charles F. Fernald (Lee & Shepard), and containing school operas, charades, plays, and the like. Mrs. Fernald claims that she has given material which is free from the objectionable features of plays, vulgar expressions, *double entendres*, or profane words; but she has managed, nevertheless, to retain forms and phrases and situations which one does not need to be over-fastidious to object to, as, for example, when the familiar Irish girl calls upon the "blissid Vargin" and the "howly saints." There still remain some who believe the Virgin was blessed and who honor the saints. — Whist, or Bumblepuppy? by Pembroke (Roberts), is somewhat humorously described further, on the title-page, as ten lectures addressed to children. The drollery which runs through the book seems to represent the author's temper, and not to interfere with the subject of his discourses on whist.

Public Affairs. Spoiling the Egyptians, a Tale of Shame Told from the British Blue-Books, is the vigorous protest of Mr. J. Seymour Keay (Putnams) against the policy of the English in dealing with Egypt. The little work appeared during the short war, but no circumstances of the war appear to affect its logic. — The Irish Question, by David Bennett King (Scribners), is the work of an American professor, who trained himself for his task by repeated visits to Ireland, study, and free converse with men of affairs and of public life. The result is a carefully prepared work, with no panacea, but with sensible conclusions drawn in an unpartisan spirit.

Travel and Chorography. Tunis, the Land and the People, by the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not a simple traveler's story, but a report upon its present condition by one who has resided there long enough to be a careful judge. The author discountenances the project for converting the Sahara into an inland sea. — Corea, the Hermit Nation (Scribners), is the work of W. E. Griffis, who has written at length upon Japan. Mr. Griffis has used such authorities as exist, and has been helped in his researches by his linguistic attainments. He does not appear to have himself seen more than the outskirts of the country, but, short of that personal acquaintance, his training for his task has been exceptional.

Philosophy and Theology. Fundamental Questions is the title of a work by Edson L. Clark (Putnams), which deals with subjects suggested chiefly by the book of Genesis and the Hebrew Scripture. The answers to the questions are found in the contributions made by historical, archaeological, and scientific investigation. The endeavor is also in the direction of the new theology, which centres about the Christ as the meeting of God and man. — Love for Souls, by the Rev.

William Scribner (Scribners), is a small volume, by an evangelical minister, of exhortation to earnestness in laboring for the conversion of men.

Humor. Théophile Gautier's My Household of Pets, translated by Susan Coolidge (Roberts), is a delightful volume, — the *persiflage* about dogs, cats, and horses which only a man of genius can write. — The Lambs, a Tragedy, by Robert Grant (Osgood), is a satirical work, which takes advantage of the one topic of our contemporary life which is pretty sure to attract both literary and unliterary people. The treatment is clever, and the simplicity of the theme is amusingly fitted to the severity of the style.

Science. Guesses at Purpose in Nature, with especial reference to plants, by W. P. James, is a volume of the S. P. C. K. (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), in which a mild party, headed by a vicar, voyages to the Barbadoes in May, returns to England in September, and discourses on botany and the Darwinian theory afloat and ashore. The machinery of the little book is harmless, and the men of straw are knocked down with great success. — Cause of Variation is the somewhat enigmatical title of a small work by M. M. Curtis, who publishes it from Marshall, Minnesota. Mr. Curtis appears to believe in some creed of labor, as developed from the physical conditions of life, but we do not quite understand what the labor is to result in, except a further continuance of a life which he does not appear to regard very highly.

Social Science and Political Economy. The Factors of Civilization, real and assumed, considered in their relation to vice, misery, happiness, unhappiness, and progress, is the comprehensive title of a work of which the second volume has reached us. (James P. Harrison & Co., Atlanta, Ga.) This volume, however, precedes the first in order of publication; it is a thoughtful discussion, by a Southerner, of the institutions of society and the effect of their imperfections upon progress. He is somewhat of a reactionist, but he writes soberly and earnestly. — The Taxation of the Elevated Railroads in the City of New York, by Roger Foster (Putnams), is a pamphlet which owes its origin in part to the vigorous associated effort in New York to bring reason and law to bear upon the problems of municipal and civil government. — Political Economy, by Francis A. Walker (Holt), is the fifth in what is known as the American Science Series, works especially adapted to use in high schools and colleges. This manual is illustrated by pertinent facts in American life.

Economics. In Putnam's Handy Book series of things worth knowing, a recent volume is headed How to Succeed, and is composed of recipes for success given by Senators Bayard and Edmunds, who represent public life, Dr. John Hall, who speaks for the ministry, Mr. E. P. Roe, who is a successful *littérateur*, and so forth. The merchant, the farmer, the inventor, the doctor, the artist, the civil engineer, and the musician, all contribute their notes on success in their several vocations, and if the real secret in each case could be communicated something might be learned. After all, the contributions suggest the previous question, — What is success?